

# PHOTOPLAY

## MIROR

combined with

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MRS. C. BLOSBERG  
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15¢

APRIL

TIERNEY  
UL HESSE



IF YOU DON'T KNOW about the BETTY GRABLE-GEORGE RAFT ROMANCE

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Color Portraits of JUDY GARLAND, ALAN LADD, BETTY HUTTON and others



# Will he whisper Praises about your Skin?

## go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

*Mrs. Roger Van Schoyck*

CINCINNATI, OHIO

"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."



**Tonight... go on the  
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



**Mildness counts!** Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.



**Day-by-day shows results!** Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see the fresh glow of your skin! Follow this beauty routine twice each day. It's day-by-day regularity that gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

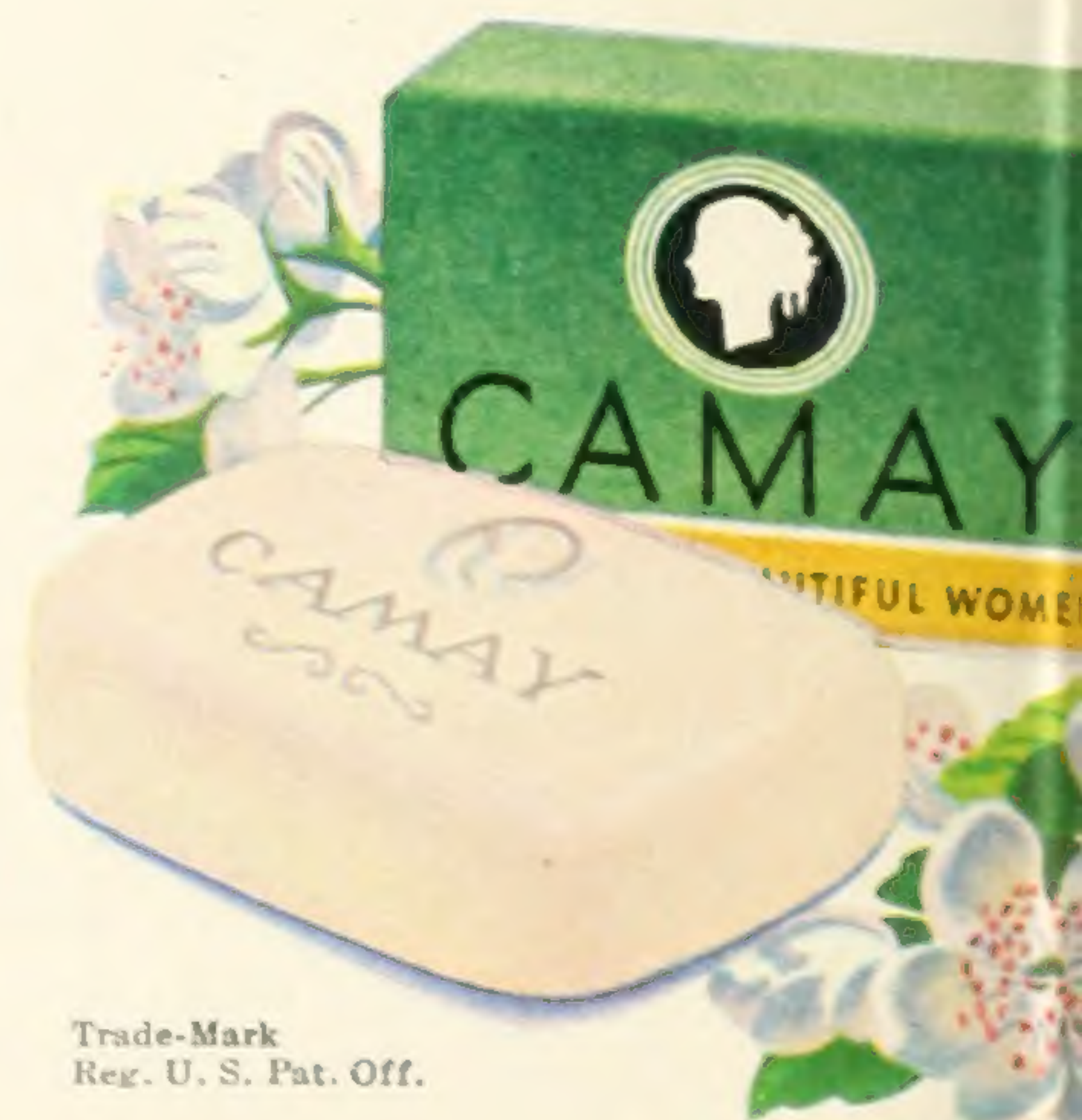
**A little time, a little care...  
a lovelier you!**

**This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice — praised by lovely brides**

**H**OW THRILLING to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness.—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!



Trade-Mark  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*America's Most Beautiful Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!*



# Washing your hair?

**LISTERINE**  
to guard against  
infectious type of  
**DANDRUFF**



**H**ERE'S a tip from the lips of thousands of women who have been helped by the Listerine treatment:

As a part of every shampoo, either preceding or following it, as you prefer, use full strength Listerine Antiseptic, followed by vigorous and persistent massage.

The minute Listerine Antiseptic reaches scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Your hair and scalp will feel wonderfully clean and fresh and threatening germ-invaders will be combated in large numbers.

## *If Dandruff Develops*

If the infectious type of dandruff has really made headway on your scalp repeat the Listerine treatment at least once a day. Twice a day is better. You

will be amazed to find how quickly the distressing flakes and scales and the annoying itch begin to disappear.

Remember that 76% of the sufferers in a clinical test showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

And what a contrast the Listerine method is to most of those suggested for troublesome scalp conditions! Fast-drying instead of sticky—clean-smelling instead of offensive—a delight instead of a chore. And remember, germ-killing the minute you use it!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,  
St. Louis, Mo.

**THE BEST  
SAFEGUARD  
I KNOW**



## *The TREATMENT*

**WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.



# LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

**MEMO:** A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**



# METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

Or rather, it has re-started something—which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel. Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.



Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.



But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

Kay Aldridge's profile... pert and perfect  
Hazel Brooks' legs... rounded and symmetrical  
Kay Williams' arms... delicate and angular  
Inez Cooper's hands... "Drink to me only..."  
Georgia Carroll's eyes... lips you love to touch  
Natalie Draper's lips... glory as a crown  
Mary Jane French's hair... Venus with arms  
Aileen Haley's bust... hip! hip! hurrah!  
Ruth Ownbey's hips... perfect pedals  
Theo Coffman's feet... shapely is the word  
Dorothy Haas' ankles... embraceable Eve  
Eve Whitney's waist...

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

Recommended by  
the composite American lion.



# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE  
MIRROR

APRIL, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 5

## Story Highlights

Mrs. Ginger Briggs.....	Sally Jefferson	25
What You Don't Know about the Betty Grable- George Raft Romance.....	Adela Rogers St. Johns	26
My Own Super-duper-dilly Academy Awards.....	Hedda Hopper	28
Hedy over Heels in Love.....	Janet Bentley	30
The "Get" Girl.....	Sidney Skolsky	32
Covering the Cover Girl, Gene Tierney		
Walter Pidgeon on the Spot.....	Sara Hamilton	36
What Marriage Has Taught Me.....	Maureen O'Hara	40
Star-Spangled Blonde—Betty Hutton.....	Dee Lowrance	43
The Remarkable Andrews.....	Howard Sharpe	44
Data on Dana, newest discovery of Hollywood		
Hollywood Service Flag.....		46
Portrait of a Best Dressed Woman—Rosalind Russell		
Joseph Henry Steele	49	
I'd Like to Have a Date with—.....		50
Kiss Me for Luck.....	Henry and Sylvia Lieferant	54
I've Been Lonely.....	Joan Crawford	56
14 Star Picture—"Forever And A Day".....		62
The Truth about Location Loves.....	"Fearless"	63
What Should I Do?.....		64
Your problems answered by Bette Davis		

## Portraits

IN COLOR

Cary Grant.....	31	Ginger Rogers.....	35
Deanna Durbin.....	34	Judy Garland.....	38
Anne Shirley.....	34	Alan Ladd.....	39
Hedy Lamarr.....	35	Betty Hutton.....	42

OTHER PORTRAITS

Rosalind Russell.....	48	Brian Donlevy.....	52
Joan Fontaine.....	53		

## Special Features

Beauty.....	22	Fashions—Janet Blair.....	57
Best Dressed Woman.....	86	Inside Stuff—Cal York.....	6
Blind Date—Michael O'Shea.....	68	Star-Smart Fashions.....	60
Brief Reviews.....	20	Speak for Yourself.....	14
Casts of Current Pictures.....	103	The Shadow Stage.....	16

COVER: Gene Tierney, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse  
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# THE **BIG** SHOW IS **BIGGER** THAN EVER!

**RED  
SKELTON**



AND  
**RED-HEADED  
LUCILLE BALL**

Broadway's Sensational Musical  
Comedy is M-G-M's biggest  
musical screen entertainment  
now—with

more pretty girls  
more peppy dancing  
more pulsing rhythms  
more FUN and funsters  
than you've ever seen before!

**ALL THIS...AND TECHNICOLOR, TOO!**



It's Gene Kelly! You brought him  
and his tap-happy feet to star-  
dom in "For Me and My Gal"!



Meet Zero Mostel—and laugh!  
Screen debut for the comic sen-  
sation of N. Y.'s night spots!



"Red" Skelton and gorgeous red-  
headed Lucille Ball "double-dood  
it"! They're really terrific!



Chuckles and jive from dead-pan  
Virginia O'Brien. Hear her sing  
Cole Porter's "Friendship".



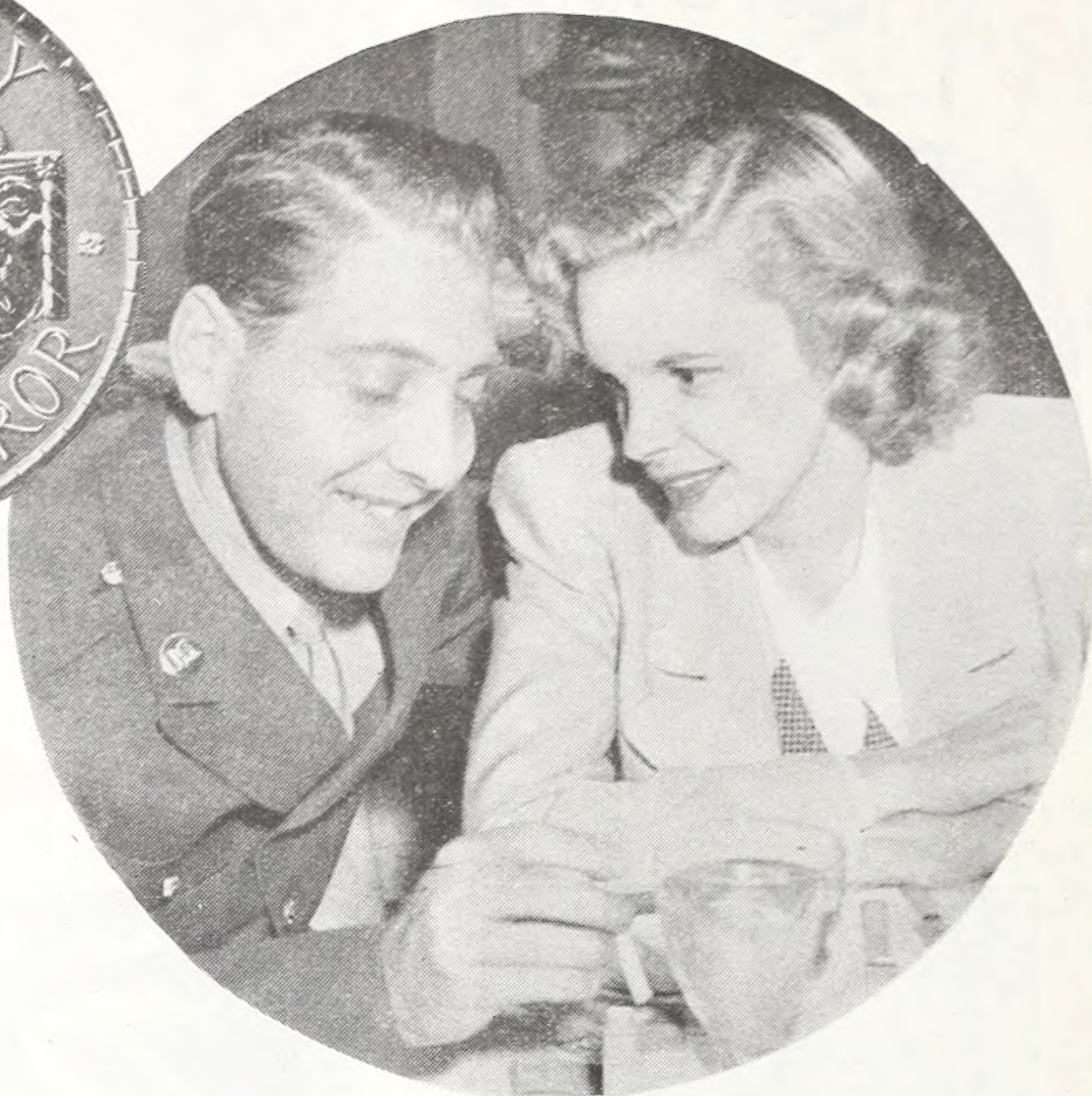
Stop—look—and listen! Tommy  
Dorsey—his trombone—and his  
band! What music! Hold tight!

## *Songs*

"Do I Love You!", "Salome",  
"Friendship", "Madame, I Like  
Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du  
Barry Was a Lady", "I Love  
An Esquire Girl"

Right:  
Varga, Esquire's  
famed artist, paints  
his conception of  
the Du Barry girl.





## We're Sorry, Judy

THERE is little novelty in reading about the failure of a Hollywood marriage. We are likely to rush on to the next headline without a thought of the emotional tragedy involved, almost as though the couple who have been married and who now stand alone were people without capacity for pain.

When she saw the cold newspaper print of the announcement that she and Dave Rose had separated, Judy Garland said, "Who knows the tears behind those words? If people knew how we had tried, they wouldn't judge."

This is being written to assure Judy Garland that there is no one who can rightfully accuse her of indulging in what so many regard as a typical Hollywood luxury—a heedless separation or a careless divorce; that there is no one who, knowing the circumstances, could believe she said good-bye to her husband until the tears came so persistently that she had no other choice.

One day some time ago—just a few years when measured by the calendar and endless years when measured by their emotional content—Judy Garland's mother told one of Photoplay's writers how Judy who was then sixteen had fallen in love with an older man.

It was Judy's first real crush and her mother for the first time had felt concern for her daughter's happiness. She, of all people, knew the emotional depths of Judy, of her capacity for devotion and blind faith. This first love had not brought Judy the exaltation she had thought it would hold. It had brought tears, instead. Her mother was telling this because Judy had just come to her the day before and said, "Mother, I don't want you ever to mention him to me again. Something has happened that I will never forget and I don't want ever to think of him again if I can help it."

But Judy did think of him. Once having her emotions stirred so deeply, it was not in her character to turn this page of her own love story and begin a new chapter with a new hero. Judy had to wait until she could be sure that she once again was emotionally secure. She was two years older before the scars of her first heart-break had entirely disappeared. It was not long after that she married Dave Rose, although those whose judg-

ment she most respected gently warned her that they were afraid of this marriage that she wanted.

I HAVE been told by those who wear their sympathies for Judy openly something of the efforts she has made to hold to this marriage that was so dear to her. How, when her husband wanted to compose his music in the middle of the night, she would get up and make hot chocolate and then remain up with him until he had finished his work, even if she had an eight o'clock call on the set in the morning. How she would wait up those nights when Dave did his broadcasting, knowing that he would be too tense afterwards to sleep and would bring the radio gang home with him for some fun and relaxation, heedless of the hour.

These friends of Judy's point to a difference in their ages, a difference in their tastes, their work and their interests; they point to Judy's nervousness which they say has come from her efforts to bridge these gaps. They recall how Judy, when they were first married, urged her husband to take dancing lessons so that he could join with her in this pleasure which meant so much to her. They tell of the endless hours Judy spent with Dave while he trained her voice the way he felt it should be trained, even beyond the point where Judy, in all honesty, thought the lessons should go.

Early last summer we heard that Judy and Dave might separate. For two issues we held back a story describing their lives together; then, when they seemed to have worked out their difficulties, we published it, noting therein the rumor of a breakup.

The Fink photograph on this page is the last picture of Judy and Dave together. Judy, I am told, had clung to the hope that when her husband was in the Army, they somehow would recapture all the happiness they had been missing. But a marriage that has struck shoals of heartbreak needs more than hope. So Judy at last knew it was inevitable that she would read in the papers of her own marital failure.

All of us to whom Judy has brought so many screen hours of enjoyment can only say, "We're sorry, Judy."

*Fred Sammis*



# Blazing Happy Go Lucky

WITH LAUGHTER  
COLOR AND RHYTHM!

Azure Skies ...

Romantic Nights ...

Two working girls  
on the tropical cruise  
of your dreams,  
in the gayest,  
most gorgeous  
musical of  
the year!

All in **TECHNICOLOR!**

SONGS  
THAT MAKE  
THE TROPICS  
HOT:

"Murder, He Says"

"Let's Get Lost"

"The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"

"Sing A Tropical Song"

"Happy Go Lucky"

Starring  
**MARY MARTIN**  
**DICK POWELL**  
**BETTY HUTTON**  
**EDDIE BRACKEN**  
**RUDY VALLEE**

A  
Paramount  
Picture.

Directed by Curtis Bernhardt  
Screen Play by  
Walter DeLeon, Norman Panama  
and Melvin Frank

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



# Inside Stuff

## CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

Hollywood husbands in uniform:  
Evelyn Ankers (right) pins her Mo-  
cambo hopes on Richard Denning...



... Claudette Colbert takes Joel  
Pressman out to show him the town  
— and the town his gold stripes



... Mary Pickford shoulders arms for  
a leave dinner date at Ciro's with  
her (and the Navy's) Buddy Rogers...

**EVENTS of the Month:** All eyes are fo-  
cussed on the "Jane Eyre" set with  
tempestuous Orson Welles and tem-  
peramental Joan Fontaine about to erupt  
like a Fourth of July skyrocket. On a  
Twentieth Century-Fox desk, Cal spied  
this item, "All reference to cast of 'Jane  
Eyre' must read 'Orson Welles and Joan  
Fontaine.'" Orson won the first round  
on first billing on the cast but wait  
until Joanie-Pooh gets going. Reports  
say she has already won the second  
round.

Hollywood had an "I told you so" look  
when, for the second time, Mickey  
Rooney and Ava Gardner agreed to dis-  
agree. Said the young couple: "We both  
sincerely regret we could not work out  
our problems together." Hollywood hopes  
the separation will bring them both the  
happiness they failed to find together.

John Carroll, John Howard and Tyrone  
Power packed up their service kit bags,  
smiled good-bye to Hollywood and went  
off to join Uncle Sam.

**Starry-eyed Olivia:** Love has come to  
Olivia de Havilland and no mistake. The  
friendship between Livvie and Lt. John  
Huston, former director, of which we  
wrote in this column, has undoubtedly  
become serious and Hollywood believes  
once Huston is free the pair will wed.

While rehearsing for a recent broad-  
cast, Livvie was told someone offstage  
wanted to see her. She strolled off and  
twenty minutes later strolled back—stars  
in her eyes. Her unexpected visitor had  
been Lt. Huston, son of actor Walter  
Huston.

Once Cal encountered Walter and Mrs.  
Huston dining with Olivia and John, but  
since his return to camp we've spotted  
Olivia, with her huge dog by her side,  
dining alone at Schwab's Drug Store  
night after night.

When it becomes certain the divorce  
is going through we'll write you the  
story of Olivia and John. And maybe we  
won't be happy that Livvie, who has  
known so much unhappiness, has finally  
found her true heart.

**One-Sentence Facts:** Sailor Henry Fonda  
thumbed his way from San Diego to  
Hollywood and back on a twenty-four-  
hour leave without being recognized.

Red Skelton introduces Edna, who re-  
cently divorced him, to all servicemen  
audiences as "my wife" which may mean  
a reconciliation—or may not.

Fred Astaire's real name is Frederick  
Austerlitz.

The very masculine Mr. Bogart, known  
to his virile cronies as "Bogie," has the  
alluring middle name of DeForrest—but  
grin when you call him that.

Margaret Sullavan has announced her  
retirement from the screen in order to  
care for her three children.

David Selznick, who produced "Gone  
With The Wind," is quoted as saying his  
next effort will be the filming of "Mein  
Kampf."

The mother of Jack Oakie's estranged  
wife keeps house for her son-in-law.

George Raft has the smallest hands and  
feet of any actor in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 8)



130 MILLION AMERICAN HEARTS FLY WITH IT!

THE  
PICTURE THAT  
REMEMBERS  
PEARL HARBOR.

IT COMES  
TO YOU  
FROM

# AIR FORCE

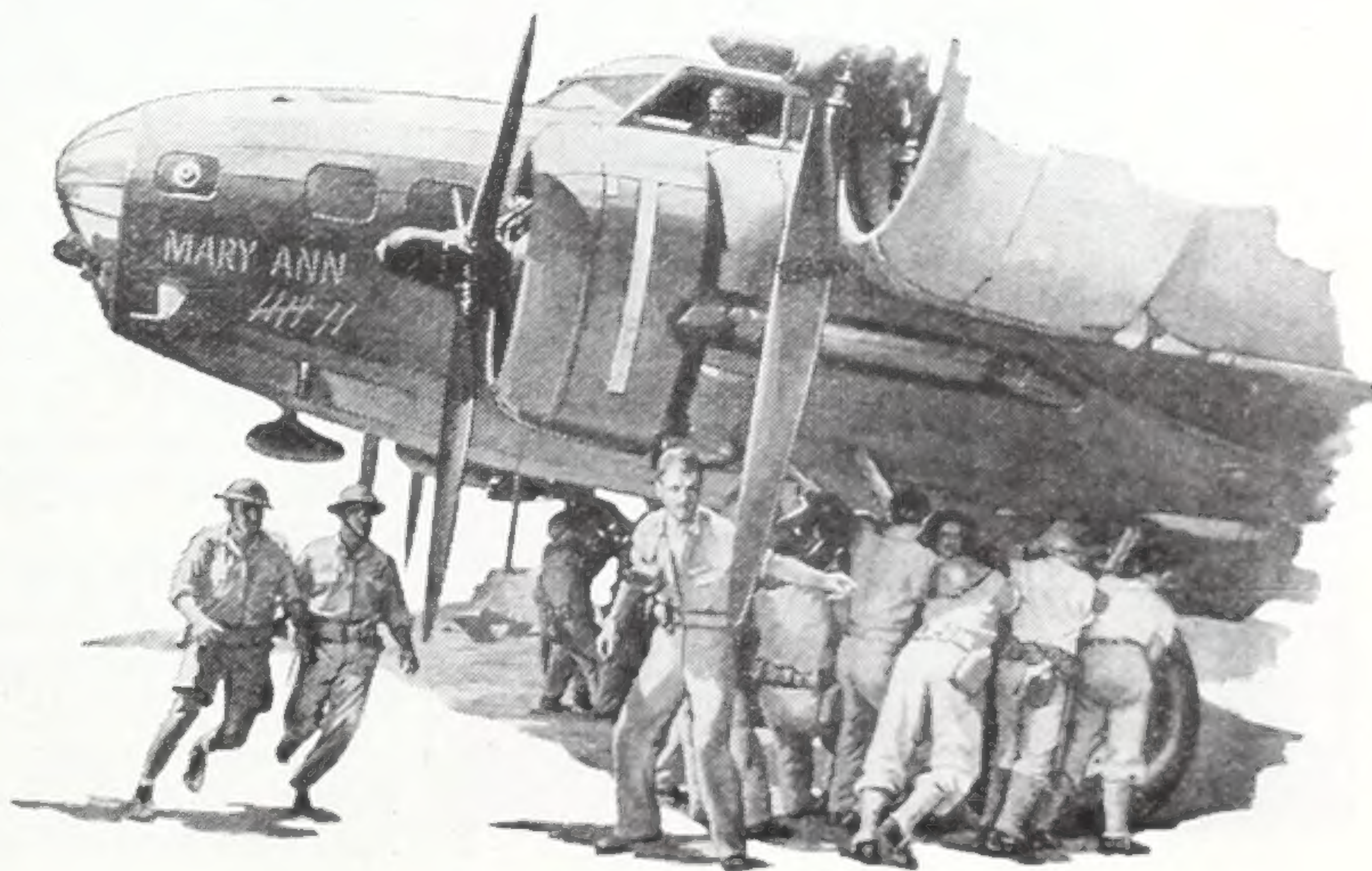
...COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING,  
IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

Warner Bros.

PRODUCED BY  
HAL B. WALLIS

... AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING FORTRESS;  
JOHN GARFIELD • GIG YOUNG • HARRY CAREY • GEORGE TOBIAS • ARTHUR  
KENNEDY • JAS. BROWN • JOHN RIDGELY • SCREENPLAY: DUDLEY NICHOLS

HOWARD HAWKS  
PRODUCTION





*Irresistible* AS YOU WANT HIM TO REMEMBER YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING IS

# Irresistible

P E R F U M E

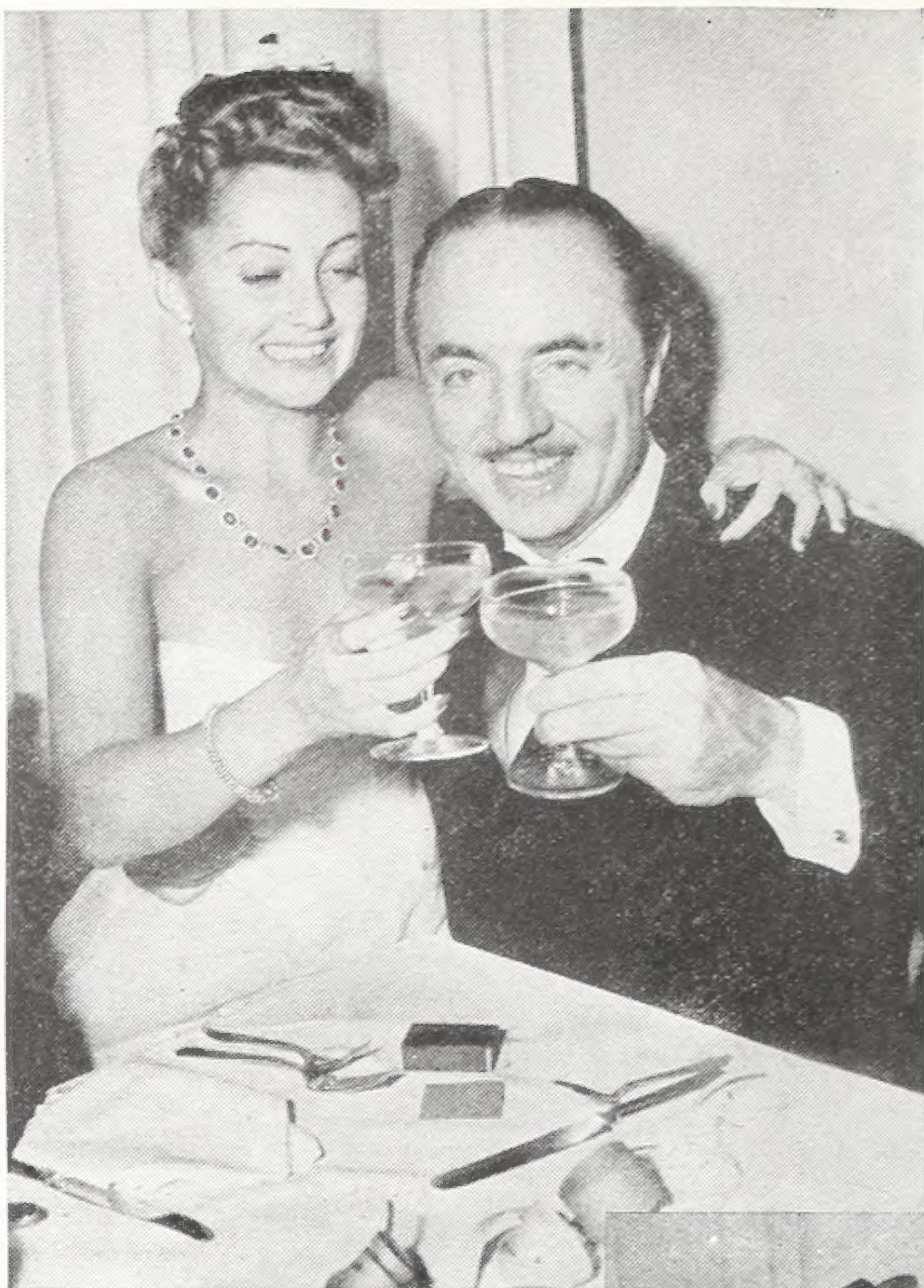
The glamour that dreams are made of captured in this unforgettable perfume. Wear it like a smile... to lift the heart and stir the imagination. Spicy, flirtatious, Irresistible Perfume is as stimulating as a cocktail... as lasting as it is lovely! Specially packaged for Easter.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Two glasses held up to celebrate three years of marriage: At the left Diana Lewis and husband Bill Powell propose a West Coast toast to each other and a happy marriage. Below: Second act played at the West Side Tennis Club to the accompaniment of happy applause from the audience. Bill and Diana in a close-up guaranteed to boom the marriage-license business

**Food, Food at Any Price!** The food problem — or how to get any — continues in Hollywood, with meat counters bare for days at a time. Vegetables are purchased with gold bars and canned goods are growing scarcer than hen's teeth. Fred MacMurray claims he eats macaroni instead of meat these days and loves it — only he'd like it better if he could get the cheese for it.

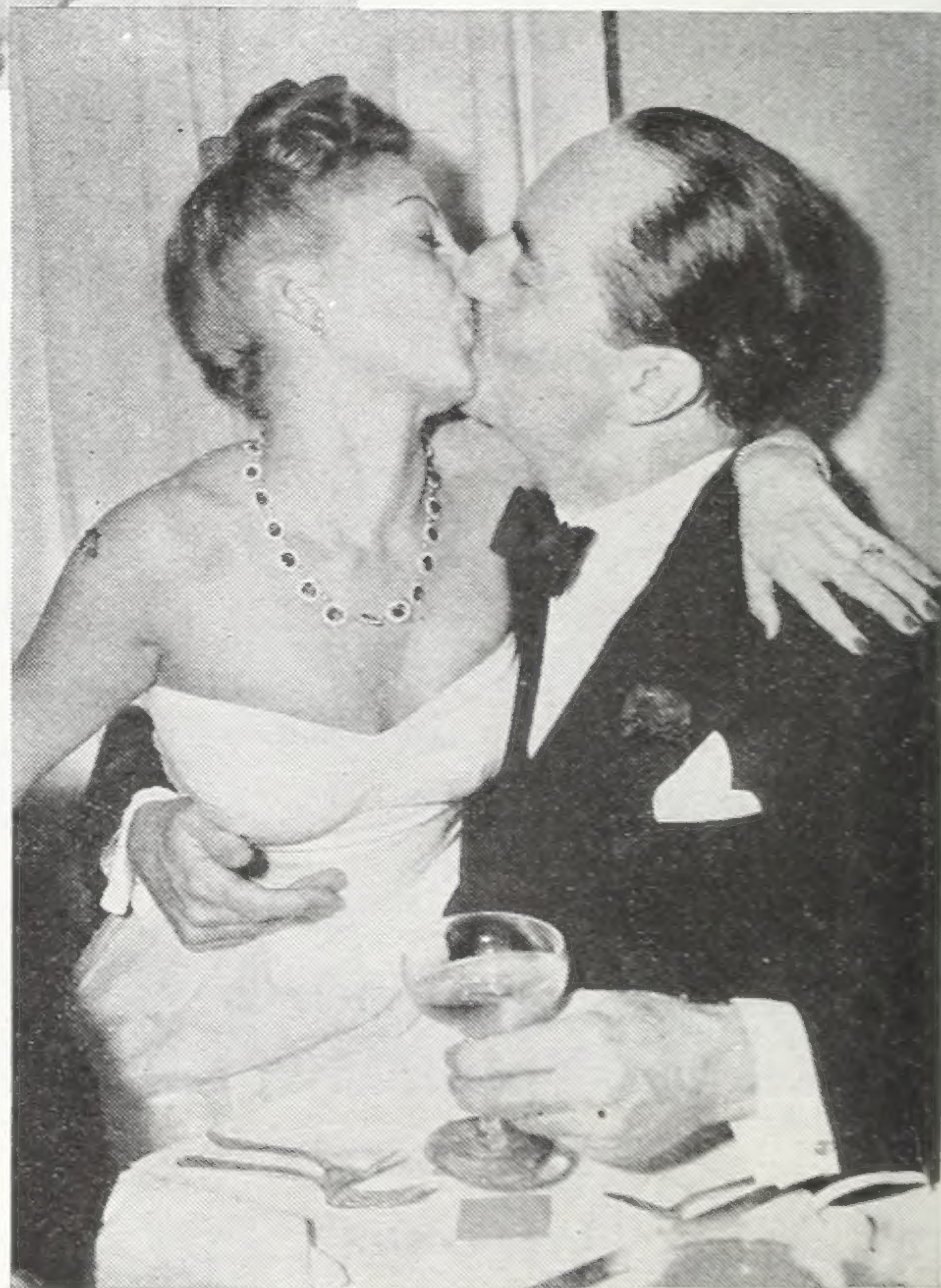
Alice Faye says at the Phil Harris house they just eat a chicken or turkey off the ranch and dream of steaks at night.

James Craig is the most popular lad on the M-G-M lot, incidentally. Whereas every eye used to fasten on Bob Montgomery as he drove through the gates in his fancy English car, eyes are now fastened on Craig as he drives in with that basket of eggs from his ranch. Is he the popular boy! Oh well, maybe Cal will now get his waistline down to where it should be!

**Big Ben and Wedding Bells:** Carole Landis went to London and North Africa to entertain our American soldiers there and stayed to marry one of them, namely Captain Thomas C. Wallace of Pasadena. The pair had never met before but fell in love instantly. It was necessary to have Carole's birth certificate rushed to her in England before the wedding could take place. Bebe Daniels, who lives abroad, and Kay Francis and Martha Raye, also entertaining over there, were guests.

Carole was married formerly to Irving Wheeler and divorced him after less than a month of marriage. Her next marriage, to Willis Hunt Jr., was also a brief affair.

Carole's friends wish her well and hope this marriage will be a more lasting one. Captain Wallace was one of the original



American Eagles attached to the R. A. F. and is now with the American forces. What's more, he's credited with having brought down two German Messerschmitts.

**Tidbits:** That water boy who carried out the bucket between halves at the Alabama-U. C. L. A. Rosebowl game was Mickey Rooney, no less...

That something definitely is brewing and has been for a long time between Deanna Durbin and Universal studios can no longer be denied. We look for a blow-up any minute...

Marlene Dietrich's seventeen-year-old daughter, who does not always see eye to eye with mama and says so, got herself a movie job. Under the name Maria Manton, the young lady has been signed by Anna Sten's husband, Dr. Eugene



Frenke, for a role in the film "The Girl From Leningrad."

Speaking of Marlene, did you, by the way, see her picture in a magazine captioned "thirty-eight-year-old glamour girl?" Now is that nice, we ask you?

#### Cal's Alphabetical News:

A—Alan Ladd and Sue Carroll will have to disappoint fans who have already named their coming offspring Alan Jr. There is already an Alan Jr., a five-year-old lad of Alan's by a former wife.

B—Lt. Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard have gone into business. They have purchased a bicycle shop on Western Avenue and sell machines to defense workers.

C—Clark Gable, who expects and hopes for active duty very soon, is rumored as being "commanded" to return to Hollywood for a propaganda picture. Hurray!

D—Don Ameche is the only star of the old group left at Twentieth Century-Fox. Don, being the papa of four boys, is Army exempt.

E—Edgar Bergen has tried everywhere to enlist, only to find himself blocked by Uncle Sam. Edgar is on the Government's "selected twenty" list to be called upon to entertain the boys any time at any place they are sent. So are Bob Hope and Nelson Eddy.

F—Frank Morgan was chosen the favorite "liar" of the boys at Camp Roberts and will be on hand as special guest on "Liar's Day." Frank's tall whoppers on the radio earned him the distinction.

G—Gladys Robinson, wife of actor Edward G. Robinson, is seriously ill in a Glendale sanitarium.

H—Hedy Lamarr has been discovered by actor John Loder and wow!

I—Iлона Massey is setting hearts thumping in New York, especially Georgie Jessel's.

J—Jane Withers will enroll at U. C. L. A. next semester.

K—Kaaren Verne is expected to marry Peter Lorre any minute if she isn't already his bride.

L—Loretta Young is so happy because husband Tom Lewis is now a Lt. Colonel. Lt. Col. Lewis's duties concern overseas entertainment for the boys.

M—Martha O'Driscoll doesn't care who knows she loves Bill Lundigan. Or is it Mrs. Bill Lundigan by now?

N—Nelson Eddy's first trip to the Universal commissary (Nelson will make "Phantom Of The Opera" for this studio) had all the waitresses begging for autographs. The way the women go for that man!

O—Orson Welles has discovered Maria Montez, which was inevitable.

P—Paul Henreid is slowly recovering his health after a six months' struggle with a nervous disorder due to his hectic experiences in Austria.

Q—Questions are being fired right and left at Mr. Steve Crane's military and marital status these days.

R—Ronald Colman and his wife have closed their Beverly Hills home and will rough it on their ranch for the duration.

S—Susan Peters and Richard Quine grow more and more serious.

T—Tony Quinn has been appointed entertainment counselor for all Spanish-speaking American soldiers and works at it day and night.

U—United Forces are giving daily thanks to Bette Davis for the warm hospitality at the Hollywood Canteen these winter nights.

V—Victor McLaglen's son Andy is the most disappointed lad in town. His 6'7" height is one inch over Uncle Sam's

## "If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"



**Joan:** The only dates in my life are those on the calendar... but the fellows stand in line to take *you* out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

**Alice:** You *should* have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!



**Alice:** That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be *sure*—that's why I use Mum!



**(Later)** Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



THAT DREAMY WALTZ IS OUR SONG, JOAN!

(TO HERSELF)  
AND UNDERARM ODOR CAN'T SPOIL THE DREAM—THANKS TO MUM!

Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

**Speed**—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

**Safety**—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

**Sureness**—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

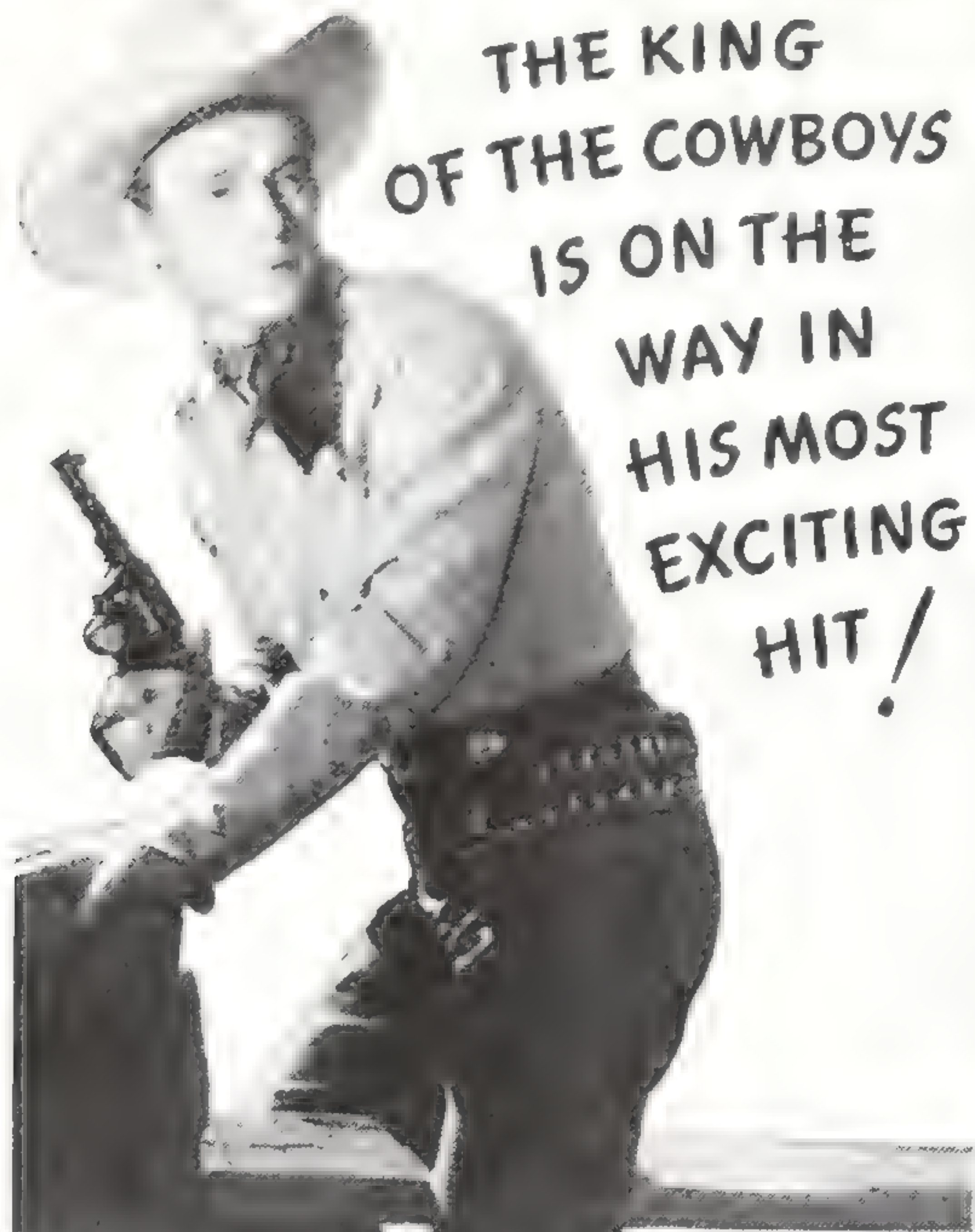
**For Sanitary Napkins**—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.





# It's a BIG PICTURE

THE KING  
OF THE COWBOYS  
IS ON THE  
WAY IN  
HIS MOST  
EXCITING  
HIT!



## ROY ROGERS

in a picture as big  
as its mighty set-  
ting—filled with  
action, laughter  
and song!

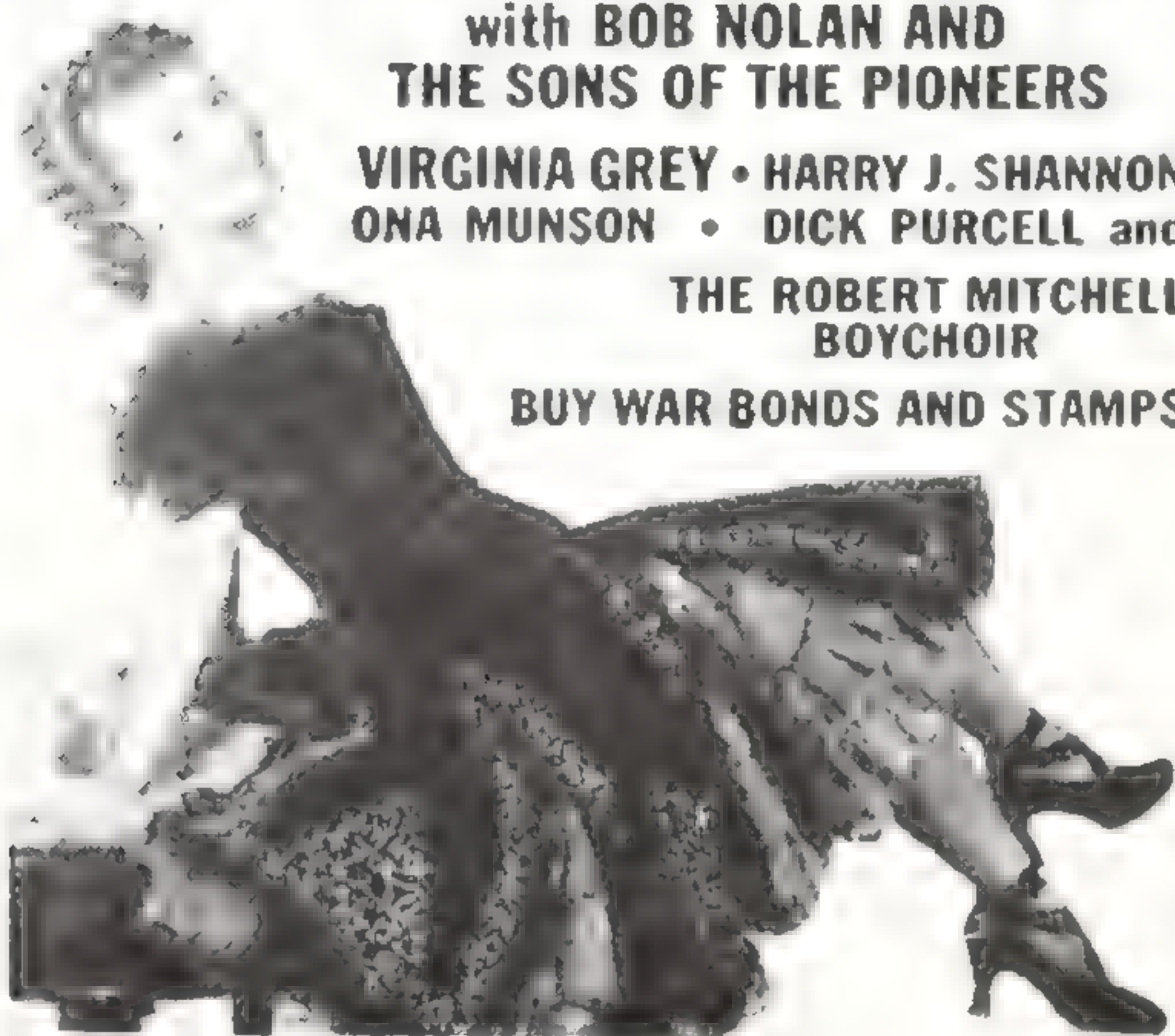
and SMILEY BURNETTE in

## IDAHO

with BOB NOLAN AND  
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

VIRGINIA GREY • HARRY J. SHANNON  
ONA MUNSON • DICK PURCELL and  
THE ROBERT MITCHELL  
BOYCHOIR

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



It's a  
REPUBLIC PICTURE

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Chins get covered up for "Bataan Patrol"; wives grin and bear it. Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball (top); Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck

Army allowance and he can't enlist.

W—Wallace Beery and his Carol Ann are weekly visitors at the Canteen, Wally being the most ungraceful bus boy of the year.

X—Kisses to all our Hollywood boys who have been promoted in rank due to plain hard work.

Y—Young Hollywood is the only group in the film colony looking forward to the \$25,000 wage ceiling. It might mean big stars wouldn't be doing so many pictures; which would give the up-and-coming set their chance.

Z—Zorina has renounced films for the stage and will remain in New York in the future, we're told.

**Bang—and It Was Love:** Have you ever sat through a movie and watched the girl soundly slap the boy's face and two reels later dissolve in his arms? And have you thought "Phooey," as we have?

Well, never again for us, lads and lassies, for it does happen. It did happen, in fact, to Susan Hayward and John Carroll.

On the "Hit Parade Of 1943" set, where the incident began, the atmosphere be-

tween John and Susie was so chilly you could have cut a figure eight all over it. It remained that way until two days before the finish of the picture when Susie was called upon to smack Mr. Carroll's face, but good.

Something happened with that slap. The ice melted, the air thawed, Johnny stared at Susie, Susie stared at Johnny and boom—it was love.

From that moment until John left to join the Air Force the pair were inseparable. John fed Susan his famous spaghetti and still she loved him. However, the spaghetti seems to have cooled at this writing. Susan now stoutly maintains that the romance is off.

**Feuds, Feuds, Feuds:** While wars rage all over the map, minor Hollywood out-breaks continue to lessen the monotony of the home front. The greatest flare-up of all was Director Fritz Lang's one-man blitz against actress Anna Lee during the shooting of "Unconquered."

In fact, the fury of Mr. Lang's wrath grew to such alarming proportions his agent rose from a sick bed and set out for the stage where Mr. Lang was dressed



down to a degree below boiling.  
Some folk think the director's fury was aroused because Miss Lee and not his own girl friend was given the lead in the picture. Anyway, according to the studio itself, it was pretty dreadful while it lasted and Miss Lee suffered horribly but in silence.

The tension on the "Old Acquaintance" set grew more and more tense as Miss Miriam Hopkins, who started out so sweet and friendly, relapsed into the "same little lady type" that caused so much friction between Bette and Miriam in their former picture "The Old Maid."

Tears by the bucketsful were shed by Ida Lupino and Nancy Coleman on the "Devotion" set as the girls feuded and feuded and feuded. And over at Paramount a young starlet, who received the butt of the star's wrath, snapped back, "Well, I've got my youth, anyway." Whereupon the star returned to her dressing room and refused to emerge all that day.

**Our Boys in Uniform:** William Holden graduated to a Lieutenantcy in the Air Force with wife Brenda Marshall at the Florida camp to look on.

Henry Fonda writes our own Hymie Fink from boot camp that he hopes to be home soon again on a longer furlough and Hymie can see how he looks then in his sailor's uniform. Bet Hank looks cute.

Clark Gable is now a full-fledged aerial gunner with silver wings pinned on by the Commander himself. If he isn't sent to Hollywood for propaganda films Gable will be in the thick of battle very soon. Dangerous job that of Clark's, too.

Tony Martin is a private in the Army stationed in Texas and seems to be very happy after his hectic troubles.

Roz Russell's husband, Lt. Freddie Brisson, has been transferred from Santa Ana and will probably not be present at the time of his baby's birth.

Lt. Richard Barthelmess has been transferred to Norfolk, Virginia, with a commendation for his excellent work.

Sgt. Gene Autry may do a stint in the film version of "This Is The Army" if it can be arranged.

Lt. Jimmy Stewart is now completing his four-engine flying course and will soon be a heavy bomber pilot ready for active duty in the midst of overseas war.

With the departure of John Payne to the Air Corps, Henry Fonda to the Navy and Tyrone Power to the Marines, Twentieth Century-Fox is almost a no-man's land these days.

Doug Fairbanks is still in England attached to Lord Louis Mountbatten's commando staff and Robert Montgomery is in complete charge of a unit himself, Cal hears.

**Romance Notes:** Folk feel if Eleanor Powell's mama would get herself reconciled to the fact Eleanor is a big girl now and old enough by several years to get married, everyone would be a lot happier all the way round—especially Glenn Ford.

George Montgomery is pleased as punch over his role of matchmaker. Over the telephone George told us how he'd introduced his sister Lyda to Jay Palermo, an olive oil manufacturer, and six weeks later they were wed. Not bad, George. Now how about yourself?

Universal's pair of hopefuls, Gloria Jean and Donald O'Connor, have been having a tiff, much to the studio's amusement.



**I give you 4 Aids  
to Beauty  
in Just One Cream!**

**My one 4-Purpose Face Cream  
ends need for other face creams**

**W**OMEN who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need *any other cream* for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin; (2) it *softens* your skin and relieves dryness; (3) it helps nature *refine* the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect *base* for powder.

**Helps these 6 skin troubles**

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines due to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you

have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream quickly helps all these troubles—brings glowing new freshness to your skin!

**Send for your generous tube**

Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

*Lady Esther*

**4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**



LADY ESTHER, (81)  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me, by return mail, a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)





**"Walking,  
working *more...*  
a girl must  
*suffer less!*"**

MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an *exclusive* ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

**MIDOL**



**RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN**

## CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Young daters: Jane Withers shows up glamorously at the Mocambo to have dinner with soldier A. C. Lyles



Jinx Falkenburg will let nothing interfere with her marriage to Tex McCreary, former newspaper reporter and now a soldier in England, if he ever gets a leave of absence.

Jinx has found absence has really made her heart grow fonder.

**Gossip on Garbo:** What would the New Year be without at least one rumor of a "secret Garbo marriage?"

Oh, yes, the ghost of one cropped up the other day to the effect that the Silent One and her handsome diet expert, Dr. Gayelord Hauser, had secretly merged in a Connecticut town during the summer. It all tied in nicely, as it is known the couple had motored to Connecticut one day to escape New York's extreme heat. They had a narrow escape from injury in an auto mishap on that trip, too. In fact, Hauser didn't escape entirely. He was thrown against the windshield, striking his face with such force that it blackened his eyes and for days after his return to New York he had to hide behind a pair of dark glasses.

The trip to Connecticut was not the secret elopement it was reported to be,

however, for your Uncle Cal, the moment he heard the report, promptly sent one of his spies to the sleepy Connecticut town to check up. A careful perusal of marriage licenses issued during the year of 1942 showed that lots of people got married there—but La Garbo and Hauser didn't. Not even under the names of Greta Gustafsson and Eugene Helmuth Hauser—their right names, you know. So when they said they were motoring to the country to escape the heat of the city and to enjoy the beauties of the countryside, they weren't kidding—this time.

Meanwhile, back in New York, there are other reports rampant to the effect that the Garbo-Hauser idyl, if not over, is definitely cooling.

Your old Uncle Cal was kept pretty busy, what with having one of his scouts trailing down to Connecticut when the ghost of Garbo's marriage first appeared. To say nothing of being kept busy in New York checking up on rumors, the latest having to do with the Glamorous One's return to the West Coast. Meantime, Garbo has returned to our town. Reports say she left the East with a smile, because

Young marrieds: Lee Bowman shows off his nice grin, his nicer wife on a let's-have-fun night at the Beverly Hills Hotel





her latest crush is also due out on the Coast at about the same time—and that Dr. Hauser doesn't even know who he is.

Wonder if this trip she'll spend as much time visiting the health bars and sipping carrot juice, or nibbling stalks of celery, as on previous visits when the handsome dietician was her constant escort?

**Close Ups and Long Shots:** Glamour town has settled down to a slow walk, emotionally and physically, it seems, as if the constant exodus of our leading men, stars, directors, designers, publicists, writers, electricians and cameramen, to the wars is just too much to digest all at once.

The entire trend of Hollywood has changed these days with "where to buy a lamb chop" supplanting yesterday's burning topic of "where to buy a tire." The increasing food and meat shortage has brought on a new social order. No one gives dinner parties any more. Good silver, china and linen have been stored away. The servant problem, with practically everyone doing his own work, has altered the social picture, with kitchen spreads the rage.

Invited guests are warned there must be no crashers or none of the usual bringing of extra guests for, of course, every bite of food is preciously counted and mentally divided equally among the diners. And, what's more, guests are expected to contribute. "I'll bring three eggs," one volunteers. "I have a quarter pound of butter," another offers.

The day Gracie Allen discovered two pounds of stew meat in the market called for a kitchen spread with stew the main hot dish, a green salad and butterless rolls completing the feast. Everything was placed on the kitchen table, everyone pitched in to help and guests served themselves. Paper napkins were passed around and everything kept as simple as possible.

These kind of shindigs are going on all over town and with them has come a return to simple pleasures. June Havoc gave a Saturday night farewell party for John Payne, who was about to leave for the Air Corps, and guests were asked to come dressed as their secret ambitions. Director Walter Lang telephoned June his regrets saying he had a house guest and couldn't come.

"Oh, it isn't an eating party," June assured him. "Bring your guest by all means."

The guest turned out to be Clark Gable, who wore his officer's uniform, which seemed to be a secret ambition fully realized. But what made the occasion memorable was the first glimpse of the old Gable since the tragic death of his wife, Carole Lombard, over a year ago.

As if inspired, Lt. Gable took over the party and led in the fun, lying prone on the floor to see how many bubbles he could blow or leading in some other equally simple game.

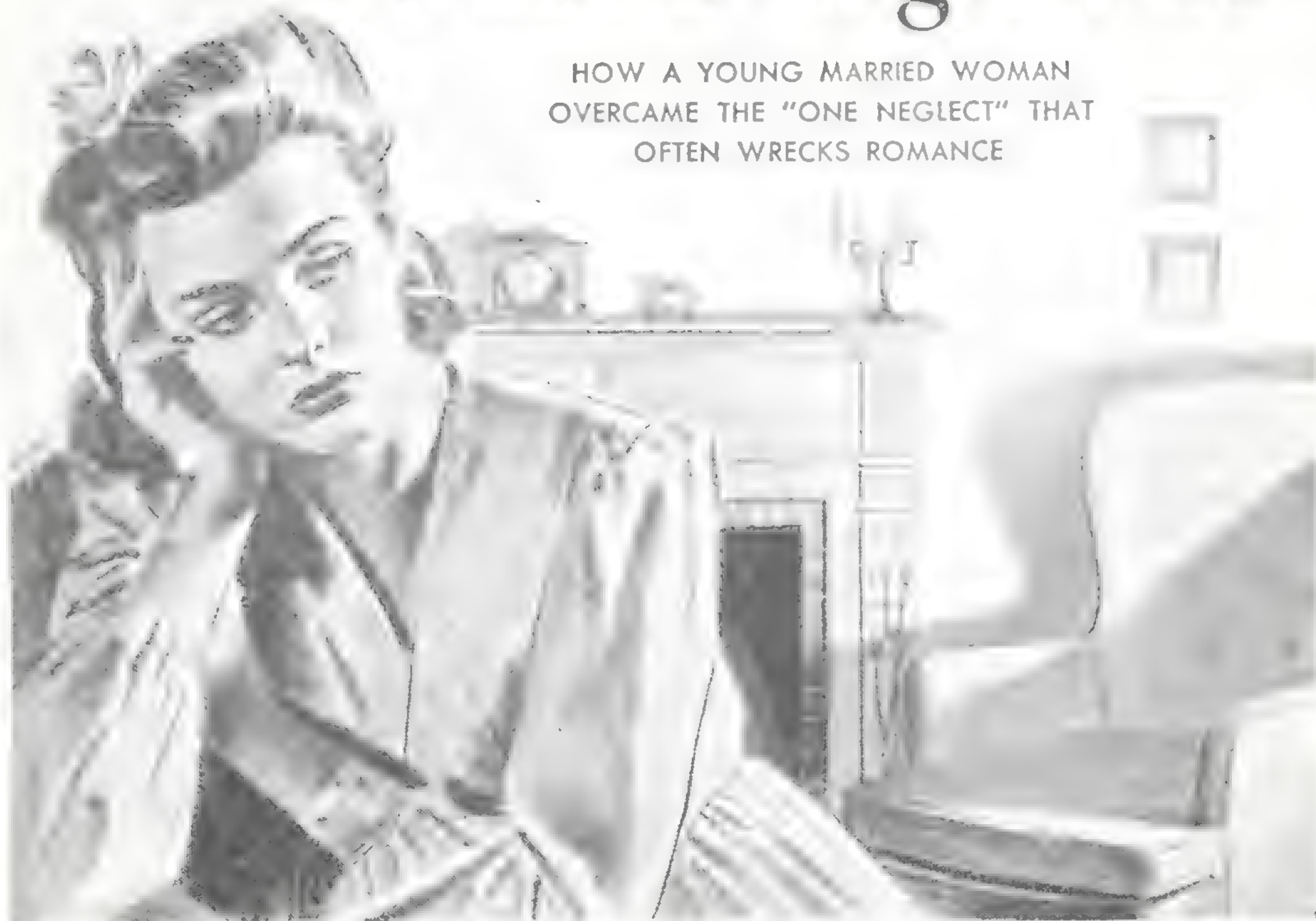
There hasn't been such fun in Hollywood in ages, with guests repairing to the kitchen for whatever pick-up bites they could find.

With the ever-present loneliness and heartaches for loved ones away from the home, Hollywood has become "Our Town" or "Your Town" or any other small town. And the feeling is good. It's comforting to know glamour folk are real folk in a crisis, capable of taking over the smallest duties or tasks without a word of complaint.

We think our boys "out there" will like the idea, somehow.

# "I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN  
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT  
OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."



4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

## Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-443. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.





**LOUISE:** Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

**MARY:** I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

**LOUISE:** Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

**MARY:** Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

**LOUISE:** Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

**MARY:** It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

**LOUISE:** What started you on Tampax, Mary?

**MARY:** I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



One-dollar question on Gene Kelly gets a one-dollar prize answer

**\$10.00 PRIZE**  
Buy More Bonds

**BETTE DAVIS'S** wonderful work at the Hollywood Canteen has brought joy to many a service man.

Unusual abilities of Hollywood actors and actresses have been used for the entertainment of men at Army camps all over the nation.

You can thank the stars for their efforts on Bond drives by putting ten percent of your pay envelope into Bonds.

Men are giving their lives for you; what are you doing for them?

Only the best in entertainment is good enough for the American soldier, sailor and Marine.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

Every Hollywood personality is doing his part. Are you?

Bob Hope is a perfect example of Hollywood effort.

Only you, and you, and you, can win this war.

Now is the time to join Hollywood in helping your husbands, brothers and sweethearts win the war.

Dorothy Lamour has, perhaps, done more than any other woman in the sale of Bonds.

Sign a pledge today for more Bonds.  
Naomi Levinson,  
Kilgore, Tex.

**\$5.00 PRIZE**  
Celestial Body

**THERE'S** beauty in so many places:

In soapy bubbles, people's faces;  
In spiders' webs so geometric;  
In thunder's roar and flash electric.  
There's beauty in a young child's smiling  
Which overwhelmingly's beguiling.  
There's beauty in a rainy day;  
In clouded skies; in fields of hay.  
Though you may say I'm most peculiar  
—And I'll admit I'm out to fool yer—  
I'll trade all these for an evening star  
Astronomically known as—Hedy Lamarr!  
Lt. Lake Barnes,  
Ft. Eustis, Va.

# Speak FOR YOURSELF

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Cure? Sure!

I HAVE just seen "Springtime In The Rockies" and I feel more happy, hopeful and humorous than I have felt since before Pearl Harbor. Somehow, my old-standby sense of humor that for four decades carried me through the blackest hours more or less unscathed was lost somewhere on the War fronts these past twelve months.

What was worse, I didn't even realize what was really wrong with me until I saw my old stage favorite, Charlotte Greenwood, prancing and clowning in her own inimitably funny way through this gay and truly colorful picture. I let go and laughed until all the tenseness and war worries were completely shaken from my system.

And when the show was over and I stopped laughing at Charlotte, I started laughing at myself and at the family doctor who had been darkly hinting at a serious nervous breakdown. Thanks to Charlotte Greenwood, my old sense of humor is back on the job and I'll take care that it doesn't go A.W.O.L. again.

Beth S. Munson,  
Joliet, Ill.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
One-dollar prize answer

**B**RING out the welcome doormat; get all the girls and boys out for a big hip-hip-hooray rally; toot the horns; sound the whistles, but definitely!! Why all the noise and racket, you ask? Brother, that's a one-dollar question, but here's the answer: One velvety-eyed male by the name of Gene Kelly!

When Gene jumped off the train in a scene "For Me And My Gal," up jumped my heart, just as I know thousands of other female hearts all over the country must have jumped. I might further add I am not sweet sixteen with my first movie crush; but this does happen to be the first fan letter I have ever written in my whole life.

There's something utterly devastating in the merry twinkle of Gene Kelly's eyes that tells me we have a "find" who will not only be able to slay us in comedy roles, but serious ones as well. I might further add that I'm just a wee bit psychic in most things too. So let's not put him in the groove and keep him there, but let him oscillate, pets, oscillate! He can do it, I'll bet my last ten-cent War Savings Stamp!

Mrs. Pat Lee,  
Middlesboro, Ky.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
The Fight's On!

**A**FTER her superb "Mrs. Miniver," Metro played a dirty trick on lovely Greer Garson in putting her into the pseudo-psychological idyll of "Random Harvest." Not only is it the third amnesia movie I've seen this month but



is the least credible and, like January colasses, cloyingly sweet and slow-souring.

Can you imagine anyone but a dope waiting years for her husband to recognize her? Since his memory could be restored by a knock on the head, why didn't she clout him a few with a rolling pin, the time-honored memory nudger for forgetful husbands? Or, being the refined type, she could have bought him a course in Mnemonics.

Anyhow, I don't believe that any man could forget a girl like Greer Garson. There certainly was some miscasting here.

Many have wondered why the New York critics passed up Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver" in selecting best of the year. Maybe it was revolt against "Random Harvest" and the dubious ethics of presenting paid advertisements by famous but "dollar-loving" authors as supposed reading matter in various magazines (not Photoplay, to its credit). Greer Garson being linked with "Random Harvest" lost stature thereby. Once Metro destroyed two-times Academy winner Luise Rainer by follow-up of unworthy pictures. Are they trying to put down Garson before she has even clinched her Oscar?

Don't be fooled by the terrific box office of "Random Harvest": it is "Mrs. Miniver" the fans think they are going to see.

Thelma Snow,  
Jersey City, N. J.

#### \$1.00 PRIZE

songs that remind me of movie stars

EDY LAMARR: "Tangerine"  
Lou Costello: "Mr. Five By Five"  
John Payne: "Oh! Johnny, How You Can Love"  
Dorothy Lamour: "Tropical Magic"  
Betty Grable: "There Are Such Things"  
Anna Turner: "Moonlight Becomes You"  
Byrone Power: "Marines' Hymn"  
Gene Tierney: "Green Eyes"  
Three Stooges: "We Three"  
Movie stars who are in the service of their country: "I'll Wait For You"  
Jap: "The Skunk Song"

Anna Dobo,  
Aliquippa, Pa.

(Continued on page 98)

**PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR** awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



**Men in the armed services** are buying more Pepsodent than any other brand. It takes over one-fourth of all we can make just to supply them. But they come first—and rightly so—even if the rest of us have to use Pepsodent more sparingly for a while.



**The biggest number of civilian users** in history want Pepsodent, too. But wartime restrictions limit production—so there's a temporary shortage. If you can't get Pepsodent right away—don't blame your druggist. Try again in a few days.

**Keep your smile bright... but**

## DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



**1. MEASURE** out only as much Pepsodent Paste as you need—about ¼ inch is enough. Squeeze end or roll tube from bottom. Save Pepsodent from washing down the drain by moistening brush before applying paste



**2. POUR** Pepsodent Powder into the palm of your hand. Do not sprinkle it on the brush. Enough powder to cover a 5c piece is plenty. Then dab (—don't rub) moistened brush in powder to pick it up



**3. KEEP** your tooth brushes serviceable by hanging them up to dry after use. Wilted, soggy tooth brushes are inefficient, waste dentifrice. Use a good tooth brush, take good care of it.



**4. DENTAL** science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those in Pepsodent. They are so safe, so effective, in fact, that only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your smile far brighter.



# THE Shadow Stage

## Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Excitement in the skies: John Garfield and Gig Young in "Air Force"



Gay nonsense: Dotty Lamour and Bob Hope in "They Got Me Covered"



Top teamwork: Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in "Keeper Of The Flame"

### ✓✓ Air Force (Warners)

*It's About:* An American bomber, the Mary Ann, and her crew.

THIS is easily one of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed. From the moment the crew comes aboard for a routine peacetime flight and the giant four-motor job, known affectionately to the men as *Mary Ann*, lifts into the air suspense rides with them. They catch the tail end of the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor, are ordered to go to the aid of Manila via Wake Island and arrive at their destination with barely time to refuel for their first combat action with Jap Zeros.

John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner, embittered because of having been washed out as a pilot. Gig Young is personable in a not-too-spectacular part. Jim Brown deserves special mention along with George Tobias, John Ridgley and Harry Carey.

Also *Mary Ann*. It's really her picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Ceiling unlimited.

### ✓ They Got Me Covered (Goldwyn-RKO)

*It's About:* A none too bright foreign correspondent caught in a spy trap.

EVERYTHING from mud-pack treatments to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel has been crowded into this

amusing story starring Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. The result is a bit too much of a good thing. Bob is the far from brilliant foreign correspondent who is brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. He goes to Washington to visit his girl Dorothy Lamour, is tipped off to a spy ring. He detours to Niagara Falls on a phony honeymoon after a phony wedding; then dashes back to become embroiled with spy Otto Preminger, Philip Ahn and Edward Ciannelli in a beauty parlor mix-up. A lovely newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily.

Your Reviewer Says: No rationing on this fun and nonsense.

### ✓ Keeper of the Flame (M-G-M)

*It's About:* A woman and the reporter who sets out to crack the mystery of her husband's death.

MAKE no mistake—the learned critics will be combing their best selection of words to tell you that this picture is not up to the caliber of a Tracy-Hepburn vehicle. Which is true. But our bet is that the film will do all right despite these dire predictions.

The story deals with newshawk Tracy who in his effort to write the life of a national hero, recently deceased under tragic circumstances, finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's young and beautiful wife. His investigations lead him to the door of a startling dis-

covery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case further. A dramatic climax somehow fails to come off as dramatically as intended.

The first half of the film has all the magic of the Tracy-Hepburn duo. It is in the last part that the story gets heavy-handed.

Spencer Tracy gives his usual unforced performance, but Katharine Hepburn has certainly been seen to better advantage, though there are moments when she is indeed lovely. Margaret Wycherly, young Darryl Hickman and Richard Whorf are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Box-office jingle-jangle-jingle.

### ✓ The Amazing Mrs. Holliday (Universal)

*It's About:* A war orphan in love.

THE amazing *Mrs. Holliday* is Deanna Durbin who, in this picture, completes the business of growing up, thereby repressing some of that warm ebullience which has helped to make her one of the loveliest girls on the screen for our admission money.

Deanna, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married old Commodore Holliday (Harry Davenport) just before he went down with his torpedoed ship when this proves the only way she can get into the U. S. her eight

(Continued on page 19)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 19

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 103

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20



*Entirely New Idea in Make-up*



# JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

*two lovely make-up aids—in ONE box  
to give you that young dewy-fresh look*

IN A JIFFY, you've the loveliest make-up ever!

First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!

Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake *right in the same box* with your shade of face powder.

Only \$1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

*\$2.00 Value for \$1.00*

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake  
with matching Face Powder



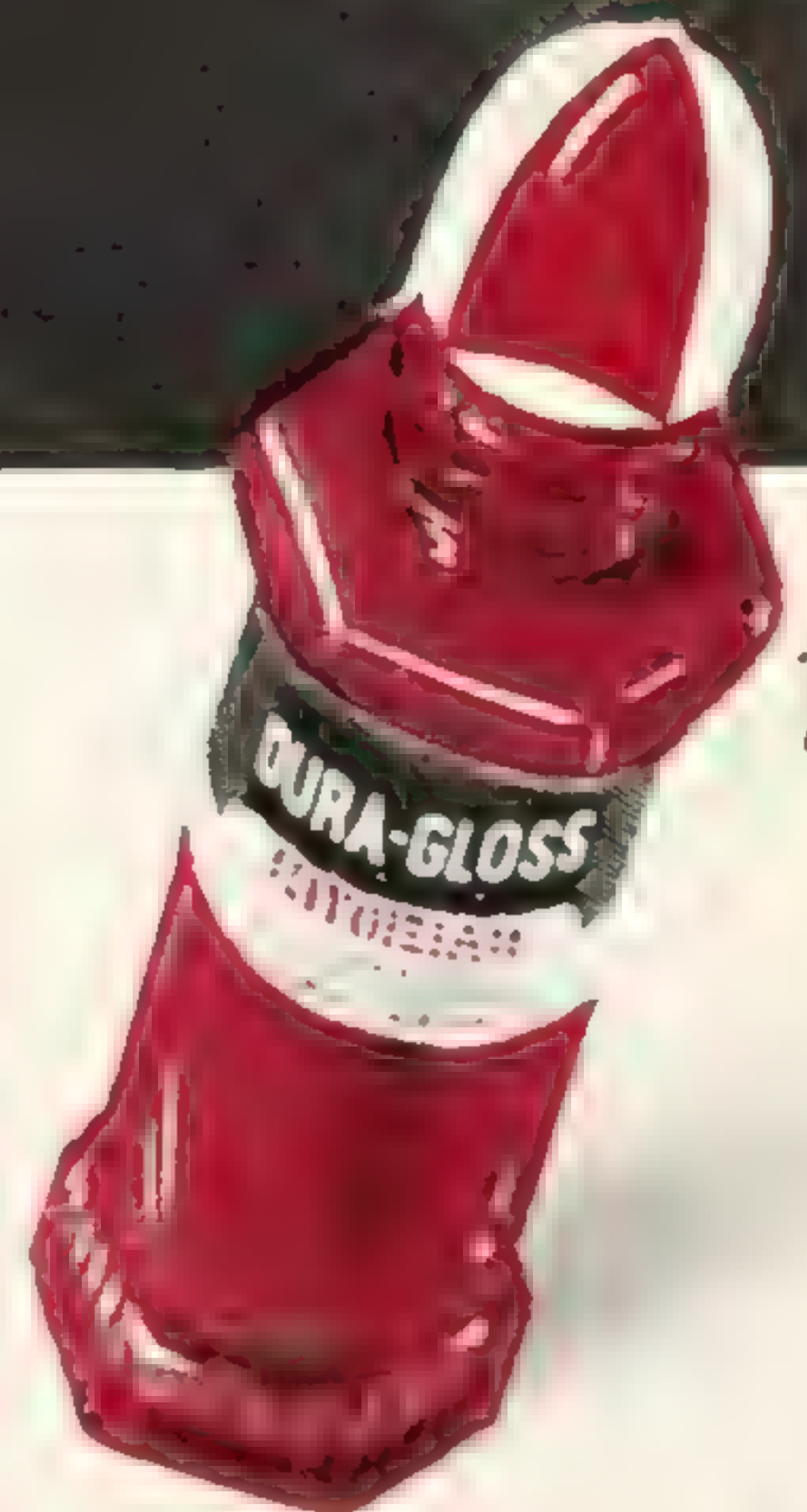
• Boxed together, for the first time—  
Both for \$1.00—less than many girls pay  
for a make-up cake alone! Choose the pow-  
der shade that lights up your type of skin;  
your twin harmonizing shade in make-up  
cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of  
shades—one specially styled for you!) Get  
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Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long — at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.



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**DURA-GLOSS** *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion  
Polish Remover  
Dura-Coat



# THE SHADOW STAGE

(Continued from page 16)

## China Girl (Twentieth Century-Fox)

*It's About:* A newsreel photographer and foreign spies.

**G**EORGE MONTGOMERY is another of those brash unbelievably reckless Americans, a newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, who loses his job, gets involved with two Japanese agents, Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney.

George excites plenty of sex appeal in a slightly incredible story. Miss Tierney has nothing to do but appear Oriental. This she does with all her might and main. The little tyke who follows George about is fetching.

*Your Reviewer Says:* A good little action picture.

## Forever And A Day (RKO-Radio)

*It's About:* An old house and the men and women who lived there.

**T**HE story begins in 1941 when a young newspaper correspondent (Kent Smith), in England to cover the bombings, receives a letter from his father in the U. S. asking him to call at a certain London house, a relic of the family's estates.

The boy arrives at the old house as sirens warn of approaching Luftwaffes. He finds the cellar, converted into a public air-raid shelter, filling with a motley crowd. The woman in charge of the house turns out to be a beautiful girl (Ruth Warrick), also a descendant of old Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith) who in 1804 built the house.

While the air raid goes on she tells him the story of the house and all who lived within its thick walls. One generation after another moves across the screen with its own dramatic story.

Others in the incredibly brilliant cast

are Sir Cedric Hardwicke (who also produced it), Merle Oberon, Robert Cummings, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Edward Everett Horton, Anna Lee, Charles Laughton, Reginald Gardiner, Victor McLaglen, Arthur Treacher, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland, Dame May Whitty, Claude Rains, Gene Lockhart, Anna Neagle. Also Roland Young and Gladys Cooper who contribute two of the beautifully moving performances.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Admissions paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. All the stars, writers, directors and technicians donated their services to make this picture memorable.

## Chetniks! (Twentieth Century-Fox)

*It's About:* The true story of Draja Mihailovitch.

**R**IGHT out of newspaper headlines comes this story of the brave Jugoslavia guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler's hordes. Hiding in the hills with his men, Mihailovitch, leader of the guerrillas, played magnificently by Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town where his wife and two children live under assumed names.

Stealing an Italian supply train, the guerrilla general marches into Nazi headquarters under a flag of truce with demands that his people be freed of the food blockade. Eventually his family are discovered and taken prisoners and Mihailovitch pretends to surrender to the Nazis. Instead, he surrounds and annihilates them, recapturing the town.

This is a thrilling, stirring story indeed and one to make the fight for freedom even more worthwhile. Anna Sten as Dorn's wife, Merrill Rodin and Patricia Prest as his children are very good. John Shepperd as Dorn's aid and Martin Kosleck the German Gestapo officer give polished performances.

*Your Reviewer Says:* A stirring film.

## Margin For Error (Twentieth Century-Fox)

*It's About:* The murder of a loathsome German official.

**O**TTO PREMINGER creates more genuine hatred as the German pre-war consul-general to this country than is healthily good for himself or those who hate him. Never have we loathed anyone so thoroughly. This same Otto Preminger, who also directed the film as well as acted in it, is indeed, a man of talent. His acting and directing of the Clare Boothe Luce story is better than the show itself, to our way of thinking.

Milton Berle as police officer Moe Finkelstein is, incongruously, detailed to guard the German consul. Through his influence Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Berle gives the performance of his career as the Jewish cop. His lines sparkle like icicles in the sun.

Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of her husband's

(Continued on page 99)

beloved war-orphan companions. Soon enough of course she finds herself in all manner of difficulties and head over heels in love with the late Commodore's attractive grandson (Edmond O'Brien).

The eight war orphans of many nationalities and ages are important to the action, supplying laughter and tears. It is to them Deanna sings.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Much of it will charm you.

## Shadow Of A Doubt (Universal)

*It's About:* The growing suspicion against a family member.

**I**T'S odd when you think of it, but the direction of this film is even better than the story. One becomes fascinated with the deft, brilliant leadership of director Alfred Hitchcock.

The very real little town of Santa Rosa, California, was chosen as the locale. Into its peaceful and beautiful midst comes handsome Joseph Cotten to visit his married sister, Patricia Collinge, and her family consisting of husband Henry Travers, a bank clerk, and her children Teresa Wright, Edna May Wonacott and Charles Bates.

Between Teresa and Cotten exists a warm, tender bond. Then, slowly, eerily, suspicion creeps into Teresa's mind concerning her uncle, nurtured by his peculiar behavior with a newspaper item, his gift to her, a ring with another's initials, and finally the visit of two young men to the house, men whom she finally discovers to be detectives. And then the whole awful truth floods over her, almost costing her her life.

Macdonald Carey is a standout as the young detective in love with Teresa. Edna May Wonacott, discovered by Hitchcock in Santa Rosa, is a natural youngster. Patricia Collinge is marvelous. Travis and his friend Hume Cronyn as the amateur sleuths are a hit. But it's Teresa and Cotten who outshine everyone with their wonderful performances. Or, wait a moment! Is it Hitchcock who in the end really steals the show?

*Your Reviewer Says:* Brilliant.

## No Time For Love (Paramount)

*It's About:* A girl photographer and a man of brawn.

**C**LAUDETTE COLBERT is a high-powered photographer for a picture magazine who meets sand hog Fred MacMurray. Claudette, who had gone into a tunnel to photograph the men at work, is unable to get the big muscle and brawn lad out of her mind. So, when he is suspended from his job because Miss Colbert's picture reveals him in a brawl, Claudette hires him as an assistant in hopes she will get rid of her yen. Instead, Mr. MacMurray has a way of growing on one until—but you'll see how it turns out.

The story tries very hard to be excruciatingly funny but is only fairly so.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Purely escapist.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Air Force  
Shadow Of A Doubt  
The Immortal Sergeant  
The Spirit Of '43  
Forever And A Day

### Best Performances

Joseph Cotten in "Shadow Of A Doubt"  
Teresa Wright in "Shadow Of A Doubt"  
Thomas Mitchell in "The Immortal Sergeant"  
Henry Fonda in "The Immortal Sergeant"  
Philip Dorn in "Chetniks!"  
Otto Preminger in "Margin For Error"  
Milton Berle in "Margin For Error"



"A CANARY'S SONG  
IS SUNSHINE  
THAT LIGHTS-UP  
ANY HOME"



ANN RUTHERFORD

Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production  
"I ESCAPED FROM HONG KONG"

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary — and let his happy song light-up your home!

Get a Canary today! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You'll thrill to his cheery response that helps drive away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

**FREE!** Every lover of pets will want French's superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2532 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.



## IN HOLLYWOOD

4 out of 5 Canary Owners  
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Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH'S—today and every day!

LARGEST-SELLING BIRD SEED  
IN THE U. S.



Book that headed the list of best-sellers turns into a movie that heads the list of "musts": Pierre Aumont and Susan Peters in M-G-M's "Assignment In Brittany"

# BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ **AMERICAN EMPIRE**—Harry Sherman—U.A. A Western in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas that gradually grows Empirish in dimensions. Leo Carrillo is the rustler who steals their cattle until the final shoot-out sequence that is a piperoo. Frances Gifford is the beauty who plays Foster's wife. (Mar.)

✓ **ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE**—M-G-M: Andy has three days left in Carvel before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney, Ann Rutherford is back as Polly Benedict and the entire Hardy family is present. (Mar.)

✓ **ARABIAN NIGHTS**—Wanger-Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fanciful, farcical Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jon Hall, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. The desert scenes are magnificent. (Mar.)

**ARMY SURGEON**—RKO-Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse Jane Wyatt. Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

**BEHIND THE 8-BALL**—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again, clowning and carrying on in this story about a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production, with the murderers turning out to be spies attempting to scare off the actors. Carol Bruce sings in her usual husky manner and Grace McDonald steps like fury. (Mar.)

✓✓ **BLACK SWAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of Maureen O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her. It's colorful, romantic. (Jan.)

✓✓ **CASABLANCA**—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. Superb. (Feb.)

**CAT PEOPLE**—RKO-Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for his help, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

✓✓ **COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN**—Columbia: A powerful war document, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a socko performance as the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then actively revolts against, the cruelties of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

✓ **DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT**—M-G-M: Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie acquires three new assistants, Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters. (Feb.)

**DR. RENAULT'S SECRET**—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what hap-

## SHADOW STAGE

Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

	Page
Air Force .....	16
Amazing Mrs. Holliday, The .....	16
Chetniks! .....	19
China Girl .....	19
Cinderella Swings It .....	101
Crystal Ball, The .....	100
Eyes Of The Underworld .....	102
Forever And A Day .....	19
Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour .....	101
Immortal Sergeant, The .....	99
Johnny Doughboy .....	99
Keeper Of The Flame .....	16
Kid Dynamite .....	102
Laugh Your Blues Away .....	100
Margin For Error .....	19
Meanest Man In The World, The .....	102
No Time For Love .....	19
Quiet Please, Murder .....	101
Shadow Of A Doubt .....	19
Sherlock Holmes And The Secret Weapon .....	102
Silver Skates .....	100
Spirit Of '43, The .....	99
They Got Me Covered .....	16
Three Hearts For Julia .....	101
Truck Busters .....	102



pens to J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepherd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

**FALCON'S BROTHER, THE**—RKO-Radio: George Sanders bows out of this series and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Keye Luke roam around. (Jan.)

**GALLANT LADY**—P.R.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

✓ **GENTLEMAN JIM**—Warners: For those who enjoy screened prize-fighting, this story of egotistical Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of a rich San Franciscan. Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

**GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE**—RKO-Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the *Great Gildersleeve*, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughs and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

**GREAT IMPERSONATION, THE**—Universal: A dual role story again, with Ralph Bellamy an Englishman who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious and it's Kaaren Verne, the German's sweetheart, who ruins the setup. (Mar.)

✓✓ **HAPPY GO LUCKY**—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this swell little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

**HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR**—Paramount: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as *Henry*, Charles Smith as *Dizzy*, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

**HIDDEN HAND, THE**—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

**HITLER'S CHILDREN**—RKO-Radio: Showing the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good account of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

✓ **ICE CAPEDES REVUE**—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Denning is the romantic lead, Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hruba, Mergan Taylor, Jackson and Lynam and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

✓ **I MARRIED A WITCH**—The Cinema Guild-U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to bedevil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but fun. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

✓✓ **IN WHICH WE SERVE**—U. A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to a life raft, the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Mar.)

✓✓ **JOURNEY FOR MARGARET**—M.G.M.: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

**JUNGLE SIREN**—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

(Continued on page 93)

*Hearts high!*

Until V-Day, be beautiful  
and dutiful... with

"Bond Street" Beauty Preparations (for you, by Yardley!).

They are worthy associates  
of a great perfume!

**"BOND STREET" PERFUME:** An intriguing fragrance of endearing charm. \$2.50 to \$13.50.

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"BOND STREET" BEAUTY PREPARATIONS  
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YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U. S. A.  
FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS



# act your age

BY GLORIA MACK



When beauty gives—and takes: Teresa Wright

- This is the age when to be natural is to be pretty.
- It is the era of soap and water used gently. Your face is soft, your skin is coming into its first beauty; be careful not to break down its tissues by scrubbing too hard.
- If your skin is a bit dry you'll use a light face cream, applying it ever so gently.
- Your powder will be light; you'll dust it over your face. Your lipstick will be light too.
- You'll brush your hair constantly until it's bright and shining and you'll keep it that way with frequent shampoos. If you're caught on an exciting emergency date you'll use a special dry shampoo to be sure that your hair is never without that soft fragrance.
- Your eyebrows you'll leave alone, except for a very occasional plucking if they're too too bristly, but you'll always use an eyebrow brush to give them a graceful curve.
- You won't be bothered by the teen-age acne bugaboo because on your shelf you'll have a special medicated cream that will be a quick cover-up.
- This is an age of natural beauty you will never possess again. Don't cover it up; guard it carefully; learn to know that people will always look at you in these years with envy.

## Teens to 20's



When beauty is natural: Linda Darnell

## 20 to 30's

- This is the on-the-fence period when the beauty of the teens can be nurtured into more mature beauty; or when nature can begin to take its toll unless it is carefully watched.
- You will, therefore be careful that your hours are not too late; that your careers do not take too much from you.
- Relax, and relax again every chance you get. Keep that first fresh look in your eyes by constant use of eye lotion.
- Rouge will be your helpmate after a devitalizing day.
- Astringent will bring back the rosiness of the teens to your face. You'll use it after every cleansing-cream treatment.
- You'll use more powder now, patting, not rubbing it in, until every bit of your face—and neck—is covered.
- You'll watch your hair-line, keep it clean and well-defined by rubbing it with cotton soaked in toilet water after every make-up act.
- You'll walk with your chin up because this is the age when you make or break your beauty when a chin held high means less wrinkles, less worry, more beauty to be yours forever.

## the 30's

- This is the age of your glory; the age when men have admitted they find a woman's beauty at its most fascinating stage. Make the most of it.
- Your face has learned how to express many emotions. It is now alive. It must be kept facile by creaming and creaming again.
- Your throat is your special care. Creams overnight will keep it soft; pads soaked in astringent and bound under your chin will guard against the slightest touch of flabbiness.
- The pancake make-up is your boon. It gives you the perfect grooming, assures that the slightest flaw in your skin will be completely under cover.
- You'll use eye cream around your eyes for the little laugh wrinkles that are charming while they're little, disastrous if too deep.
- For the little lines around your mouth, you'll use this exercise: Puff out your mouth, one side at a time, alternately for a few minutes each day. Astringent follows, patted along the lines, then a lubricating cream.
- Your hair will always be sleek and shining; you'll count the minutes spent before your dressing table as minutes of beauty insurance.

When beauty is in its glory: Mary Astor







*"Her proud head topped with shining hair  
Gives her charm beyond compare"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous  
... and yet so easy to manage!\***



So EXQUISITELY FEMININE, yet so practical, too . . . this up-swept way of handling shoulder-length hair! Glamorous enough for evening wear, yet suitable for active war-work days, because it's easy to keep trim and neat! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

**For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous . . . sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.  
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre -  
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



**Special Drene**  
with  
*Hair Conditioner*





**"The man who killed my husband . . . now he wants to make love to me! I am a woman . . . my house is lonely . . . my arms are hungry . . . but my heart remembers! Soon — there will be one less of this horrible horde!"**

*John Steinbeck's*  
**THE MOON  
 IS DOWN**

A heart-stirring picture  
 told with a power and  
 fury that will leave its  
 fire in your heart forever!

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY  
 Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

**20<sup>th</sup>**  
 CENTURY-FOX  
 PICTURE



# Mrs. Ginger Briggs

They had seven dates together—and then Jack Briggs proposed.

That was the beginning of a marriage so unusual that

Hollywood will never see its like again



IT WAS eleven o'clock in the evening when a car swung up before the entrance of the Union Station in Los Angeles. A young man got out and entered the station. He was back in a minute. "Train's late," he told the girl in the car, as he climbed in beside her. And so began Ginger Rogers's wait for Jackie Briggs, the twenty-two-year-old lad who was that night to become her husband.

The bride-to-be was nervous. Several times she removed her brown glove to bite at a red polished nail. "How late is it now?" she asked over and over of Eddie Rubin, her friend of years, her buffer, her alter ego, employed now as a talent scout at RKO.

Nervously she flicked at the spray of white orchids, ordered by the groom, which were pinned to her brown suede bag. Occasionally she adjusted the tiny veil of her sable-tipped hat or smoothed her trim brown wool suit.

A porter whistling "Mr. Five By Five" strolled by, peered into the gloom of the waiting car and went whistling off. People strolling up and down restlessly waiting for that train and other trains noticed the car also. But none equalled in restlessness the girl who waited in the car's gloom while the clock ticked off a quarter, a half and finally an hour.

Said one Hollywoodian of Ginger and Jack together: "I never saw anyone look so longingly at anyone in my life." Above is picture proof

## BY SALLY JEFFERSON

At ten minutes after twelve there was sudden excitement. "She's coming," someone called and a minute later the train was in and Rubin was guiding a tall lad in a Marine uniform to the car and the girl who waited.

Over the bridge and into the quiet town of Pasadena the car rolled. It paused before the First Methodist Church, dark except for the faint glimmer of candlelight in a far window.

They mounted the steps and opened the door. The minister advanced to meet them and in the solemn hush of

that church at one o'clock in the morning Ginger Rogers and Jack Calvin Briggs were married with a double-ring ceremony.

Not until the next day did Doctor Albert Edward Day, pastor of that church, know that "Virginia Katherine McMath, born in Independence, Missouri" whose eyes had filled with tears as he said, "until death doth you part" was Ginger Rogers of the films. The license had been taken out three days previously in the town of Santa Monica and, oddly enough, no one had recognized Ginger's real name.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom, radiating happiness, drove through the early morning to the Players, Preston Sturges's restaurant out Beverly Hills way, where a few friends were gathered. Then on they went to the house of Jack's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Katz, where Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, waited.

The wedding cake was cut and passed among the close little circle and then the bride and groom left for a three-day honeymoon at her hill-top home.

Ginger and Jack Briggs met first on the evening of September 30th, 1942. Three o'clock that afternoon Ginger, completing her last scene for "Once Upon A Honeymoon" at the RKO studios, rushed home to dress and catch the five o'clock train for San Diego (Continued on page 70)



# What you don't know about the



Your first chance to find out about their quarrels—their marriage plans—the danger they're facing

**W**E WERE sitting in the comfortable lobby of the Langdon Bridge Club in Hollywood, where the experts among cinema bridge players meet nightly for a quiet game. George Raft had a bad cold and wasn't anxious to cut in and I'd finished a couple of rubbers.

One after another people came by—Mae Sunday, that fabulous friend of stars who probably knows more about Hollywood than any living woman, Herman Mankiewicz, famous writer, a Marx brother or two, and automatically each of them said, "Hello, Georgie, how's Betty?"

Each time, Georgie's face lit up like Broadway before the dimout and he said, "She's wonderful, thank you. She's still doing a tour of the camps, but she'll be home soon."

Probably at some time in your life you've been the victim of a really first-class common cold, when your head feels like a baked potato and all your bones ache like a tooth. If so, you know that there exists no less romantic moment. Love, at such times, is usually just another of life's minor annoyances. I mention the unromantic cold of the very romantic George Raft here only because, having seen him in the past with Virginia Peine and Norma Shearer, I became convinced by the way he reacted, cold and all, to the very name of Betty Grable that this was it.

Finally he offered to drive me home and as we went along the quiet street of that lovely town called Beverly Hills, I said, "Will you please give my love to Betty?"



# Betty Grable-George Raft Romance

BY

*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

I worked at Paramount when she was there and I liked her so much. She's a very real person, that girl."

Probably I should have had better sense, because George needed to take his cold home to bed and I had work to do. For having mentioned Betty, we sat for a long time under the trees in front of my mother's house and I listened. Listened to a man in love with his eyes wide open. To a man who for years has desired above all things a home and a real wife and children. To a man experienced beyond most men in the ways of women and in all the variety of emotion which we carelessly lump under the one word love.

I thought to myself, Betty Grable is a very lucky girl. Oh, I know she is the most popular girl on the screen today. I know she hits a new high in box-office and that she has beauty and youth and ability. But she's lucky just the same because she is the last love of a man with an enormous capacity for love. And that is every woman's desire—to be a man's last love.

**T**HEN I thought, too, that George Raft is very lucky, because he is the first love of this girl who has not been emotionally conquered before and, of course, every man wants to be a girl's first love. For it had always been plain enough that Jackie Coogan, who is a nice kid but has never grown up, was never man enough for the dynamic, versatile, life-hungry girl who is Betty Grable. I think no very young man could hold Betty.

But in George Raft she has found a man who will offer her more variety than any other one man I can think of—and a great deal of real wisdom besides.

When I went in the house, I felt a little sad. We have had a good many love stories of all varieties in Hollywood. That's natural, (Continued on page 90)



Sometimes the little dancing star of Fox's "Coney Island" wants to keep right on dancing—and sometimes George doesn't. Result—a rift, but what that rift really does to their romance is something Betty and George have told only to writer St. Johns



# My Own Super-duper-dilly



Hedda  
Hopper



James Stewart: The guy with something Hedda would like most all other men to have



Greta Garbo: A "uniform" theory on her



George Brent:  
We'd say so too



Two-score  
George  
Sanders:  
i.e., he gets  
scored on  
two Hopper  
points



Donald Duck will start squawking about Hedda; another big male star may, too



Ann Harding: A bow to her for the long hill she climbed



Bette Davis: She had to fight hard to accomplish it

**BEST all-round man in Hollywood:**  
Again Clark Gable, because he was over age and was told by Washington he could do more good by remaining in Hollywood than going to war. Which wasn't good enough for Mr. Gable, so he started at the bottom and when he graduated from being a private into a second lieutenant at Miami, Florida, he made the finest speech he's ever made. That one came from the heart and wasn't dictated by any \$5,000-a-week writer putting words in Clark's mouth. He's since become an expert gunner and may be at this very moment overseas in combat duty or en route, because he believes the only way to save this country is to fight for it.

**Best all-around woman in Hollywood:**  
Bette Davis, who started the Hollywood Canteen against many odds, and she's had tough going. Because it wasn't producer-inspired, she's had to fight for all the co-operation she's gotten. Yet, singlehanded, the Canteen is selling Hollywood to our soldiers as no other Hollywood endeavor. But it wasn't created for that purpose.

It was created to bring cheer, friendliness and a little entertainment for boys who are thousands of miles away from home, who are lonely and sick at heart.

**Most popular woman:**

Dame Rumor, because no one is powerful enough to unseat her.

**Least popular woman:**

The Truth—because it generally comes out.

**Most entertaining man on the screen:**

Bob Hope, because he isn't afraid to take a crack at anything or anybody, including himself. He rides all fantasies, fancies and phobias—even trots out his own when he can't find others.

**Most entertaining man off the screen:**

Gregory Ratoff, when he's being serious.

**Hardest worker (male):**

Kay Kyser, by all odds.

**Hardest worker (female):**

Marlene Dietrich—and someday the

whole story about that can be told.

**Thinks he is (male):**

Orson Welles.

**Thinks she is (female):**

Roz Russell.

**Busiest leading man in Hollywood:**

The Stork.

**Most likely to succeed during 1943 (male):**

Roddy McDowall. At least, he's the only one we're sure will be here at the end of the year.

**Most likely to succeed during 1943 (female):**

Margaret O'Brien.

**Most likely to fade out during 1943 (male):**

Spencer Tracy.

**Most likely to fade out during 1943 (female):**

Katharine Hepburn.

**Done most for Hollywood:**

Director John Ford.



8

# Academy Awards

With apologies to the dignitaries who have just awarded the Academy Oscars, our own Hedda comes up with a bubbling brew of bows and boos

ew face is  
titled to a  
ew type  
omment—  
ad Diana  
arrymore  
ertainly  
ts it here



Red Skelton: Well, remember Hedda's opinions aren't necessarily Photoplay's

Bird's eye view of the busiest Hollywood leading man: Mr. Stork



Hedda will get plenty of back talk from Spencer Tracy's followers

BY



She'll also get plenty of cheers from the Zorina side of the story

*Hedda Hopper*

Done Hollywood most:  
Charlie Chaplin and Errol Flynn.

Done herself the most harm:  
Frances Farmer.

Does herself the most good always:  
Paulette Goddard.

Among the men:

**Handsome:** Bob Taylor. The man hasn't yet been born to beat that profile.

**Thinks he is:** John Sutton.

**The prettiest:** Wally Beery.

**Most brilliant:** Noel Coward.

**Laziest:** Bing Crosby and George Sanders.

**Happiest:** Charlie McCarthy.

**Kindest:** Jean Hersholt.

Among the women:

**Most beautiful:** Still Hedy Lamarr.

**Thinks she is:** Ninety-five percent of the town's female population.

**Prettiest:** Teresa Wright.

**Best hostess:** Joan Bennett.

**Best legs:** Now you've got me! I never look at other women's. But I think it's a tie between Betty Grable and Dietrich.

**Most talked about:** Lana Turner.  
**Most talked against:** Jean Arthur.  
**Talks most:** Miriam Hopkins.  
**Says most:** Ginger Rogers.

**Most generous:** Bing Crosby.

**Wisest man:** In handling his career, Gary Cooper—and, I might add, a regular guy.

**Wisest woman:** Myrna Loy.

**Best performances in last year, male or female:**

Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager."

Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver."

Teresa Wright in "Pride Of The Yankees."

Noel Coward in "In Which We Serve."

Agnes Moorehead in "The Magnificent Ambersons."

James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

**Most overrated performance:** Norma Shearer in "Her Cardboard Lover."

**Best actress:** Greer Garson.

**Best actor:** Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart.

**Best dressed man:** Jimmy Stewart. He was the first one to go into uniform.

**Knows he isn't and doesn't give a hoot:** Bing Crosby.

**Best dressed woman:** Janet Gaynor Adrian.

**Thinks she is:** Gene Tierney. She's married to a designer, too.

**Most likely to remain a bachelor:** Edgar Bergen. Nobody wants to adopt Charlie.

**Most likely to remain single:** Greer Garson.

**Most likely to be married:**

**Male:** George Brent.

**Female:** Hedy Lamarr.

**Biggest gloom:** Every star in Hollywood on the Ides of March, otherwise known as income tax time.

**Biggest bluffer:** Every producer in town. (Continued on page 87)



# Hedy Over Heels in Love



First you won't believe it. But  
read this about Hedy and  
John Loder and be convinced

BY JANET BENTLEY

ionship to one man alone in Hollywood—her former beau John Howard. John, a quiet, easy-to-know lad, expressed those qualities that Hedy herself possessed. There was no show about Howard. The quiet comfortableness of the man appealed to Hedy. When he left Hollywood for the Navy she missed him terribly.

It was then, during her New York Bond tour, that Hedy resolved to do something about herself and her loneliness. Perhaps new smart clothes would help, inasmuch as her Hollywood dirndls and peasant-type clothes were not calculated for formal dates. (Continued on page 78)

long search for happiness for both of them.

They came into each others' lives at a psychological moment. John had been married twice and twice the marriage had ended in divorce. Disappointment, disillusionment and bitterness had haunted him. On her side, Hedy's heart had been badly bruised. No one could deny that the actress had been greatly attracted to George Montgomery, the manly but unsophisticated Montana kid who knew nothing of the social graces to which Hedy was accustomed in her continental swains. Despite their difference in background, Hedy loved George and would have married him, friends claim, if a bitter quarrel hadn't separated them.

Far, far from being the "ball of fire" movie-goers picture her, Hedy is a simple person, seemingly unmotivated by purpose or plan. To this fundamental side of her George, whose interests revolved largely around ranch life, appealed. He dominated her physically and she flourished under the novelty, for it was indeed a novelty to this beautiful woman.

For example, at the home of a friend one night Hedy sat at George's feet listening to the fun and chatter about her, while he punctuated the conversation by frequently kissing the top of her head. Presently George suggested they leave.

"I don't want to go. I'm having fun," Hedy protested.

Without a word George lifted her in his arms and walked out. It amused Hedy.

Yet even during this hectic romance, she turned for real compan-

It was Christmas Day at the Hollywood Canteen and hundreds of lonely, homesick soldiers milled about, hungrily absorbing the warmth and cheer of the place. Among the tables a handsome bus boy carried his trays of coffee and sandwiches while over in a far corner a beautiful woman sat autographing the books she had brought as gifts for the boys.

The long line grew in size as the woman bent over her work. "Mayn't I help you?" the bus boy asked of the lady. "There seems to be considerable traffic here."

Hedy Lamarr lifted her head and smiled at John Loder. "Please," she said and the Englishman opened and passed the books while Hedy signed.

For several days Bette Davis had frantically telephoned at least fifty stars trying to find one not joyously tied up with family plans on Christmas who might appear at the Canteen. In all Hollywood she found only two—Hedy and John—the two loneliest people in town. The most beautiful woman and one of the most charming men had no place to go, no ties to claim them on that Christmas Day.

"Do you come here often?" John asked at the finish of their stint. "And will you have dinner with me before we both come again?"

And so began the romance that close friends feel may be the end of a

## COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

- ★ *Cary Grant:* Now appearing in RKO's "Mr. Lucky"..... page 31
- ★ *Deanna Durbin:* Now appearing in Universal's "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday"..... page 34
- ★ *Anne Shirley:* Now appearing in RKO's "Bombardier"..... page 34
- ★ *Hedy Lamarr:* Now appearing in M-G-M's "White Cargo"..... page 35
- ★ *Ginger Rogers:* Now appearing in Paramount's "Lady In The Dark"..... page 35
- ★ *Judy Garland:* Now appearing in M-G-M's "Presenting Lily Mars"..... page 38
- ★ *Alan Ladd:* (Last civilian portrait) in Paramount's "China"..... page 39
- ★ *Betty Hutton:* Now appearing in Paramount's "Happy Go Lucky"..... page 42





Ray Grant



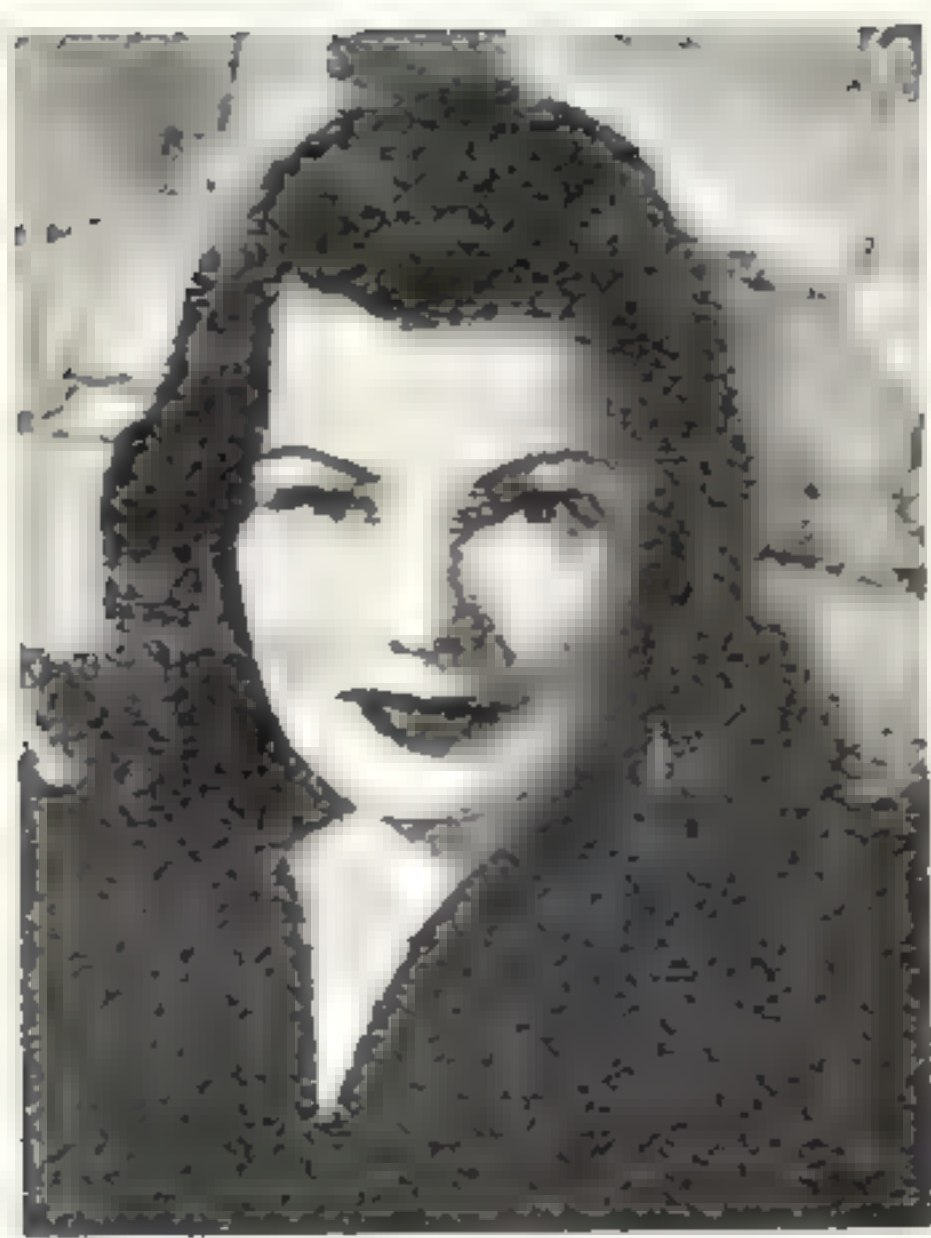
# THE "GET" GIRL



Hollywood listens to Skolsky with awe; you'll listen to him with ah's. Presenting the first of his exciting new series—an exposure of the Cover Girl this month, Gene Tierney

## BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist



GENE TIERNEY privately calls herself the "Get" girl.

Her full name is Gene Eliza Tierney and the initials spell "get." Also, she has a driving ambition and generally gets what she wants.

She went to exclusive, fashionable schools and was supposed to be a debutante. Instead, she decided to become an actress.

She got her way.

She looked toward Hollywood and the movies and she got there. She declared that Count Oleg Cassini was the man for her and, despite all objections, she is a Countess, or, as she prefers, Mrs. Cassini.

We will look at her from the beginning and see how she got that way.

She was born in Brooklyn on November 20, 1920. For three generations the Tierney males had been waging a battle to keep their wives off the stage. But she accomplished what three generations of Tierneys couldn't do. George Abbott gave her the chance in "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains." Columbia gave her the first Hollywood contract. She gave Hollywood the air after six months of not facing a camera and returned to Broadway.

After she scored in the Broadway production of "The Male Animal" she was again signed for the movies. This time it took.

She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has reddish brown hair, and takes a cold shower every morning.

She's given to sudden screams of delight and surprise and indignation. In the midst of a quiet conversation, regardless of where she is, she will suddenly erupt at the top of her voice.

She comes to work on time and she leaves on time. She never complains and she isn't exciting on a set. Her dressing-room door is always open and she generally spends her waits between scenes reading a popular magazine. She is a good fellow on the set and, if everyone is laughing, she laughs. She generally is slow at getting a gag.

She is married to Count Oleg Cassini. They are known as "Big" and "Little Cassini."

This is the story of their romance: They first met at a dinner party given by Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio. She says that the Count was first attracted to her. "I was in a bad mood," says Gene. "We talked, but I didn't pay any attention. Then we danced. And then I wasn't in a bad mood any more."

While they were dancing, Gene paid attention to what Count Cassini was

saying. He told her that she was a lady, that she was the only lady he had met in Hollywood. She liked hearing that and she adored the way he danced.

**F**IVE months later, despite strong family objections, they eloped to Las Vegas and were married. She registered with the plane stewardess as "Miss Belle Starr" and after the marriage returned to work in the picture of that name.

Cassini, by profession, is a costume designer. He designs all her evening gowns. Shortly after they were married, the Count applied for his citizenship papers. Gene was not allowed to testify as one of his witnesses, for the judge claimed that she didn't know him well enough. He is now Private Oleg Cassini of the United States Army and is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he is attending training school.

Despite the fact that he designs her gowns, her wardrobe mainly consists of slacks and shorts. She doesn't like to get all dressed up. She runs about the house barefooted.

When she is working, she goes to bed every night at eight-thirty or nine o'clock. Saturday night is her night out. She doesn't drink or smoke. She loves to dance.

Her big hate is jitterbugging. She considers this "undignified." She also



She loves a big bed so she had one built in her bedroom



She is fond of dogs and has two, a Scottie and a police dog

She has an aversion to being called "dearie," "buddy," or "pal." She writes poetry secretly and when "Big" Cassini is especially nice to her, she lets him read a poem.

**B**EFORE he left for the Army, they purchased a house in Beverly Glen and immediately proceeded to remodel it according to their tastes. She loves a big bed and the one in the house was made right in the bedroom itself. The carpenter and cabinetmaker decided, after reading her specifications for the bed she wanted, that it was easier to build it right in the room than to knock down walls and doors to get it in after it was built.

On her off days from pictures, she haunts the Los Angeles and Glendale antique shops. She is particularly proud of a 200-year-old chest. She seldom carries money with her and often has to borrow money from the people on the set. She is a prompt payer-backer.

She's extremely careful around the house and hates to waste anything. She always has a fine salami hanging in the kitchen and for a midnight snack she serves slices of it.

She is not a big eater and a meal for her is often one cup of bouillon after another. Breakfast: Bouillon, orange juice and fresh fruit. Lunch: Bouillon, fish, tea. Dinner: Lamb chops, bouillon, more fruit and tea.

She is also fond of chili and beans. Coffee rationing doesn't bother her. She never drinks it, doesn't like it.

She is fond of animals and has two dogs, a Scottie and a police dog. She collects animals and at one time she had for pets a hawk, a thunderbird and a king snake. She once owned a rabbit given her by a magician.

She never cared much about Oley's going off with the boys for a good time and usually tried to be in on the party. She is very friendly and, with the people she likes, quite a little shy, but the surest way to win her is to speak well of "Big" Cassini.

She's a girl who likes to sleep in a different sort of garment almost every night. Sometimes she'll wear Oley's pajamas, sometimes her own, and sometimes a nightgown which Oley designed. She never sleeps in the nude.

She has a system for never remaining angry with her husband overnight. Next to the bedroom, they have a room nicknamed "The Mad Room." If one gets angry with the other, the angry one must go into this room. The Mad Room is decorated with photographs of them in loving poses and a phonograph with their favorite records has been placed there. They have never remained angry with each other overnight.

Now do you understand why Gene Tierney is a "Get" girl?



"Snack" salami hangs in her kitchen

She met Oleg Cassini, wed him in five months





Deana  
Durbin



Bonnie Shirley







Looking natural in color for Hymie Fink: Anne Shirley, Deanna Durbin, Hedy Lamarr and Ginger Rogers



# WALTER PIDGEON

It's a shame! What's a shame? That Pidge won't have the fun of seeing people's faces as they read this "on the q.t." double-talk about him

## *Things we like about Walter Pidgeon*

BY SARA HAMILTON

**H**E has no whipped-up, dreamed-up, beaten-down, warmed-over philosophy of life. For that we love Walter Pidgeon. He's too busy living life and being a human being to concern himself with an organized philosophy.

The fact that the things that bring a lump to the throat of any emotional, sensitive person bring a lump to his, too, endears the man to everyone. Like the time at Galt, Canada, when 8,000 children lined up to greet the actor on his Bond tour and suddenly burst into our national anthem. He choked up before everyone.

His humorous face and fine mouth that somehow draws and holds attention with its puckish good humor, his height of six feet three, his resonant voice are marked down on the right side of our ledger labeled Pidgeon.

His blue-black hair that grows into a natural widow's peak in front is so darned attractive. The fact that he's been called the best dressed man in Hollywood (and is, for our money) tickles him and us both, for when it comes time to buy a new suit he goes right down to Bullock's Wilshire and picks one off the rack. He's probably the only actor in all Hollywood who never goes inside a tailor shop.

We like him because he not only washes his own wool socks when he's traveling, but knows how, too. Just the proper amount of suds and so much rinsing. Once, on his trip, a reporter came up to his hotel room and caught Pidgeon deep in the heart of soap suds. Next day's banner lines read "Actor washes own socks." Walter can't understand the fuss.

It amuses us that he fancies himself lazy. He isn't. He only thinks it might be comfortable to be so. In fact, he's always getting himself ready for a good lazy time that never quite comes off.

He'll go up to his room after a day's work at the studio and take off his shoes first thing.

On go the slippers and off comes the coat and down goes Pidgeon in the nearest comfortable chair. Now he's going to be good and rotten lazy. Ten minutes later he's wandering around the house with a conscience slightly troubled around the edges. Maybe that errand should have been taken care of. Doggone it, he'll mutter, maybe he should have gone over there; and, of course, he goes. And that ends that day's effort toward the long-threatened physical disintegration.

He's terrifically conscientious, not at all bigoted and is highly amenable to suggestions regardless of his own plans or comfort. On his Bond tour (and oh, fellow citizen, how that ordeal reveals the true inner man) Walter would get himself comfortably ensconced in a chair, slippers on, pipe going, and announce they would skip the cocktail party. Fellow had a right to be lazy.

"Okay," Larry Barbier of M-G-M, who accompanied him, would say, "but I think we should have gone."

Three minutes would pass and there would be Walter in Larry's room. "You think it's important, eh? Well, let's get going. Man, we can't fiddle around like this."

So they'd go. And Walter, with his natural ability to charm totem poles into dancing a fandango, would simply melt the guests into Bond-buying butter balls.

**H**IS charm is far from the put-on-and-take-off-at-will kind. It's as much a part of him as his name, his voice, his eyes. It springs from the inner soul of this man born far away from Hollywood in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. There's still a radiating warmth that goes out from Walter to the people there who used to come into his father's general merchandise store to be waited on by Walter. He cherishes those earthy, homey memories and has never grown away from them. Like the apples. All the way back to (Continued on page 76)



# ON THE SPOT



*Things I don't like*

*about myself*

**BY WALTER PIDGEON**

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

**M**Y big feet. My double chin. The fact I'm lazy. Those things I don't like about myself. Can't quite see what I can do about any of them, though.

My habit of being painfully punctual isn't an attractive one, I find, for it somehow detracts from the intriguing feeling of suspense that comes from a man's being habitually or even occasionally tardy.

Laziness isn't good, either. Think of all the fun I'm missing playing long hours of tennis or golf. Fellow misses a lot of sport through laziness, I guess. Now take reading, for example. In that I'm lazy, too, for instead of methodically going into all the new books and magazines, I buy a digest and get everything in one sitting.

Not having any superstitions doesn't add color to my studio biography exactly. In fact, I regret all around I'm not one of those colorful fellows chockful of bright tales and adventurous pasts that make good copy. I must be tough on interviewers.

I even like to work. Hate time off between pictures that everyone seems to covet. When I *am* between pictures I like to get in the car, or did before gas rationing, and drive off by myself up the coast or through inland California. I enjoy spending a night in an auto court, getting up early and starting on my way. Kind of colorless vacation, but it's my type. Shouldn't confess it, I guess, but I like the idea of kids asking for autographs; that justified my wanting to keep on with the *Nick Carter* detective series. Argued at the time they were good for me and by George the way the kids got to know me proved I was right. When the kids begin recognizing a star, he's on his way up.

There's a lot to be learned about this autograph business, I've discovered in my travels. Once on a trip through the East my train pulled into a station about eleven o'clock in the evening and I was routed out of bed by a studio publicist who said a group of autograph fans was waiting on the platform. Putting on a bathrobe I stepped out. Sure enough, there they were. It didn't make me a bit mad, but it did leave me puzzled when several of them begged me to sign three times. I spoke of (Continued on page 77)







*Alan Ladd*





*What marriage has*





# taught me

Some candid self-criticism

showing how a wife should (and shouldn't!)

act in that dangerous "first year"

BY

Maureen O'Hara

*Starring currently in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Black Swan"*



Man behind this marriage story—Maureen's husband, Hollywood director Will Price

**A** YEAR of marriage has taught me much and has changed me in many ways. Now that my husband is away in the Marine Corps I look back on that year and realize just how much it meant. But was it marriage alone, or my husband, former director Will Price? To be exact, I feel sure it was marriage to Will.

I hope I don't sound self-satisfied when I say this, but I truly believe marriage has taught me more than some other brides-of-a-year because I *wanted* it to.

Think back to your school days. You didn't learn anything you didn't want to. Nothing can be taught and have any effect unless the pupil is willing and eager to learn. The same is true of marriage.

You see, ours is not what sometimes is labeled as a "typical Hollywood marriage." Will and I didn't enter into it lightly; we planned it for more than two years. We don't believe in divorce. When we took our vows, it was a *real* marriage, for ever and a day.

So, you can understand why Will and I, even though we are in the picture business, have a marriage more like that of any young couple in Youngstown or Tampa or Prairie Center. It isn't just a Hollywood interlude for us. It's for keeps.

Nor was it just because I am Catholic that I knew our marriage

was forever. Will and I have known that from the moment we fell in love. We've never had any other thought. We love our home. We want children. As a result, our marriage means more to us than those of some other Hollywoodians. We've worked harder at making the adjustments which any couple must make.

One of the first things marriage taught me was dependence. Not the clinging-vine variety, but dependence on the happiness of another person, the warming joy of sharing life in all its funny facets with someone you love. Living for him, getting a large share of your happiness through his.

Before I was married I was very independent. I didn't need other people. I was never bored by myself and often preferred to do things alone. Some people thought I was "snooty." That wasn't true. Rather, I had never been dependent on outsiders. From my earliest childhood I had few friends, because my brothers and sister and I were so close we didn't need outside friends. I never quite outgrew that and when I came to Hollywood I was still very independent.

But too much of that attitude isn't good, either. With each succeeding year of such a tightly aloof existence—sufficient unto one's self—one grows more and more self-centered. Life is much fuller being shared with some-

one else, as I've learned since I've been married.

In that same period of complete independence before my marriage, I suppose because I *was* leading that aloof existence, I was painfully quiet. I don't know precisely what was wrong with me. Perhaps it was actually shyness. I wasn't afraid to assert myself, but I felt alone. At parties I used to sit in corners. I seemed tongue-tied. I didn't make friends easily.

Now my friends tell me how I've changed. I don't put on acts, but I join in whatever fun or conversation is going on and people think I'm gay! I've certainly lost my reticence. It's easier for me to make friends. I've learned assurance.

I've absorbed these things from Will. He is kind, jolly, has a warm personality and a wonderful sense of humor. He's a normal, well-balanced human being, who enjoys people and parties and night clubs, but also loves his home, garden and fireside, a quiet evening with good books and music. Sharing life with him has rounded out that old tightly bound existence I had.

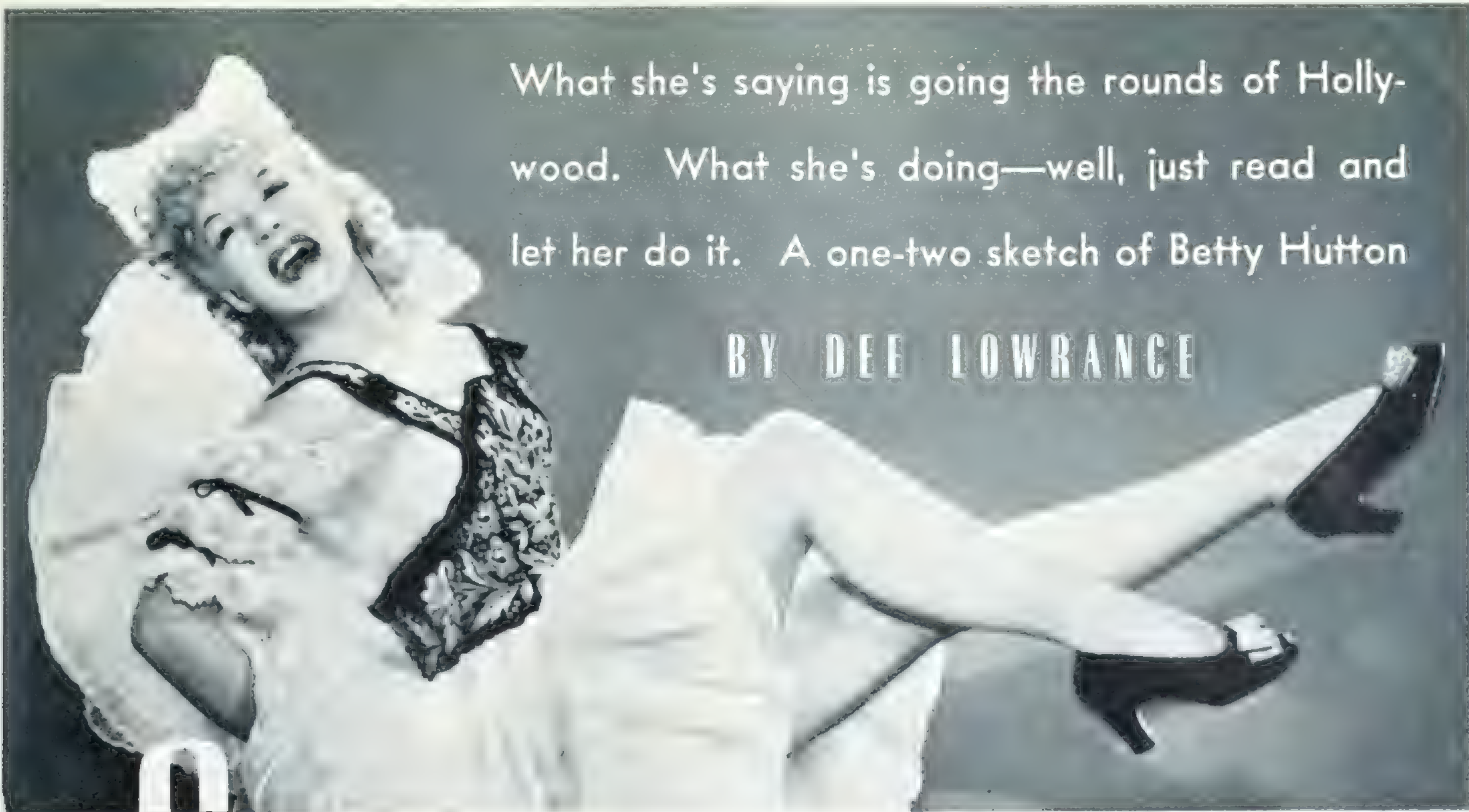
I've learned, too, that marriage is the final phase of growing up. A woman hasn't reached real emotional maturity until she is married, until she has shared the joys and responsibilities and occasional heartaches of married life. (Continued on page 88)



*Patty Hutton*







What she's saying is going the rounds of Hollywood. What she's doing—well, just read and let her do it. A one-two sketch of Betty Hutton

BY DEE LOWRANCE

## Star-Spangled Blonde

**T**HE cute little thing, standing alone in the center of the night-club floor, was strictly on her own so far as the customers were concerned. She was going to sing—and maybe, above the din of chinaware, cutlery and human voices, the audience was going to hear her. Or so they thought; to the little singer there was no “maybe” about it.

Suddenly the customers were startled into silence by the sounds that bellowed out of the slender throat of the girl on the dance floor. Not only were they startled, they were enchanted. The applause was thunderous and the “Blonde Blitz,” otherwise known as “Bobbin’, Throbbin’ Baby Tornado”—and, oh yes, Betty Hutton—was in.

Not immediately, you understand. Because she had to blast her way out of the night-spot trade into the Broadway musical dress circles and right into the spotlight of the big hit, “Panama Hattie,” before Hollywood caught on and came calling with a contract.

From that moment life on the Paramount lot became weird, wild and Hutton. It began when Betty showed up to do her first day’s recording on “The Fleet’s In,” and the sound mixer stared stupefied as Betty’s athletic voice took over the scales. It continued when she hit her first lens and Betty’s pretty pan went into its mugging routine. How it ended is now a matter of history told in the aforementioned Paramount’s “The Fleet’s In,” “Happy Go Lucky” and

currently in “Star-Spangled Rhythm.”

So much for the Betty that gets on the celluloid. The real Betty, the private-life lass, is a little harder to find. Her poise is astonishing in one so young until you discover that she’s battled for a living since she was a tiny kid singing for pennies on the street corners of Battle Creek, Michigan. Her mother and father and sister were her family and their love for each other was all the more poignant for its background of grinding, aching poverty.

Her diploma from the College of Hard Knocks made Betty one of the most candid, outspoken and realistic lassies to grace Hollywood. She won’t kid you and she never kids herself.

They used to stop you on your way around town with “Have you heard Dottie Parker’s latest?” That was in pre-Hutton days. Now they demand: “Have you heard what Betty Hutton said today?”

**I**T WAS a long, hard climb to stardom that Betty made and it has left her with a definite philosophy of life.

“Just a rule,” she said, caught for a free moment on the set of her next picture, “Miracle Of Morgan’s Creek.”

“It’s a simple rule,” Betty explained. “The old do-as-you-would-be-done-by. If you’re good at your work, try hard, work like anything with everything in you, and don’t double-cross anyone, you’ll get ahead. Years ago I learned that if I do anything bad, or am mean on purpose, I always get

paid back in the same coin—and not long afterwards. It’s really very simple. As long as you aren’t selling yourself a bill of goods, you’re okay. I play the game by those rules.”

Betty’s big news then was that she was in love. Not exactly the first time, she admitted. The object of her affections was Perc Westmore of the famous cosmetic family. She wore his ring for a time, flashing it gaily at all within range.

When Perc went off to the Army she spent her nights at the Hollywood Canteen. Her life was secure, she and Perc were not to be married until the war was over. Meanwhile she was having the fun of being really and truly engaged in a town where engagements, being scarce, are gay and envied periods in a star’s life.

Then came the change. Perc, discharged because of ill health from the Army, arrived back in Hollywood. He wanted to be married right away.

“For the first time in my life,” says Betty, “I was faced with the problem of deciding whether I was really and truly in love. Though Perc is one of the finest men I have ever known, I didn’t believe that we were ideally suited to be Mr. and Mrs. so we decided to call it quits.”

You see—that’s Betty—candid and with a reasoning mind. The gal’s good and she knows what’s good for her. What a combination to discover in the person of one of the brightest of bright new stars!

THE END



# The Remarkable Andrews





His first name's Dana and he has nine lives. Now, if you're still up to it, here's the rest of the confusing, amusing Andrews picture

BY HOWARD SHARPE

**A** FEW months ago, when it became apparent that Tyrone Power wasn't kidding about joining the Marines and Hank Fonda simultaneously visited an enlistment center on serious business, Twentieth Century-Fox discovered Dana Andrews. This makes the ninth, and he hopes the last, time this has happened to him during the past three years. "As a matter of fact, I'd long since resigned myself to being Hollywood's perennial discovery," he says. "I figured it wasn't such a hard life. I suppose you'd call it a break, the way things are going now, but I'd a little rather have made it on my merits rather than for the obvious reason."

It seems that first Mr. Goldwyn, and then Mr. Zanuck at Twentieth, formed a habit of calling him in after every picture he made and saying, "This is it, son. You're in. You're our next big star." Inevitably, after about seven months layoff, they gave him another supporting role, whereupon the critics en masse said nice things about him and the call to the front office came through on schedule. The routine continued from 1939, when he made "The Westerner," until 1942, when he made "The Ox-Bow Incident."

He is thirty-one, looks about twenty-two, and is a husky six-footer with a clean-cut Irish-Scotch face.

His personality is as modern as 1943, as American as Mississippi and Texas and California. He thinks of all three States as home. If you happen to be wearing a zoot suit when you meet him you'll find him solid, Jackson. "Give me some skin," he'll say, sticking out his hand. "Make me know it. I'll stow it, or put it in my vest and let it rest—" and so on, the way it's being done this week. Contrariwise, if you happen to have retained your sanity, he'll slip that terrific Stokowski recording of Bach's Toccata and Fugue on the phonograph and, thus stimulated, begin telling you about himself. . . .

**D**ANA'S father, Charles Forrest Andrews, was a Florida preacher who had married a girl with the unlikely and enchanting name of Anice Speed. When, on New Year's Day thirty-one years ago, their son was born, it was obvious that some balance must be established in the matter of family nomenclature; the child, after a good deal of imaginative thought, was therefore christened Carver Dana Andrews.

He dropped the Carver as soon as he could, which was when he eventually left home and went to work. He was the third of thirteen children—not so objectionable a situation as it sounds, since Mrs. Andrews managed well, if by the skin of her teeth.

on a minister's meager salary. Being the most vital of the pack, Dana let himself be guided by a devouring curiosity rather than by his father's teachings and in consequence was known as the town bad boy wherever the family moved. He was the town bad boy, furthermore, and there's no use trying to obscure the fact.

When he was thirteen he had an idea, got a friend to go in with him, charged a suitcase at a dry goods store where his father had an account (this was in Uvalde, Texas), filled it with groceries, which he also charged to his father, and rode to San Antonio atop a boxcar in freezing weather. The planned rendezvous with the friend, who had all the clothes for the expedition with him, did not come off and a somewhat chastened Dana was forced to phone his father collect three days later, asking to come home.

The Reverend Andrews, for once, did not whale the tar out of his problem child. Instead, he thereafter respected him as an individual, with a mind of his own.

Between this time and 1930, when Dana hitchhiked to Hollywood to be a movie star, he worked successively as a beekeeper, theater manager, butcher's boy, plumber, bank teller, bookkeeper, salesman, accountant and concrete-pipe maker. It was his job at the Huntsville "Life" theater that gave him the (Continued on page 81)

Admiring Dana, as is a good portion of the movie-going audiences of America right now, are his wife Mary, his baby daughter Kathryn, his nine-year-old son David



As one actor to another: The spaniel learns tricks from Dana, now getting handclaps for "The Ox-Bow Incident"



# HOLLYWOOD SERVICE FLAG

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom . . ." Abraham Lincoln



Hardie Albright



Herbert Anderson



Russell Arms



Gene Autry



Lew Ayres



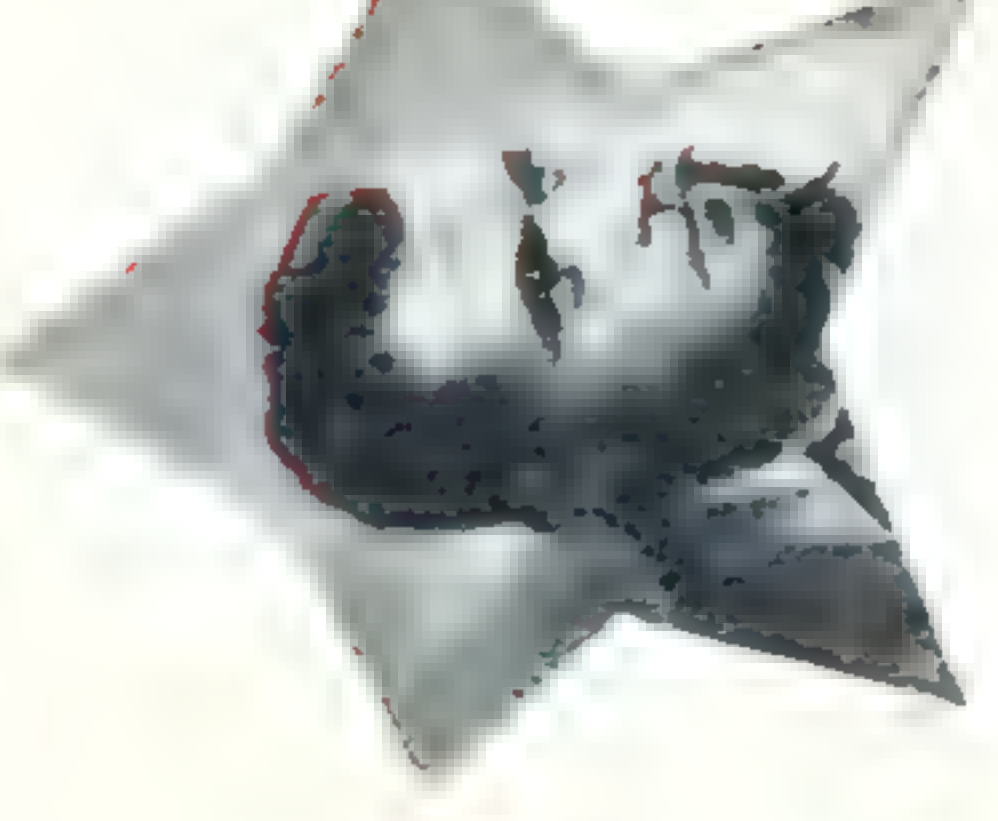
George K. Arthur



Roscoe Ates



William Bakewell



Richard Barthelmess



George Brent



Richard Denning



Roland Drew



Frankie Darro



Leif Erikson



Henry Fonda



Bramwell Fletcher



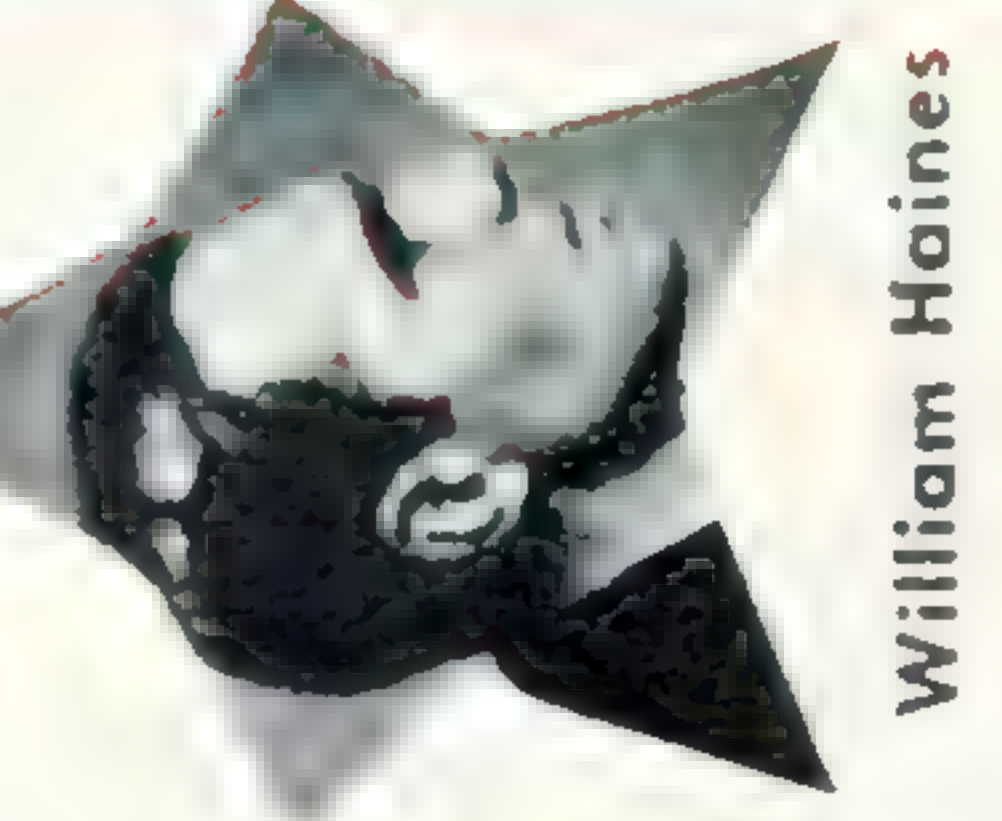
Doug. Fairbanks Jr.



Clark Gable



Richard Greene



William Haines



Huntz Hall



Dan Dailey Jr.



Jon Hall



Louis Hayward



Don Briggs



Tom Brown



F. Bartholomew



Macdonald Carey



Robert Cornell



Robert Cummings



Bruce Cabot



Alan Curtis



Donald Crisp



Jackie Coogan



Phillips Holmes



Alexander D'Arcy



Owen Davis Jr.



Stirling Hayden



Peter Lind Hayes



William Holden





Tim McCoy



Ray Middleton



Raymond Massey



Victor Mature



Wayne Morris



Burgess Meredith



Richard Ney



David Niven



Laurence Olivier



William Orr



George O'Brien



Edmond O'Brien



Tyrone Power



Robert Preston



John Payne



Gene Raymond



Buddy Rogers



Gilbert Roland



Cesar Romero



Ronald Reagan



Craig Reynolds



Jackie Searle



Robert Stack



Robert Sterling



James Stewart



Robert Shaw



Craig Stevens



Lyle Talbot



Frankie Thomas



Lee Tracy



Robert Wilcox



Henry Wilcoxon



Rudy Vallee



Douglas McPhail



John Shelton



Sid Silvers



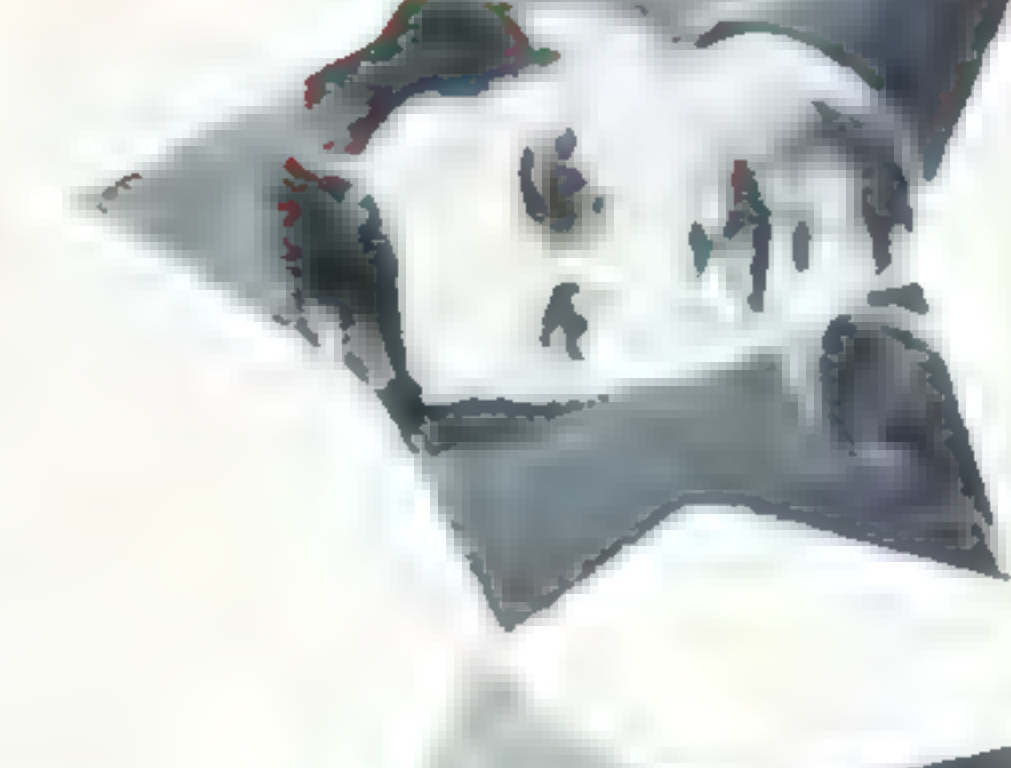
Melvyn Douglas



Grant Withers



John Beal



Robert Coote



Richard Quine



Gabriel Dell



Guinn Williams



Van Heflin



Broderick Crawford



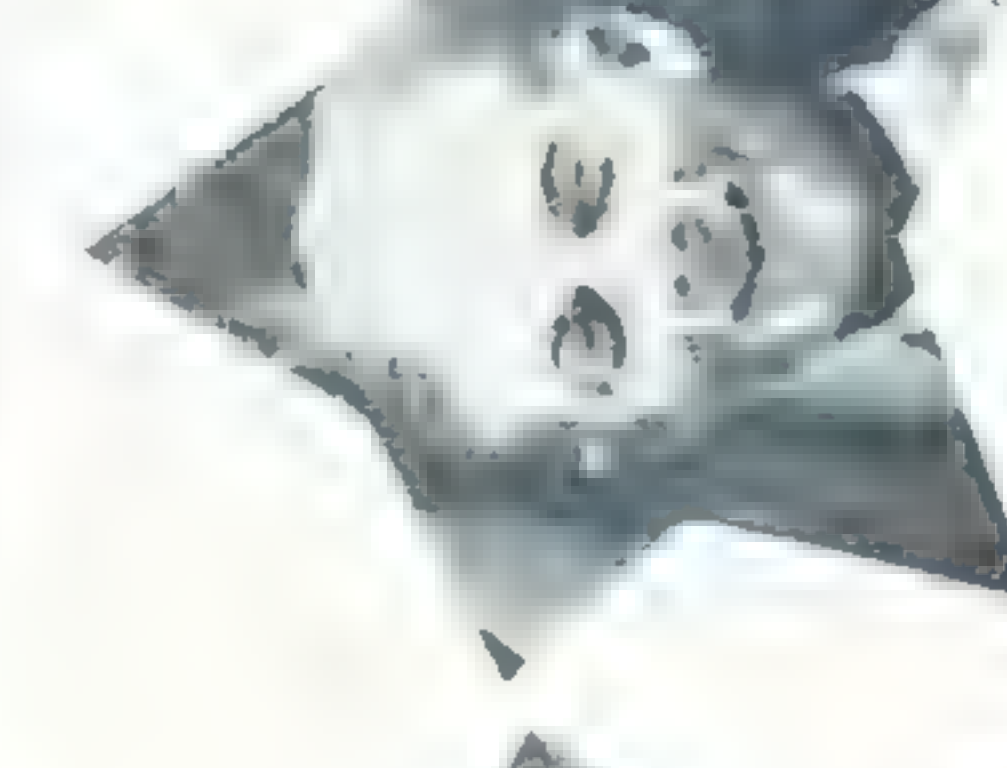
Gordon Jones



Tony Martin



Sterling Holloway



Wesley Barry



Fritz Feld



Jack Briggs



Buddy Pepper



George Holmes



Richard Arlen



Glenn Ford



William Tracy



John Carroll



Russell Hayden



Eddie Albert



Lewis Howard







# Portrait of a Best Dressed Woman

Three guesses as to who she is—and they're all right! It's Roz Russell, stepping out in real life to step up your reading fun



Proof positive that she "walks erect, briskly and with a long stride": Roz caught promenading with lieutenant-husband Fred Brisson

**S**HE walked off the envied winner in last month's Photoplay style poll by having seven famous designers choose her as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood for 1942.

She hopes and expects her baby to be a girl.

She has stubbornly refused to let the movies pluck her eyebrows.

She has a very special passion for the ancient and honored game of dice called "crap," and she attended Barnard and Columbia colleges where, of all things, she majored in Theology.

She is a vegetarian and has a large desk in her bedroom which is inevitably cluttered with papers.

Her name is Rosalind Russell.

She continually postpones answering letters, never has had a chauffeur, and calls all snobbish women "Lady Marys."

She has never had the measles or mumps. She dislikes zoos, coloratura sopranos and parlor games. She always has trouble keeping the seams of her stockings adjusted.

She is the most intelligent woman this writer has ever encountered in Hollywood. She is constantly misplacing her keys, is very fond of Russian rye bread and pumpernickel, and is unanimously adjudged a "good guy" by everyone on the set.

She never wears a corsage.

She has three brothers in the Army and considers one of her best pictures her newest, RKO's "Flight For Freedom." She always answers the telephone herself.

socially. She is ambidextrous.

She votes at all elections and has never yearned for snow in Beverly Hills. Her nicknames for her father and mother are Dad and Mud. She has black hair and dark brown eyes.

She never gets seasick or airsick and her most treasured possession is a gold inkstand presented to her by the crew at Warner Brothers. Her father, James E. Russell, was a lawyer.

She was one of seven children—three boys and four girls—and she insists that temperament is only bad temper. She is proud of her skill in crocheting.

Rosalind Russell wears a nightgown in bed and considers procrastination her worst fault. She can never remember the license number of her car.

She loves argumentation.

She is a fairly good cook and, paradoxically, being a vegetarian, prefers cooking meat. She never wears girdles.

She has never been a Girl Scout, hasn't slept soundly for years, and sincerely believes that motion pictures have had a strong influence on American cultural development.

She takes sunbaths but never gets tanned. She would rather see a sad movie than any, and she got a Bachelor of Arts degree at college.

She wore dental braces for three months when she was twelve.

She likes avocados and dislikes buttermilk. She was married in the fall of 1941 to Fred Brisson, actors' agent, now a lieutenant (Cont'd on page 83)

## BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Her wedding ring is a plain, wide gold band. She likes baked beans but without pork, and if she were not an actress she would have earned her living as a clothes buyer. She was born on June 4, 1912.

She eventually wants to have two children.

She is an unashamed romanticist, very fond of pilsener beer and always washes her hair in the shower with tar soap.

She likes pearls and has an aversion for hill-billy music and is always punctual in business but never



# I'd Like To Have a



## Alexis Smith says •

"I've always been attracted to intellectually brilliant men. And so I've been an admirer of Noel Coward's. I've read most of his books and even when I was in school I often wondered what he was like. Unfortunately I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, but people who know him quite well have told me about him. I think he'd be a perfect beau—very debonair—at once gay and serious. If I were gay, his sparkling wit, his subtle epigrams would make me feel gayer; if I were depressed, I'd act as I felt, wouldn't have to pretend, and there would be his serious side to keep company with. Even though I wouldn't be able to keep up my end of the conversation at all, just talking with Noel Coward would be a treat for me."



## Laraine Day says •

"My choice is Mahatma Gandhi. He probably controls the minds of more people than any other man in the world. I'm very much interested in India and I've so many questions to ask Gandhi. I'd like to know why a few thousand men are able to rule a country of four hundred million people. I'd like to know why Gandhi tries to fast unto death to gain concessions from the British—isn't it rather childish of him? I'd like to know why little Indian girls of ten have babies and throw them into the ash can, or leave them on Mission steps. I know of a missionary who in three weeks gathered some thirty of these babies who had been abandoned by child mothers."

"I don't think Gandhi would be interested in Hollywood and a tour of the studios. I understand he hasn't seen a single American motion picture. So if I had a date with him I'd like to show him our ways of life by taking him to a few average American homes."



## Betty Grable says •

"For the one date I'd like to keep my choice would be Vincent Sheean. He knows so much about what's going on in the world and I know I could learn a lot from him. He has been everywhere, met everybody and could tell me who and what's what, the personalities and real issues in the present war. Our country is so big, yet so many of us live in our own limited circle and are provincial. Mr. Sheean could give me a world-wide outlook."

"As to my share of our date—I'd like to take him to a night club here, dance with him if he wishes, show him around Hollywood, have him meet the outstanding personalities here and gain an insight into a great and important industry with a world-wide influence. I grew up in the show business, Hollywood is the only place I really know, so I couldn't talk about anything else except motion pictures. I'm afraid, though, I'd be pretty tongue-tied with him, but I'm sure he'd know how to handle a starry-eyed blonde."



# Date With -

Department of Suppressed  
Desires: Six Hollywood  
stars break down  
and confess their secret hearts

## Eleanor Powell says •

"Courtesy and understanding, real kindness, a sense of humor and good stimulating conversation are the things I appreciate most in men. I'd like to go to one of these Army canteens with a comedian like Red Skelton putting on a show! I love social dancing, I really relax then, and I'd like to dance with a lot of buck privates. It has been my experience that Mr. Buck Private, U.S.A., is a good dancer, talker and fun to be with."



## Janet Blair says •

"If I could choose a date I'd like to go out with J. Edgar Hoover. I met him recently when I was in Washington, D. C., and I think he is one of the most dynamic and interesting people I've ever met. I'd like to go to some place for dinner where the music would be soft and low so I wouldn't miss a word he said. I'd ask him a million questions about the exciting things he has done as G-Man No. 1. I'm terribly proud of the autograph he gave me—the first time I've asked for the autograph of any one."



## June Havoc says •

"George Gay, of Squadron Eight in the Battle of Midway, is my choice. Remember—the Japs had shot down our planes one by one, and he was the last one. He knew it meant almost certain death, but he wasn't afraid, he had a job to do and he did it, thus helping save our fleet. Later, as the sole survivor of Squadron Eight, he wasn't willing to talk much about what he went through; his main concern was to visit the families of his killed comrades and comfort them as best he could."

"I think he is typical of our fighting men today. It's our way of life, our freedom from fear that produce George Gays, and I'm quite sure that ninety-nine percent of our men would act like him under similar circumstances. I'd like to take George home for dinner—an old-fashioned chicken dinner with hot biscuits. I'd wear my prettiest clothes, look very feminine and, unless he wanted to talk about the war, I'd like to make him forget it for a while. I'd play records for him, dance with him and maybe invite a few friends over to meet him. I'd like to treat him just as a friend of the family."



Drawings by Gene Wilson



Tough guy with a gentle voice, Brian Donlevy, who marched off to Mexico as Pershing's boy bugler, came home only to shoulder a gun in World War I, and who now employs past experience for a perfect performance in United Artists' "Unconquered"







A pretty little punster, known by some as Mrs. Aherne, by others as Livvie de Havilland's sister; loved by all as herself, Joan Fontaine. She had a genius rating at three, is using that genius now to divert America in Warners' "The Constant Nymph"



CARL  
MUELLER

# Kiss me for luck



Doris's eyes were turned coldly away, but Phil had forgotten her. He saw only Betsy, standing there in her little white dress. When her song was over, he would go to her at once. . . .



Most women would have thought as Betsy—that what had happened between her and Phil would be enough to hold a man. But how could it, in a romance like this?

## By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

### *The story so far:*

It was like no other kiss any man had given Betsy Bell, this kiss of Phil Jordan's. They were standing in the lobby of Mama Bosco's family hotel where Betsy lived, where Phil had brought her after their night's stint as entertainers at El Toreador, second-rate Hollywood night club—he, as one of the three pantomiming Jordan Brothers, she as something young and different in night-club singers.

He had whispered, "Kiss me for luck, Betsy," because tomorrow night was to bring him and his brothers Roy and Chet their chance at success. Philo Haney, the big Hollywood producer, was coming to the club, coming, as everyone knew, to spot talent for the movies.

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil had whispered. "I'll carry that for luck."

But the next night had come and gone, and it was a confused nightmare to the Jordans ever afterwards, for they remembered only that after Philo Haney had watched the whole show, he had chosen not the Jordan Brothers—but Betsy Bell, and carried her away to try for stardom.

Those next few weeks were a nightmare to Betsy, too—of interviews and cameras, of meeting Haney's rival producer, Anton Van Dirk, of being carefully groomed by Haney himself and as carefully chaperoned by the studio's appointed "aunt," Edith Pringle; of talking to crowds of smiling people, when there was only one man to whom she wanted to talk again.

Then, on the last night of her performance at the club—she had insisted on fulfilling her contract—sensing that it was up to her to make the first step, she had asked Phil to see her, to walk home with her again.

"I wanted to tell you what Mr. Haney said about you," she said. "He said you had a clever homespun line."

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil's voice was thick with dejection. "But you better

forget the Jordan Brothers . . . we go on to Frisco from here, then to Chicago for a few weeks, then maybe Kansas City. . . ."

The Castle Hill lounge was different from Mama Bosco's lobby. Phil tilted Betsy's chin upward. He looked long into her blue eyes; then, "Keep the way you are, Betsy, if you can," he said, "and good luck to you."

The elevator door opened. "Going up?" said the operator.

"The lady is going up," Phil said, and turned away abruptly.

Upstairs, in her room, Betsy threw herself on the bed. She felt her hat crunch. It didn't matter. She didn't have to worry over hats now. She didn't have to worry over anything, but she cried bitterly for something she had hoped would happen that evening and hadn't.

### *Now go on with the story:*

BETSY felt like an adagio dancer who'd been thrown around by a regiment of partners. She and Edith had been moved again, not out to the Canyon, but to what was superciliously called a small eight-room house in Hollywood. They didn't need eight rooms, a houseboy and a maid, but that's what Mr. Haney ordered.

She was up at six every morning and into the pool by six-fifteen, with a swimming and diving instructor. Next came forty-five minutes of tennis with a tennis instructor and by that time she was so hungry that the skimpy breakfast of orange juice, toast with a dash of marmalade and coffee, brought to her by Carlos the houseboy, was merely a goad to her appetite. She didn't need to lose weight or watch her figure. There followed an hour with a horse and riding instructor and then the real work of the day started at the studio.

By the end of this first week of intensive grooming, Betsy had been photographed, examined and studied so much that she considered doing

some noble uplift work for guinea pigs in consideration for their plight. She'd walked and run, sat down and stood up, lounged on couches, stretched out on floors, climbed prop trees and fences, shaken hands, advanced to greet guests. Her face had been turned to the right, to the left; her chin tilted and untilted; her eyebrows arched and unarched.

True, the hands that touched her were extremely impersonal, the eyes that watched her were critical, the ears that listened to the trick sentences were tuned to find errors. There was nothing personal about it at all, nothing warm or human. She was lonely and unhappy, especially after the day of Phil's departure passed and he neither called nor wrote.

The more work was piled on Betsy, the faster the days flew and when a card came, forwarded from Mama Bosco, which said "Leaving Frisco for Chicago—Phil," she was still unhappily adrift.

That's all he ever said. "Leaving Chicago for Omaha—Phil." "Leaving Omaha for Kansas City—Phil," and once when Betsy walked out in the foyer and found Aunt Edith reading a card from him, she snapped, "I hope you don't think that's a love letter."

Edith said, "There's some talk of casting you soon. Watch your step now, Betsy, and don't get entangled."

THE small projection room was still dark, the six men within it still suspiciously silent when Anton Van Dirk spoke. "That isn't even a turkey. It's a turkey egg, never hatched, stinks to heaven and back. What do you think?"

"Yeah," somebody said.

"It's not funny," another added.

"And it's supposed to be," Van Dirk said. "We need a couple of hypos in that."

Young Marshall, an assistant director, gasped. "We got to have a picture cut and ready in six weeks. It sure needs a shot," he repeated.

"Humor," (Continued on page 72)



# I've Been Lonely

BY

*Juan Crawford*

Star of M-G-M's "Reunion In France"



A provocative thought for all those women who have said good-by to someone very dear

**W**OMEN all over our land today, saying good-by to husbands, sweethearts and sons, are lonely. They're discovering also that work isn't the panacea for loneliness it always has been said to be; that it offers temporary relief only. For many women who are lonely are working as they never worked before. They've gone back to jobs as secretaries, bookkeepers, accountants and file clerks. They're in defense work, women's volunteers corps and even in the woman's army. They work until they are ready to drop, when this is necessary. But always when they stop working they find loneliness staring them in the face again.

The boys are lonely too. I've learned something about that when we've been fortunate enough to have groups of men from the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps at our home.

Loneliness isn't insurmountable, however. We can overcome it. I know. I've been lonely.

I remember the deep sense of being alone I experienced after Franchot Tone and I were divorced. Every woman knows that to have built a life around a man and then to have him no longer there, for whatever reason, necessitates a tremendous adjustment.

There was, besides, a situation typically Hollywood to add to my loneliness at this time. After Franchot

and I separated I went dancing once or twice with an old friend, Cesar Romero. Immediately I was seen with him my telephone began to ring. Would I go here? Would I go there? It seemed unreasonable I should be lonely with all the dates I might have had. But I happened to know half the boys who called me had no interest whatever in me as a human being. They merely wanted to see their names in the gossip columns. They were asking to see me not for myself but for whatever publicity value I had.

I've known other desperately lonely moments too. . . .

There were (Continued on page 80)



# Tip-Toe Fashions

News in print as headlined by news-maker Janet Blair of Columbia's "Something To Shout About." Something to talk about in spring—and right through the summer—is her lapis blue silk crepe dress printed in white and black. A touch of rouching at the neckline and around the flared skirt, a hat of baku that's navy on top, grey-blue on the underside, and black patent accessories add up to something to be kept in mind

*All Miss Blair's shoes are Paris Fashion and Connie shoes, available at leading stores from coast to coast*



For sparkle appeal: A Connie black patent halter pump with high or midway heel. Also in navy blue polished leather





It's an old idea to have an all-round suit in your spring wardrobe. It's a new idea to have it of sand-colored gabardine and to wear with it a simple long-sleeved creamy silk blouse. It's a grand idea to forego the usual shoulder clip and to sport some gold butterfly clip earrings instead. Janet Blair does all three, turns into a fashion go-getter



For on the job, and after: A Paris Fashion walled toe bow tie pump with stitch motif and mid-low heel. Turf tan or black polished leather, or black patent



A suit in a material a man likes with touches a woman loves is this grey menswear flannel boasting a feminine set-off of a softly pleated fine white linen frill around the jacket and at the sleeves. Janet pins dark red carnations on the grey, likes luggage tan in bag and pumps. This suit, the one on the opposite page and the dress from page 57 are from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills



Famous classic: The "booms toe" spectator, perfed at tip and foxing. In antiqued turf tan, blue or black polished leather with high or midway heel



# Prints to

1

Wear these and you'll be a

1. "Most men like prints," said Hollywood's Virginia Gilmore, starring in "The Chetniks" to reader, Ethel Snook. This, fresh as tomorrow, has a pleated skirt and a removable white vestee

Green, brown, red or black with white flowers. 12-20. About \$8.95.

There's a store near you that sells this Photoplay Star-Maker; you can buy it by filling in the coupon at the right

2. Happy perennial print suit with ruffled patch pockets, a crimson rose at shoulder  
White on black, brown, grey, navy, powder blue. 10-20. About \$22.95.

2

3

3. Tie this draped skirt to suit your mood; it will always fall in soft slimming folds. The tassel design gives it gay action  
Pink on black, white on navy, pink on navy, aqua on brown. 10-20. About \$17.95.  
Want to know a store close by where you can buy this Star-Maker? See coupon

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# make you smart as a star

looked-after Easter lady. The model, reader Ethel Snook; style mentor, Virginia Gilmore

5. A dark-scrolled suit dress with tabs suggesting pockets and edging the sleeves

Black on aqua, red on navy, yellow on grey, gold on black. 9-15. About \$8.95.  
A halo hat: Navy, black, brown, red, kelly green, toast. 21 1/2-23. About \$5.

For the name of the store nearest you where you can buy these Photoplay Star-Makers see the coupon at the right



4. "A shirtwaist frock you'll live in," said Virginia of this print with its smart four-leaf clovers, its built-in belt that's wonderworking; its inverted pleats in the sleeves for action. Its buttons look like pretty little white flowers; Miss Gilmore thinks Ethel will find out it's one of those compliment-catcher Easter outfits White on luggage, green or royal blue. 12-20. About \$8.95.



## For your convenience in ordering these Photoplay Star-Maker Fashions

just send in this coupon to the Fashion Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. She will tell you, by return mail, the name and address of the store nearest your home where you can buy any of the Hollywood-approved fashions shown here.

I am interested in fashion numbered: 1 2 3 4 5  
(Circle the number of the fashion or fashions in which you are interested.)

My name is.....

My address is (Street).....

(City).....

(State).....



# 14 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ PICTURE

A first look at a "first" film, "Forever And A Day," with fourteen stars and sixty-five other players giving their time free to make a magnificent "This is what we're fighting for" picture



This is the tale of a house founded by an indomitable admiral (C. Aubrey Smith). Built on the ruins of an ancient British fortress, it was, said he, to be a living house with "enemies at the gates and friends at the fireside; weddings and funerals and children playing"



The first wedding is that of Miriam Pomfret (Anna Neagle) to Bill (Ray Milland) son of Admiral Trimble. They are pledged to fight for freedom, to defend all that is decent in life. Bill Trimble meets death with Nelson at Trafalgar; his and Miriam's child is to be the next defender of the house—and the family in it



A new mistress rules the house in 1845. She is Mildred (Jessie Matthews) great-granddaughter of the Admiral, who has come from India to reclaim a portrait and finds a home. She marries a distant cousin (Ian Hunter) and together they bring the family to Victorian glory



The old house watches as the little serving maid (Ida Lupino) and Jim (Brian Aherne), a poorer Trimble, emigrate to America where no one shall starve. Comes 1914 and the World War; the house is no longer a proud home but a second-rate boardinghouse



To it from America comes the son of Jim, Ned Trimble (Robert Cummings). He finds this house of fabled family glory a broken-down relic; but it brings him his life's happiness, for in it he meets receptionist Marjorie (Merle Oberon) who marries him. He dies in Flanders; Marjorie, with his family's money, restores the old house, makes it a home for . . .



. . . their daughter Lesley (Ruth Warrick). In the midst of a Nazi raid which destroys all but the old foundations she meets Gate Pomfret (Kent Smith), American correspondent. It is for them to rebuild the house for a future of freedom, peace and happiness



# The Truth About Location Loves

—that happen when stars are working far away from Hollywood. Some are hushed up; others end happily. Here are the most exciting ones

*By "Fearless"*

Why wouldn't Anne Shirley date Eddie Albert after that episode on "Bombardier"?



Charlie Chaplin-Nancy Coleman datings were fast and furious until Nancy went away on "Edge Of Darkness." What happened there changed that romance status



On the right side of the location love ledger was the Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman romance



**W**HEN movie companies go on location there are frequently love scenes which the camera doesn't record, because they aren't in the script. Sometimes stars stage them. Sometimes other members of the company. For, like business trips and summer holidays and tours and cruises, location treks are often set-ups for romance.

When a moon comes up over a lake or a mountain and a man and a girl are far away from the world of everyday reality X isn't the unknown quantity it is in algebra; it marks the spot for romance.

Some location loves last no longer than the trip itself. Some prove enduring enough to leave the principals humming "Thanks for the memory." Some resolve themselves into marriages, happy marriages many times.

Anne Shirley and Eddie Albert were only casual acquaintances until they found themselves in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for several weeks' work on "Bombardier." In a spot like

this you get tired of just working and looking at the Indian blankets for sale on every corner. However, it wasn't just boredom that made Annie and Eddie look at each other and no one but each other after the first few evenings under a New Mexican moon. It was that good old location love.

Annie and Eddie started dating steadily there and kept it up when they got back to Hollywood. Although matters took a turn for the cooler when Eddie shoved off for the Navy, there are those who claim that when Eddie hits Hollywood on a Navy leave these two might still increase the number of married couples who fell in love while on location.

Dan Cupid can be just as mischievous, just as much of a trouble-maker as those Gremlins RAF flyers are

always complaining about, unfortunately. He doesn't always perch on the right shoulders with his tempting, titillating notions. Several months ago a foreign actress who piques the imagination of all the boys and one of the movie colony's young and eager six-footers found themselves many miles from home. Every day they worked before the camera. But evenings they spent with separate groups; and very bored they were too. About the fourth night they met on their way to their rooms. Whereupon they didn't go to their rooms. They ~~came~~ for a drive instead.

At first the foreign star was merely trying to escape boredom and add another scalp to her belt. At first Broad-shoulders was only trying to escape bore- (Continued on page 95)



# What should I do?

*Your problems answered by Bette Davis*

A great advice feature that pulls no

punches. Readers ask the outspoken ques-

tions; Miss Davis gives as candid answers

IN studying and answering the letters that you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR send me, Miss Dudley and I were inclined to believe at first that women had a priority on the problems of life.

However, I feel certain that many men have troubles about which they would like to write and I can assure them that their letters, if published, will cause them no embarrassment as all identification will be removed. May I add that those letters that we have already received from men have been exceptionally interesting—as you will see from this month's sample.

DEAR Miss Davis:

I have read in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that you help people with their problems. Mine is a very serious one. I am a girl of eleven. I have recently found out by some letters I read that my mother has been going out with another man.

I would like to know if I should tell my father or keep the secret to myself.

Sincerely yours,

Suzanne H.

Dear Suzanne:

What you believe you have found out may or may not be true. However, you most assuredly have no right to discuss what you think you have discovered about your mother with your father.

In justice to your mother you must remember that you are only eleven and that your mother may have many reasons for not having taken you into her confidence yet. She may have planned to talk over her plans or her problems with you when you are a little older.

In your letter you did not explain how it happened that you were reading your mother's letters. I would judge

that she knows nothing about your prying into her affairs. There is an old saying that eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves; I think it is also true that those who pry never discover pleasant news.

It seems to me that the information you have is not rightfully yours. Also, you may have misunderstood what you think you learned. I would say that this is a secret that you must keep to yourself until you are much older, or until your mother discusses it with you.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

You seem so sweet and down-to-earth in the answers you have given other troubled readers that I am emboldened to bring my puzzle to you.

Forgive the seeming egotism of what follows, but I must equip you with some knowledge of myself if you are to answer me truly. I have read somewhere that judgment is only as accurate as preceding information.

So then, to the details: I have fallen head over heels in love with a man fifteen years my junior. He is a young Naval officer and I have long been the widow of a man of great prominence in our state. My husband, who died after three years of marriage, when I was twenty-five, was fifteen years older than I. An odd coincidence, isn't it?

My interests (I am now thirty-seven) are all extremely young. I can dance until dawn and feel fresh the next day; I ride horseback with enough ability to have won several jumping contests; I have the means to keep myself exceedingly well-dressed and well-groomed. My health is of the best.

Can you tell me, please, if—from

your observations—there would seem to be any chance for happiness in a union between this man and myself. He is astonishingly mature for his years; I had judged him to be perhaps thirty-two or thirty-three when we first met. Not until he declared his love and asked me to marry him did I learn his actual age. My pride, at that moment, was too great to allow me to admit my age to him—he thinks I am about twenty-seven, as are my friends.

Would you, if you were I, tell him the truth, Miss Davis? And would you marry him?

Adelaide McM.

Dear Mrs. McM:

Yes, I believe you should tell this man the truth about your age. We all know that nothing based on a lie can survive. Wouldn't it be far better for you to give him this information in advance of your marriage than for him to learn the truth for himself from your friends later on?

If the difference in your ages matters a great deal to him, it is better to find that out at once. However, if it makes no difference to him, you have an excellent chance for a very happy marriage. It is well known that some men, particularly men who are mature for their years, prefer a woman of poise and experience. I have known of several cases in which the woman's being older than the man has been a contributing factor in a successful marriage.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am asking your advice, because—as an important member of the movie colony—you probably know best how





Writer Fredda Dudley (right) helps Bette Davis sort this month's mail

to handle one of your associates.

Eight years ago, when I was nineteen, I was the victim of an unhappy marriage. I have but one beautiful reality left of that marriage—my seven-year-old son.

I am still considered very beautiful at twenty-seven. Now, Miss Davis, my problem is this: Four years ago, while I was lying in a hospital with a nervous breakdown, I heard a voice on the radio that seemed to be speaking directly to me.

The voice belonged to a famous bandleader-actor, who has made several pictures since that time, and of course he's a bachelor. I wrote to him while I was in the hospital and to my surprise he answered. We kept up a correspondence until four months ago when a relative of mine, who is the mother of grown children and past forty, attended one of this man's broadcasts and pretended she was I. To her it seemed like a very clever prank.

She laughed afterward and said this young man was astounded, so that he could hardly speak. Heaven only knows what he thinks. He probably feels that all my letters were lies and since that night I haven't heard from him.

I feel lost, because, you see, I am in love with him. I'm a sentimentalist and I know he is, too, but how can I clear up this horrible mess without letting him think I am running after him?

Unhappily yours,

Jean W.

(Continued on page 66)

After the appearance of my first column I received a great many letters asking if my column had been "ghosted"—I should like to assure each person who writes to me—your letters are read by me. I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material. I hope this explanation will help me. Miss Davis  
Fredda Dudley

THE letters of your fellow-readers were chosen by Miss Davis to be answered this month personally through this magazine. Send your letter to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. She will read it and, if it presents what seems to her to be a universal problem, she will give you her honest opinion here. All names of persons are changed.



Dear Mrs. W:

It seems to me that you don't need to worry about this man's thinking that you are running after; after all, when you wrote your first letter to him, you indicated that you were interested in him to the extent that you would make the first friendly overtures.

There are a great many charming instances in which intense romances have existed entirely in letters between two persons. George Bernard Shaw's love affair with Ellen Terry was carried on totally by mail; Elizabeth Barrett corresponded with Robert Browning long before they met. So, obviously, you need not apologize for having exchanged letters with this man.

I imagine that you are a little embarrassed at the thought that when you write and tell him the truth of what happened—as you surely should—he is going to realize that you must have told your relatives a good deal about your corresponding friendship. That is where you made your mistake—in telling too many other people about the letters.

However, you will be doing the man a great favor, it seems to me, if you will again write and explain exactly what happened.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

Here is my problem: I am eighteen years old and am married, but I have been separated from my husband for four months. During this time I have been corresponding with a boy I knew and went with before I married. I am very much in love and he loves me also.

He doesn't know I am married and I haven't told him because he wants to get married on his furlough which will be soon.

I get a check from my husband every month and my mother depends on it. My husband is willing for me to get a divorce, but my mother is against it.

Should I get a divorce and marry Bill against my mother's will, or should I tell him I am married and call it off?

Charlene M.

Dear Mrs. M:

Under ordinary circumstances, I believe all of us should respect our mothers and defer to their judgment.

However, in your case, I think your mother is grossly unfair and is behaving in a manner that may ruin three lives.

Unless your mother is an invalid, she should make some move to take care of herself and let you live a normal adult life, making your own decisions.

As for the boy with whom you are in love, it seems to me that when he comes home on furlough you should tell him the whole truth. If he loves you as much as you think, he will be willing to wait for marriage until you can get this other situation cleared up!

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

For six years I've lived and breathed Bette Davis—and everything connected with her. Lately I've had a brain storm. Although life isn't quite as exciting and fascinating as it could be, I don't think I'd have the courage to run away. But if I were ever invited any place by anyone—oh, happy day!

Since you receive so much pleasure in being president of clubs and committees wouldn't you get even more pleasure out of sponsoring a club from which you could invite at least one member a year to Hollywood?

Gertrude L.

Dear Miss L:

As a matter of fact, I have long considered the possibility of bringing one new person with stage experience and screen ambitions to Hollywood each year.

However, I have now given up all hope of sponsoring this Hollywood trip for the duration. In the first place, the Government needs all available transportation space for essential war purposes. In the second place, Hollywood is now a very busy place and no one has time to devote to a guest.

But when the war is over, I hope to be able to work something out along these lines.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

From the time I was eight years old when I was picked by my teacher to speak a little piece about Lincoln, I wanted to be an actor. My father and mother tried to knock the idea out of my head and I was even forbidden to go to the movies, yet the more they tried to stop me, the more determined I was to continue. The family needed financial aid so I had to go to work and forget the idea of going to college. I consoled my-

## New Rave Dept.

You've been writing us about a lad who has just made his first splash in pictures. He isn't Hollywood's tallest actor—or its handsomest. But—say you—he's got something. And we agree. So

### Next Month

we're going to bring you a fascinating fireside view of

Gene Kelly!

self by attending the University Extension a few evenings a week and spending the other few with an amateur little theater group. After a few years I organized my own company and for six years have been turning out four or five plays a year.

Two years ago I fell in love with a very pretty girl and we were married. We now have a ten-week-old son who means everything in the world to us and for whom I want to work my fingers to the bone. Anxious to do my part in helping our country, I applied for Volunteer Officer Candidate School but was turned down for lack of a college education and advised to stay with my family because of the boy's age and my wife's health. I have learned from the doctor that she will never be well again even though she is now up and around.

I've been debating with myself and toying with the idea of taking a chance in seeking employment in the studios next February if things don't change too harshly. I'm saving a little extra money to tide my family over until I can

land a job. Perhaps I would have a chance in the stenographic department since I operate a stenotype at a rapid rate. Someday I might even get a chance to do "extra" work.

Please don't be angry with me for taking this liberty, but being the genuine person you are, I'm sure you'll see my point.

Roger K.

Dear Mr. K:

I agree with you that you have a problem and it seems to me that you are approaching it in the right way. There is an old bromide, "Nothing ventured, nothing hath," which surely applies to your case.

You have been wise in saving up money enough to take care of your family obligations during your absence and I think you might as well take a chance in California. After all, it isn't as if you were coming out here with only the hope of getting into pictures immediately; you are a capable court reporter, so your secretarial work must be of the best. Although you feel that this secretarial work has put you in a rut, it will stand you in good stead while you are getting acquainted with your new environment.

Considering your prolonged stage experience, your energy and ambition, who knows what might happen? The trip, I should think, would be worth trying. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

Just two weeks ago I met a very good-looking air cadet at a dance. Afterward I let him take me home. I asked him if he had a special girl at home or off somewhere and he said, "No," and asked me why.

I told him that I would like to hear from him when he went back to the "field." He said he would like to hear from me, too.

Well, he asked me what I was going to write him in my letters and I said, "What do you want me to say?"

He drew me up to him and kissed me. He asked me, "Now do you know what I want you to say in your letters?" Then he kissed me again.

Then he whispered to me that he loved me. He told me three or four times how sweet I was.

Well, he got my address before he left and said he would write the very next day, but I have never received a letter, card, or anything from him. I don't suppose, now, that I ever will. Do you think I did or said something wrong? I love him, I know.

Miss Davis, boys just don't go around telling every girl they meet they love them, do they? Or do they? Won't you please try to help me?

Yours truly,

Jane S.

Dear Miss S:

There is a verse from Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" that I think may fit your case:

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever:  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,

But let them go.

And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny."

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

The End





BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"MY SKIN needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my *favorite* cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

## SHE'S ENGAGED!

*She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As

Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's lovely how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This every night without fail—and

"for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely soft-smooth cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!





## Are you careful about **SCALP ODOR?**

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure, medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!



## Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mudiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.



## Blind Date!

Take a chance, take a glance—and  
discover amazing newcomer O'Shea



You meet Michael O'Shea here; you greet him for the first time on the screen as the burlesque comic in "Lady Of Burlesque"

**Y**OUR first thought when you see him cavorting around with Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady Of Burlesque" is, of course, going to be about his new-type face. It's Irish-American, it's something new and different for the screen. It belongs to Edward Francis Michael Joseph O'Shea, who started blooming, true to his shamrock ancestry, in Hartford, Connecticut, on St. Patrick's Day in 1906.

Then you're going to start thinking about the guy himself, this ambitious, music-loving, crisp young actor who hit Hollywood from the Broadway stage hit, "The Eve Of St. Mark." Well, he's a tall guy with a long story.

At twelve he was holding down a farmhand job; at fourteen, although he couldn't read a note, he was beating out the drums in a band; and a few years later he was a bandleader himself.

The small towns liked him and his band a lot; the big city let him get lost in the shuffle.

Whereupon Mr. Try-for-it O'Shea tried out in the theater, couldn't get a break, fixed himself up as a bellhop instead and

proceeded to travel back and forth—first class, of course—across the ocean on the big Leviathan.

His next tempestuous step took him up before a microphone. He loved radio; radio loved him.

He made time and money appearing in "We The People," "Myrt And Marge," on Kate Smith's program and on "The March Of Time." Came "The Eve Of St. Mark" and the dawn for Hollywood in the person of producer Hunt Stromberg who spotted Michael strutting his inimitable talent across the Broadway footlights, went backstage, took a postcard out of his pocket and tied the happy O'Shea up with a Hollywood contract.

Michael's tied up with another contract, too—a marital one, in which he signs himself over, blue eyes, wavy brown hair, vivid imagination and all, to one Grace Watts, formerly of Hartford. The two riders on the contract are small ones—Ed Junior and Barbara Jane. The four of them live happily in Hollywood looking at the world through rose-colored glasses since that's the way the world—and you—are going to be looking at them.



Rosalind Russell

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## Mrs. Ginger Briggs

(Continued from page 25) where she was scheduled to appear at a Bond rally that evening.

As usual, Eddie Rubin accompanied Ginger on this short journey. Instantly they arrived he got in touch with his friend, a former young RKO star, Jack Briggs, who was in the Marine boot camp near by and invited him to dinner.

Throughout the meal, however, she showed no more than casual interest in the tall, young man. She was, in fact, politely distant.

The next day Jack wrote Ginger a note of thanks, telling her how much he had appreciated her letting him tag along. That was all. He didn't say that all the time he had been making pictures at RKO, he had been very much in awe of her, the biggest star on the lot. He didn't tell her, either, that one day as he had passed her he had said to a friend, "Gee I sure could go for her, but of course she wouldn't look at me." His note was very formal, very proper.

GINGER didn't answer immediately. It was, in fact, several weeks before she sent an acknowledgment, mentioning something about his dropping over any time he was at the studio.

His response was practically instantaneous. He was coming up to Hollywood on a twenty-four-hour leave and could he see her. This time her answer was prompt—yes.

A photographer who snapped Ginger and Jack dancing together during that leave remarked to his editor, "If I didn't know better I'd say Ginger Rogers was in love with that boy. I never saw anyone look so longingly at anyone in my life."

Then and there things began changing. Then and there Phillip Reed was out of Ginger's life. Everyone had thought this was a serious romance too; and no wonder. Ginger and Reed had been seen dancing at the Mocambo with their lips pressed tightly together, a sight startling even to blasé Hollywood.

While Phillip began to wonder what had happened to Ginger, there were two young ladies who were puzzling over the mystery of what had become of tall Jackie Briggs. These two were respectively Bonita Granville and Martha O'Driscoll, who had seen plenty of Jackie.

For a year Jack had had a crush on Bonita. But since his very best friend, Jackie Cooper, had the inside track there he had patiently played second fiddle. Then gradually a break between Cooper and Bonita had widened. "Now's young Briggs's chance," Hollywood said. But Bonita, making "Hitler's Children," had; in the meantime, fallen hard for Tim Holt, her co-star in that picture. It was while Briggs hoped Bonita would recover her heart and her balance and turn to him that he met and began squiring pretty and popular young Martha O'Driscoll.

However, there had never been a week after Jack left Hollywood that he hadn't written Bonita or a time when he'd come to town without telephoning her. Until that night when Bonita and a friend wandered into the Palladium to dance and saw him with Ginger Rogers!

Amazed that Jack had not telephoned her when he'd arrived in town and surprised to see him with Ginger, Bonita went over to greet him. Instantly she drew Jack into conversation. He had just turned twenty-two, hadn't he? How did he like being twenty-two? Why hadn't he telephoned?

Ginger sat silently, so silently Bonita finally became aware that something was

wrong. "Well," she faltered, "perhaps we'd better be going." And when there was no urging that they stay, Bonita and her friend left, puzzled, wondering what had happened that they didn't know about to this young Marine and to Ginger the love-em-and-leave-'em-girl.

THREE days after Christmas, Jack Briggs, again in Hollywood on leave, wandered into the RKO publicity department wearing a bewildered expression. "Hello, Jack," a woman publicist said. "Did you have a nice holiday?"

"Did I? Brother!" The Marine almost reeled. He was, in fact, right out of this world and no wonder. The day before, after exactly seven dates with Ginger, he had asked her to marry him and she had consented. Only, of course, the studio didn't know that until later. They did, however, both know and wonder about the change in Ginger. For, suddenly, during the month of December, Ginger snapped out of the aloofness that had become part of her for the past few years. She was preparing for her Paramount role in "Lady In The Dark" and using her RKO dressing-room at the time; RKO and Paramount being next-door neighbors. Each morning she had come early and, to the amazement of every one, she had completely discarded the heavy, gloomy, moody music that always accompanied her dressing for gay, light, popular tunes . . . tunes that young people were whistling and dancing to. Undeniably there was a new gaiety about her.

The secret came out several weeks later when Ginger admitted her engagement, saying: "He's everything I've ever dreamed of. A six foot two, brown-eyed man, intelligent, understanding and with a sense of humor. A real American!"

Ginger's "real American" was born in the tiny village of Quakerstown, New York, but moved to Schenectady when he was six and then, a few years later, to New York City where he attended Public School 69 and DeWitt Clinton High School, later enrolling at Rhodes Preparatory School. All through school his athletic prowess ran parallel to his dramatic ability. After a turn in the eastern straw-hat circuit he began his dramatic studies in earnest with the excellent coach, Cecil Covelly, and eventually won a role in the second company of "The Man Who Came To Dinner." An RKO talent scout saw him and signed him pronto, without the usual formality of a test. While Ginger was working up to an Academy Award and going from one reported romance to another, young Briggs, unnoticed by her, worked in a small role in her picture, "Tom, Dick And Harry." In the end, however, it wasn't any of those boys who got Ginger. It was Jack who had worked unseen under her shiny little nose. It was, in fact, only in Jack's last picture, "Bombardier," that he had any chance whatever to show what he could do.

He's a charming lad, young Briggs, clean-cut, poised and well-bred. He is hep to the lingo of youth, loves good bands, delights to roar with laughter over some joke with Jackie Cooper. Briggs also was one of the first actors in Hollywood to enlist in the Marines.

How, after the war, Jack Briggs will adjust his youthful qualities to the older, wiser ways of Ginger, who has already reaped the highest awards of her profession and been twice married, remains to be seen.

Meantime, Ginger is Mrs. Pvt. Briggs, Marine wife. And make no mistake—she'll do a good job of it!

The End



**"I will  
take good care of  
the things I have"**



**Kalamazoo tells you how to make your cooking  
and heating equipment *last longer***

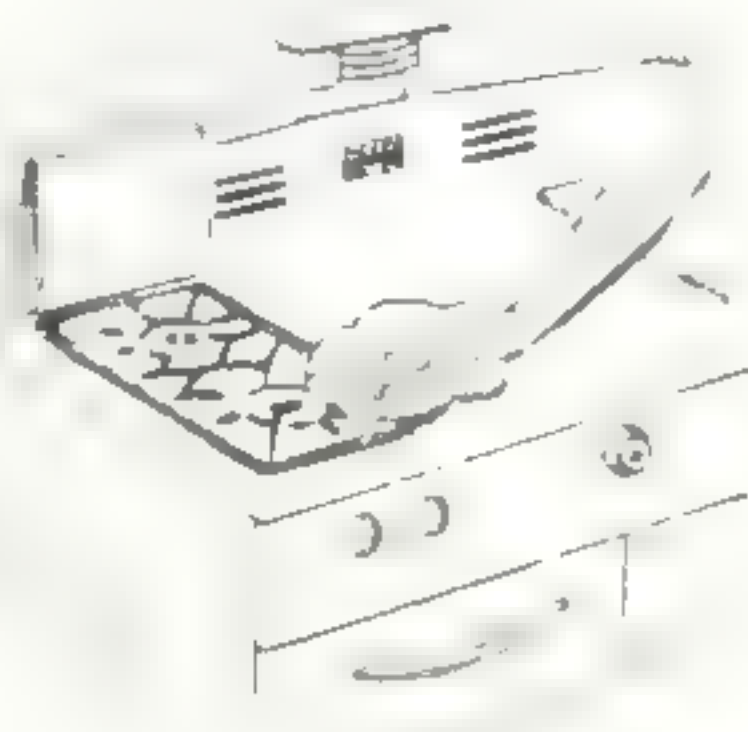


**Gas Burners and Electric Burners** work best when clean. Don't let food boil over. Free clogged gas burners by running pipe cleaner or hat pin through holes. Electric coils can be kept clean by

brushing after coils have cooled but don't use a wire brush or any tool that may chip unit and require replacement.

**Tops** are porcelain enamel. Don't put hot foods or ice cold liquids directly on them. Wait until after range has cooled before cleaning—then wipe with soapy water and dry cloth.

To avoid stains, remove acid such as lemon juice or vinegar immediately before it has a chance to dry and spot.



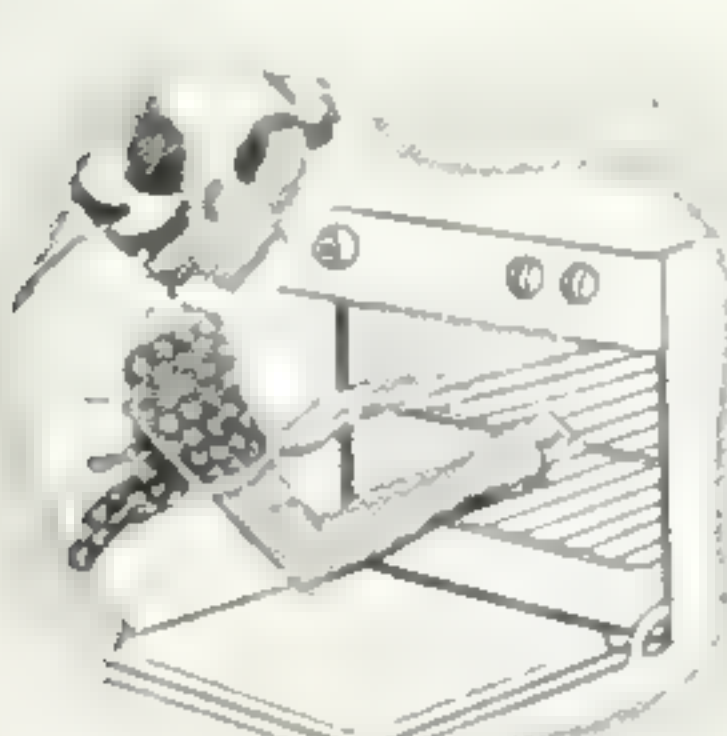
**Broilers.** Clean after every use. Grease heated a second time not only permeates food but discolors broiler. Trim excessive fats off meat before broiling, and avoid spatter. Use mild cleanser in removing burned food.



**Heaters.** Over-heating of your unit is often responsible for cracking and warping of cast iron parts. Don't let clinkers accumulate in grate. Remove ashes frequently—otherwise heater efficiency is reduced.

**Ovens.** Wipe after every use. If racks should tend to rust, sandpaper and rub with salad oil. Rusting in ovens can be prevented by opening door a few minutes before actual

use to let steam escape. Repeat after use to prevent condensation inside.



**Furnace Rules:** 1/8" of soot in radiator may cut heating efficiency 25%. A burned out smoke pipe is a fire hazard. Always take clinkers out from the top. Don't allow ashes to accumulate in the ash pit. Fluctuating temperatures waste fuel.



## **MILLIONS of women have taken this pledge**

Three cheers for you, Mrs. America, and all the things you're doing at home to help win the war. You're Betsy Ross, Barbara Fritchie and Molly Pitcher, reborn. You're a real fighting American.

Without bugle or roll of drums you're in stride with the march to victory—you're setting the thermostat at 65°, saving money to buy bonds, serving less meat, keeping the children well, turning off lights and radios, defrosting the refrigerator, doing Red Cross work, saving metal, taking First Aid, sharing cars, writing letters—anything, everything to win.

*Yes, America is tied to your apron strings—and proud of it.*

*Kalamazoo* PRESIDENT

# **Kalamazoo**

## **Stoves and Furnaces**

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

QUALITY LEADERS SINCE 1901



## Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 55) Van Dirk mumbled.

"Whatsat, Van?"

"Humor. Comedy . . . I got it! We can get 'em for peanuts—I bet."

The Jordans had been gone seven weeks. The hotel in St. Louis was like the one in Kansas City, ditto for Omaha and Chicago.

"Where do we go from here, boys?" Chet tapped out with his feet, and Phil answered just as if Chet had spoken. "We ought to be hearing from Sam."

Success has a nose for the dramatic moment. She likes to make an entrance, to hog the spotlight, to stop the show.

The knocker on the door sounded. Three times the bellhop's hand raised and rapped it. Phil took in the telegram.

He was staring at the words. "Van Dirk needs specialty says he saw you work take plane after last show rush job big opportunity. Sam." He handed the telegram to Roy.

"Here she comes, boys," cried Roy, getting the sound of an approaching train from his accordion.

"All aboard for Hollywood," roared Chet. . . .

THE sound stage was ready for the Jordan Brothers test. In a corner with his face to a blank wall, sitting on a camp stool, they found Van Dirk. He at once began giving them directions.

"I don't want to interfere with your natural way of doing things. The spontaneous way things burst out of you has to be kept, but you understand you can't do any real ad-libbing when the camera's clicking. "Now let's run over this a few times to see how it shapes up," he said. The few times grew into ten. But the Jordans kept on, showing no fatigue.

"Now," said Van Dirk, himself tireless, "I'd like you to get used to the idea of a camera turning and lights on. This doesn't mean anything—just a blind."

Cameras slid along a cable, a crane came down, lights gradually intensified, made a bright sun in the enveloping darkness. The Jordans gave themselves to those twelve minutes and, when they were finished, Van Dirk ran his fingers through his white hair.

"Thanks, boys. That was a test, in case you're interested. I'll run it off tonight, but I'm pretty sure it's okay. On set at eight tomorrow."

Now they had something else to worry about—the test, and Roy began to worry as soon as they got out on Gower Street. "You'd think he'd tell us he was running off a test," he complained.

"Right smart of him not to," Phil decided. "He got us natural. Come on now—home for us."

"I got a date with Wilma," said Roy.

"You'll break it," Phil ordered. "On the set at eight means eight."

Roy obediently stopped at the first pay station and called his girl Wilma. Chet called Lorna, although he had said nothing about a date with her. Phil stood for a while, waiting, and then on an impulse, he tried to get Betsy.

The hotel was extremely sorry. Miss Bell and her aunt had moved some weeks ago and had left no forwarding address. Phil called the Bosco Hotel. The night clerk said Betsy had been in a few times to see Mama Bosco, but Mama Bosco had gone to visit a relative in Santa Barbara. There wouldn't be any use trying the Philo Haney offices in the morning. He concluded they were still keeping her hidden.

Anton Van Dirk wanted the Ladies Aid Dinner and the Jordans, eager to

co-operate, set to work again the next morning. The director liked that eagerness, their harmony. At this point he began to think he really had something good on his hands; and he used it.

During the next few weeks Phil kept thinking of Betsy and tried again to locate her, but was unsuccessful. On his twenty-seventh birthday, he made a special effort, wanting to share the news of his good fortune with her. But his phone calls all failed.

Then, one day, Phil heard Van Dirk mention Betsy's name and when he said casually, "What's happened to her? We worked at El Toreador together," the director said, "I met her last night at La Conga," and he told Phil where she and Edith were living. Phil rushed right out and sent her flowers, with a note of explanation.

At seven o'clock the next morning Betsy called Phil. Her voice sang over the wire with its old clarity but new overtones of confidence and vibrancy, and an eagerness that was appealing.

"Gosh, I'm glad I caught you, Phil," she said. "I wanted to thank you for the flowers, and letting me know about—you. I knew you'd make it."

"Us artists ain't supposed to say 'Gosh,'" he laughed.

"Another person tells me what I *ain't* supposed to do, and I'll scream. Nobody tells me what I *am* supposed to do."

"You been cast yet, Betsy?"

"Oh, you'll hear all about it. So I won't talk about that," she laughed through a corner of her mouth. "But I guess you have to get along to the studio."

"You too, I suppose."

"Oh not today," she said. "See you soon, Phil. Good-by."

THE Jordan's last sequence was taken quite late one night and Phil left the studio alone.

He was walking down Gower Street looking for a phone booth. A chauffeur-driven car was proceeding slowly close to the curb, but he paid no attention to it. He didn't know anybody in the chauffeur-driven class yet. Presently, however, he heard his name called. "Mr. Jordan—oh Mr. Jordan!" The car pulled up beside him, with the window lowered. "Phil Jordan, isn't it? Let me give you a lift if you're going this way."

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APRIL 7 IS THE DATE YOUR MAY ISSUE WILL BE ON THE STANDS. RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW!

It was Doris Foster, the star of a half-dozen of Van Dirk's money makers. She was not in the picture which the Jordans had just revived, but nobody had questioned her right to be on the set and watch the new team work.

"Thanks, Miss Foster," said Phil, getting in. "I was just strolling around toward a telephone. If you drop me at the nearest one—"

Phil didn't call Betsy that night.

DORIS FOSTER was one of the glamour girls who hadn't quite "glamored." Publicized and ballyhooed, she had been pushed so hard that everybody thought she had made the grade. But the studio and insiders knew that she only got by. Van Dirk and Excelsior were not fooled, but they had put so much money into grooming her that they could not afford to lose their investment.

Doris knew that despite her ethereal, dazzling beauty she was only a near-success and, in the way that seems clever to those who haven't quite clicked, she was looking for an ascendant star on whose impetus she might rise. Already it was being said in the studio that Phil Jordan was the nucleus of the team, that he would someday, on his own, be the big name in lights.

Doris went out to get him. Nothing in her whole career had ever been easier and Phil not only forgot to call Betsy that night he rode home with Doris, he quite forgot to call her at all. He couldn't really believe that he, Phil Jordan, was going everywhere with this creature of breathtaking and terrifying beauty. He couldn't believe that this swift tumult of passion in his heart, this turbulence of emotion really came from him. The first time he kissed her, which was the first time he took her out, he almost asked her to marry him. A man had to have something real to offer a girl like Doris, though. He'd wait at least until that long-term contract came along.

The Jordans moved to The Beverly-Wilshire. The Jordans bought a car which soon only Roy used evenings, because Doris liked to use her own and Chet ran around with Lorna in hers. The Jordans were pointed out in public places, and Doris pointed out along with Phil. At night he remembered her last good-night kiss, firm yet somehow yielding. In the morning he began to anticipate the evening meeting, the wild stirring of his senses and her next kiss.

"YOU got nothing to complain about," said agent Joe Dennis heatedly to Betsy. "Sitting on top of the world and you complain. So they ain't put you to work yet."

"Oh I'm working," Betsy assured him. "Working hard at nothing. Why don't they put me in a picture?"

Aunt Edith was never far away when Betsy and her agent talked. She stood in the doorway of the living room, swept her eyes over Betsy, adorably little in green slacks and lemon-yellow pullover.

"And you haven't seen or heard from that Phil Jordan in weeks," Edith said bluntly. "That's the cause of the discontent, Joe."

"I don't care about Phil Jordan."

"He's caught in Doris Foster's honey," Edith persisted.

Betsy flushed and flung back her head. "Don't you understand that I just want to do something?"

"Whyn't you give me a chance to speak?" Joe demanded. "They'll maybe cast you for this new 'Wish On A Star'

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



they're gonna do. They want you tomorrow to start testing for it."

Betsy leaped up, turned a handspring, but a bad one and came down with a thud. "You're sweet, Joe, to bring me such news. You're sweet."

For a while after Joe left, Betsy lay on the floor rigid and pale. She tried a set of leg exercises, but that wasn't any good. She knew Phil and Doris were hearts aflame. She'd seen it enough in the gossip columns, but hearing Aunt Edith say so had stopped something inside. Of course Phil could have his pick now. What would he want with a Betsy Bell who hadn't started yet?

**B**EFORE the first picture was shown, the Jordans' option was picked up and they were signed for a second.

Doris's voice over the wire was smooth and soothing. "I've heard the news, darling. You're not too important to take me out tonight, are you?"

It was funny, and really looked pre-arranged, though it wasn't, the way the three brothers always managed to turn up in the same night spot.

Tonight it was "The Golden Door" and Chet and Lorna sat at a conspicuous table arguing, conspicuously of course, because Lorna did everything that way.

"I have enough money in my own name," she was saying. "I don't want to wait for years, until I'm old. At least if you were getting a chance in the team, maybe you'd get somewhere. We wouldn't have to wait anyway."

"You don't want me to work at all," he said.

"No I don't. I want you to play with me."

This was only one of many discussions, but each time Lorna's arguments sounded more convincing and alluring.

"You're my girl, Lorna, honest," he cried desperately.

"If you care about me, you'll be willing to be married after this second picture, and go away," she insisted, closing the clasp of her wrap. The finality of that snap frightened him.

"Lorna, wait a minute, honey. Look darling—please. It's Phil—Roy and me—we can't let him down. He needs us."

"I see. He's the extra, so you have to carry him along. Well, he's a big boy now. You'd better find a job he can do by his own little self," Lorna retorted. . . .

Roy in a far corner, his face toward the door so he could see and be seen, was also on the spot. The full deep tones of Wilma's voice always stirred Roy.

"I'm getting an audition at the Metropolitan in the spring, Roy. Why don't you come along?"

Roy, having never been to the opera, envisioned himself standing on the stage of the Metropolitan enthralled an audience. "You ought to see how things are, Wilma. I can't do it."

"So you have to talk to your brothers, too! What are you afraid of? You carry the team. I don't want to marry all the Jestin Jordans," she burst out. "You might at least try to do something on your own. Sam Kent can get you that spot on the radio. It's only one night, but at least you'd know how your voice goes over. . . ."

"And now," Doris Foster was saying to Phil, "your brother Roy is running out after what's-her-name. She's angry, too."

The amusement in her voice gave him a superior feeling, for Doris wasn't running away from him. She wasn't angry. Sometimes he wanted to run away from the pain her loveliness brought him, but without that pain he'd have been half



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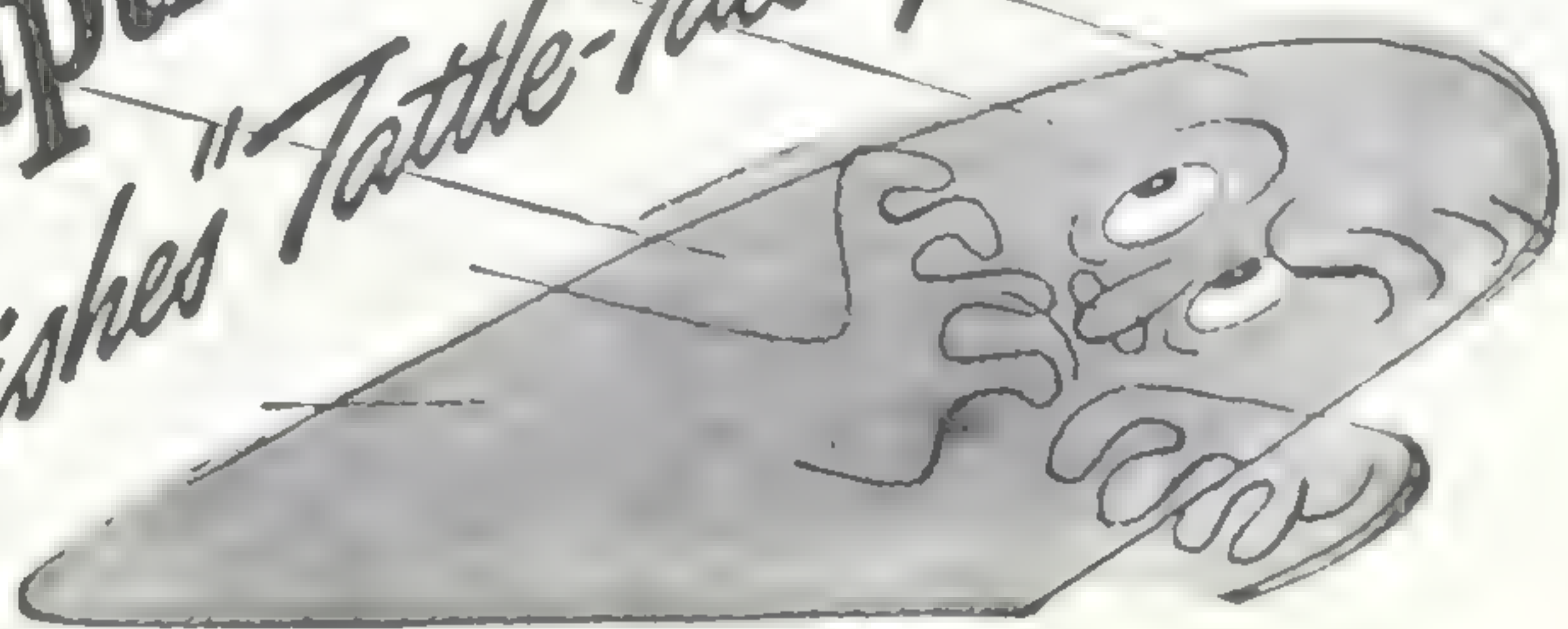
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-Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"







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is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

# April Showers Talc



**CHERAMY perfumer**  
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

a man. Without the fire she kindled, he'd have been only half alive.

She closed her eyes lazily, opened them to gaze at a distant point. "Let's talk about when your name is up in lights. Can't you see it—Phil Jordan in Something-and-Something. . ."

"There'll never be a Phil Jordan up on the marquees," he said. "It's The Jordan Brothers! All together or none."

**P**HIL really believed what he had said.

Although the second picture was started in obvious discord, he saw no real trouble, even that night he idly turned on the radio, in time to hear Roy Jordan introduced—that singing zany of The Jestling Jordans. He was merely astounded that Roy hadn't spoken of it.

The way Roy walked in that night, Phil and Chet knew he'd been a sensation.

"What's the idea," Phil demanded, "going behind our backs?"

Roy pulled himself up haughtily. "A man's got a right to try out his voice."

Chet didn't say anything. He sat with his face between his hands, thinking. If Roy could do this, why couldn't he do what he wanted, what Lorna demanded?

Roy's defiance meant less the next day, when word began to arrive that "Moon Out Of Cheese," their first picture, was rolling them in the aisles. Every telegram from an exhibitor mentioned the Jordans. Excitement had already crept through the studios when the brothers left and was mounting by the time Phil came to Doris to dine with her.

The telephone rang constantly through dinner. Phil the hit of the team. Crowds in lobby talking of Phil.

Doris flung her arms about his neck with splendid impetuosity. "You're a hit, Phil. Oh I knew you'd do it!"

He kissed her long and ardently, until she broke away breathlessly.

The telephone rang. When he came back he was taut. The muscles of his jaw worked before he spoke. "There's talk about a personal appearance at the Paramount in New York."

Here is Success, boys. Here she is!

**B**ETSY was beginning to wonder whether Haney really had faith in her or whether he was just unwilling to admit he had made a mistake. She had been feeling for days, now, that she was ready to go before the camera for a picture, not just for tests. They were beginning to cast the minor roles of "Wish On A Star." She had been promised the feminine lead in that

She was so sure this morning, when she saw Joe Dennis getting out of his car that night, that he was bringing the news that her real work was to start. Instead he was telling her something she didn't want to believe. She couldn't believe it.

"I don't understand!" she cried. "They promised me the big part."

"Glenda Hepworth got it."

Edith Pringle came over and pulled up a chair. Almost there was softness in her voice. "But they're offering you something in it, Betsy. It's a chance."

Betsy knew she was caught. She had

to take what was offered, but even before she had her first session with the director of "Wish On A Star," she was convinced that there would be no better parts. Of course, Edith was right. That was a way to begin—a long series of bits, then slightly better parts—it was a living, anyway. But they were breaking their promise, giving her the bum's rush.

The part to which she was assigned confirmed this. "Add it all together," she pointed out to Aunt Edith, "and there isn't eight minutes on the screen. Oh I don't want to talk like a regular ham—but is there really anything I can do with it?"

Aunt Edith had to admit there wasn't much, but they could try.

**B**UT before the picture was released, there came another morning when Joe Dennis sat at the edge of a chair and Aunt Edith stood behind her, and she was trying to comprehend what her agent was saying.

"What do you mean you talked to Van Dirk? I'm under contract to Atlantic."

Joe was rummaging through his pockets. He finally brought it out—a letter and a check. Betsy read and reread the document. It was funny reading your own death sentence . . . the general opinion after her tests . . . not satisfactory . . . the bit in "Wish On A Star" did not warrant further training . . . not good policy to keep her under contract for such small roles. . . .

"They've—let me out?" she said finally "Paid me off?"

Joe shifted uncomfortably. "Look Betsy, that'll keep you a long time, till the next break. You got your clothes and there's other studios."

The check was made out to Joe. Betsy returned it to him, then swung round on Edith Pringle. "You knew this was happening all the time."

"I suspected it, Betsy," the woman said quietly.

"And you didn't tell me."

"I might have been wrong. You did your best."

"Oh not yet. My best is coming. she retorted grimly, marching out of the room.

**M**R. VAN DIRK, the girl at the first desk said, was not available. Would she care to leave her name?

"I have an appointment with him," Betsy lied. "It was made privately."

The girl's hairline brows were lifted. She reported that into the telephone. She reported back to Betsy. "Mr. Van Dirk can't be found to check up on that."

"Let me wait in his office."

"Well—"

Van Dirk was, of course, sitting at his desk, and waved Betsy to a chair. "How's every man's first sweetheart?" was his greeting.

Unhurried, Betsy sat down, crossed her ankles demurely. "I lied to get in to you. I'm telling you, so you won't blame anybody."

"It's a compliment when a lady lies to see a man."

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"Or a danger," Betsy laughed. Van Dirk was looking at her queerly. "You told me once to come to you—" she began.

"Or words to that effect," he amended. "Haney never did put you in a picture, did he?"

"Yes—it's not released—just a bit." She never knew how it happened that she began to tell him the whole story. She remembered vaguely that he asked questions, innocent ones, not so innocent after all because he drew out of her what he wanted.

"You're young yet," he said finally. "Maybe some time in the future we'll be doing your kind of picture—"

If Philo Haney didn't want her, Van Dirk didn't.

DORIS FOSTER had finished work on her latest film. Van Dirk and the others at Excelsior had no opinion of it, no belief concerning its effect. They could only hope that by one of those miracles known but unexplained in Hollywood or elsewhere, she would at least earn her long and expensive training.

At any rate, she was free to do the night spots for a time, and on the night before the premiere of the Jordan's second picture, "Sashay Round Your Partner," she and Phil were celebrating. It was not one of the smartest places, but Phil had a sudden desire to go to a quiet place and enjoy Doris.

The floor show was on. Phil and Doris gave no attention to the band, to a juggler who used only eating paraphernalia, to a girl who swung everything from the National Anthem to her hips. Then the band was playing an introduction which sounded vaguely familiar to Phil. He looked up sharply to see Betsy standing before the microphone. The sight of her gave him a turn, reminding him of how completely he had forgotten her and how much had happened since he had last thought of her. She was going to sing—here. Why, that must mean that nothing had come of Haney's interest. *She was back where she had started* and he was sitting on top.

Betsy began to sing. Her number was one which, ironically enough, she had sung the night Haney had singled her out. Phil wondered if she had seen him, wondered if she hadn't, and suddenly felt a desire to crawl away or get up and sing beside her. She wore a short white silk dress with a wide sash, a big pink bow in her hair.

The song was concerned, appropriately, with her dressing for Sunday school, her walk to church, the minister, the bold boy who tries to undo her sash. That well-bred impudence was still there, even more well-bred and pointed.

"She's different," Phil said enthusiastically. "She's a real performer now."

Doris had been watching him as he watched Betsy. "Somebody you know, darling?"

"Betsy Bell."

"Betsy Bell—Betsy—oh yes, I remember. Haney picked her up. A flop before she began, wasn't she? You know her well?"

"We worked in the same show . . . I'd like to see her a minute, Doris. I'll be right back."

And abruptly Phil was on his feet.

One chance in a hundred that Phil and Betsy would meet again in Hollywood—and this was it. One chance in a thousand that they would find again the emotion that had been between them—and this was it, too. Continue this unusual love story in May Photoplay-Movie Mirror.



## LOVABLE, too—a girlish Face that's Satin-Smooth for Kisses



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### Walter Pidgeon on the Spot (Things We Like about Walter Pidgeon)

(Continued from page 36) Canada he talked of the wonderful St. John apples and maple sugar he remembered from his boyhood days. He even mentioned them over the radio his first night there. His hotel room was crowded with the apples and maple sugar when he got back. He packed them in his pockets and bag and carted them everywhere he went.

His charm lies, too, in the fact he never forgets an old friend. One such is E. C. Leslie who occupied the adjoining bed in a Canadian hospital room during the last war where Walter lay an invalid for eighteen months when he accidentally got squeezed between caissons. He's never lost track of his sick-mate. When Leslie passed through town on his last trip, it was a genuine blow to Walter to learn that they could have only a short while together due to train connections.

You see, if you expected a sophisticate, you were wrong. *Mrs. Miniver's* husband is perhaps the most real, most natural man in Hollywood.

He remembers people's names. "The Fraziers were charming to us," he'd remark. "let's send them some flowers and a gift to the children," and he'd remember their names, each and every one of them although he had met them only once.

His easy naturalness is felt the minute he enters a room. It gets a dull party going and keeps a good party alive.

Three young women of the W.A.A.C.'s were delegated to drive Walter from one spot to another in Canada. But that wasn't the end as far as he was con-

cerned. They must come in to tea. Be made to feel his gratitude.

We like the way he calls his daughter "Little Pidge." We like the way he keeps his private life private. He and Mrs. Pidgeon spend most of their free time in Santa Barbara with friends. We like the way he never forgets a friendly gesture and how gladly he leaped into a small bit (a half day's work) in the picture "The Youngest Profession" because the director, Eddie Buzzell, gave him his first chance at Universal. That was after Walter made his second entrance into movies with the determined stand not to sing.

And sing he hasn't, although he does so very well. In fact, it was Fred Astaire who, after hearing Pidgeon sing at a party one night years ago, insisted he do something with his music. Not caring much for the banking job he had, Walter tried out for a role in an Elsie Janis show. He got it. He wasn't a terrific hit in the act with his highbrow songs, but a man named Berlin, Irving Berlin, dropped around later at Walter's hotel and said, "Look, I've got a song I haven't been able to sell. You take it and use it." It was only that unforgettable air that goes:

"All alone, I'm so all alone  
For there's no one else but you."

We like the way he speaks of his brothers, the doctor in Boston, the businessman in Toronto, the sister Mrs. Raoul Walsh in Hollywood. We like his little sort-of-hidden sense of the ridiculous.

Once while waiting off stage in an anteroom to make a speech the phone

rang on the table near him. He answered it, although he was in a strange city and knew no one. The party at the other end wanted to know if Walter Pidgeon was going to be there that night.

"You mean that eminent American actor?" Walter asked. "That star of 'Mrs. Miniver'?" That great thespian of Hollywood? Yes, certainly he'll be here, but between you and me I don't think he'll be much good!" And all to himself he had a little chuckle over it.

Not by so much as an iota has Hollywood touched him. We remember his saying once, not bitterly, but with a touch of pity for Hollywood and its snobbish silliness, that no, he hadn't been asked to a certain party.

"You see," he said, "I'm only a feature player and that person's a star and that doesn't quite make me eligible as a guest."

We looked at him. Handsome, well-bred, charming, a gentleman with a wide acquaintance everywhere. Somehow we were able to see Hollywood through the eyes of a tolerant, understanding gentleman for the first time. It did us good.

Today he's a star. Human, kind, understanding, charming, urbane and yet simple—in other words, a man among men doing a job and doing it well in the oddest town in the world.

He never brags, splashes, goes places to be seen, wears odd Hollywood garments or makes odd Hollywood comments.

Women are crazy about him. Walter doesn't mind in the least. He likes them, too.

THE END



## Walter Pidgeon on the Spot (Things I Don't Like about Myself)

(Continued from page 37) this afterwards and asked why it was. I was informed that the kids could exchange three Walter Pidgeons for one Mickey Rooney. It seemed a fair enough deal.

**I REGRET** only mildly (I confess to this) the inconveniences caused others through the loyalty of fans. The incident that happened to my brother in Toronto is an example. I had telephoned ahead I'd be there that evening for dinner and somehow the word got around and those people I never see but love, the motion-picture fans, began ringing the doorbell and (good for them) kept it up all day. Finally at six o'clock the maid could bear it no longer and, throwing off her apron, resigned.

"I can't stand it," she said, "the doorbell ringing all day with them kids wanting your brother's writin'."

That suits me right down to the ground. The maid would probably have gone into a defense plant, anyway.

This six feet three of me can be a boring nuisance. On our recent trip I found it impossible to compact it into a railroad berth. Either my knees would be under my chin or my feet out the curtains. As a result I spent half my time sitting up in the lounge car.

I confess I like to bewilder audiences a bit. Like the story I told a Canadian audience about the bewitching young lady I had flirted with at dinner the night before. She was sitting at a table near by with another attractive miss and I found it completely impossible to keep my eyes off her. As I told the story I could see the look of amazement on

the faces of the men and women before me. A married man flirting around and talking about it publicly had them completely bewildered. I went on with the story and told how finally my companion and I induced the young ladies to join us at our table. I told how I'd anticipated a big evening later on and how terribly disappointed I was when the girls announced they'd really have to leave us. They had to be in bed at eight o'clock because, they explained, they were only eight years old themselves and, as my own beauty, whose name was Susan Holman, said, if her mother Vivien Leigh who was in London knew she'd stayed up past bedtime she'd be annoyed.

The audience took it big, of course. Up to that point they'd been ready to walk out on me. I regret I haven't the words to describe the charm and vivaciousness of Miss Leigh's beautiful daughter. There will be an irresistible beauty a few years from now.

I enjoy a rib on a friend. Maybe that isn't so kind, either, but I had the laugh on Larry and Leo Dolon, head of the Dominion Tourist Bureau, who next day were walking near the school when Miss Leigh's daughter and little friend came along. "Oh, Mr. Pidgeon must still be here," they cried. "There are his two servants."

I never let Larry or Leo forget that one for a minute.

**I CONFESS** none of us recognized the power of "Mrs. Miniver" while we were making it. We knew it was a good picture. And while we're talking about

it, I don't mind being referred to as *Mr. Miniver* in the least. With Greer Garson such an attractive *Mrs. Miniver*, who would?

Reluctantly I confess to a bit of sentimentality in one direction—my make-up box. It's battered, worn, glued together and frayed around the edges, but I hold on to it for two reasons. It was my first make-up box and it was given me by Miss Elsie Janis. Good enough reason for any man. Offhand, I can't think of any other sentimental weaknesses.

They tell me I'm a finger twister orator; that all the time I'm delivering a War Bond plea, I'm practically twisting my hands off behind my back. Well, it's those in front I aim to please and what goes on behind my back doesn't count.

There have been several aspersions cast upon my appetite, a point I'd like to take up here. I'm not going to make any apologies, if that's what has been hoped for. I enjoy three hearty meals a day with pie for dessert and fruit between meals. I've been called the champion cake-eater of our times and I'm proud of the title. Cake and I are compatible and that's that.

In a way I regret I'm a chain smoker, but I vary cigarettes with a pipe. Come to think of it, the smoking habit did result in an unexpected pleasure. The day after my meeting with little Susan Holman she presented me with a cigarette lighter as a memento of our meeting and a treasured souvenir spoon came from her little friend. Gifts from such lovely young ladies are to be cherished.

THE END

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## Hedy over Heels in Love

(Continued from page 30) So she purchased a gay new wardrobe and fortified herself for another fling at life.

Orson Welles came first on the new schedule. He had repeatedly asked her to dine with him. An immediate friendship sprang up between her and Joseph Cotten, for to know Orson is to know Joe. Their friends, in turn, welcomed the beautiful Hedy into their bright and shining circle.

Then the old lazy habits began to fasten themselves on her again. One by one her new friends gave up the struggle.

"We like her, think she's a grand girl," they said, "but we simply will not put up with her not showing up for dinners at all or coming in hours late with no notice." And, believe it or not, neither would Orson. "She's beautiful, but I'm weary of never getting to dinner until eleven o'clock and then having to go home at once," Orson is reported to have confessed. Or maybe Hedy felt keeping up with the intellectual Orson just not worth the effort.

AND so at this crossroads of their lives Hedy and John Loder found each other. Their first formal dinner led to simple ones at Hedy's home. A little fearful at first lest this would turn out to be another front-page romance, Hedy was delighted to find John hated publicized romances as much as she. In fact, the day after a Lamarr-Loder item appeared in a local column a producer stopped John and congratulated him, suggesting it was a lucky publicity break for the actor. John committed the unpardonable sin in Hollywood. He denounced the producer up and down and made an enemy.

The life of John Loder has been a strange one. Finally slated for what looks like permanent success after his roles in "Old Acquaintance" and "Saratoga Trunk," the Englishman has had a life of heartaches and disappointments highlighted by moments of hope, success and happiness.

Marriage has always meant something sacred and wonderful to him. "When I was sixteen I commenced thinking about the time when I would have a home of my own," he said. "Our country place outside London was my dream. Nine months in a German prison camp during the first world war only served to intensify that dream. So at the close of the war I married the Swiss girl with whom I had fallen in love. We took the small son who was born to us over there and went back to London.

"In those days success seemed to be something worth striving for. I've always found that when you have happiness in your home success comes with little effort," he said.

John's first Hollywood venture was under the auspices of Jesse Lasky. It wasn't a successful one. His Swiss wife became so homesick that he had to send her and his son back to her family in Switzerland. Two years later he gave up and followed her. But by this time separation had made them total strangers. The thought of living together was embarrassing to both. By mutual consent his wife got a divorce.

It was when he was called to Paris to make a picture with Boyer that he met the girl who was to become his second wife. It was her simplicity, as well as her beauty, that attracted him. She was dressed in a plain shirtwaist and skirt and he mistook her for a script girl.

"Don't be silly," Boyer told him, "that's Micheline Chevel, who is playing the lead opposite Jean Gabin."

Right from the start it seemed as though they had always known each other. When she laughingly said, "I intend to marry before I am twenty, which will be in four months," he lost no time in pointing to himself and smiling, "How about me?"

They were married in June. This time John was determined nothing should mar his marriage.

"I will be the perfect husband," he assured himself. "This will be the perfect union." Thus every wish of his wife's was abundantly granted. And when John learned a baby was on the way, it seemed as if this time surely his dream would be realized.

But hard times struck the English film companies. War was in the air. When an offer came from Paramount in Hollywood John dared not leave his wife and baby girl behind him. The war finally broke and Mrs. Loder yearned openly for her homeland. Once again John found himself with a wife pining for her European family.

To make matters worse his Paramount contract did not work out. From their Beverly Hills home they moved to smaller, more modest quarters. Hardship was no help to their wavering marriage and again recriminations started. The contract at Twentieth Century-Fox gave them new hope and both eagerly tried to recapture their lost happiness.

It was no use. When Loder left Fox, they decided on a separation and a divorce which gave his little four-year-old daughter to Micheline.

For months after their separation John went nowhere and saw no one. He was completely embittered and disillusioned.

"There are things I should like to tell my seventeen-year-old son over in England," he said not long ago. "I should like to help him understand how very important it is to choose the right mate. Help him to realize a successful marriage is the foundation for all that is worth while in life. Men all over the world are searching for love and happiness, but few are fortunate enough to draw their lucky numbers."

HAS John Loder at last found his "lucky number" in Hedy Lamarr? We think so for several reasons. In the first place Hedy had long ago recovered from the unpleasant memories of her two marriages. It's only the recent romances that have hurt, and a hurt heart is one that is open to solace.

Twice before they had met in Europe for brief moments. The first time was six years ago, and Hedy was married then to her first husband and John to his first wife. The meeting was casual. They met the second time in Hollywood. This time Hedy was married to Gene Markey, John to his French wife and again the meeting meant nothing. Now, in the three languages they both speak, they love to recall memories of their lives in so many European countries. Neither cares for large groups of people and both declare they'll share their evenings with only their few friends, including the Conrad Veidts, the Ray Millands, Ann Sothorn and Jerry Asher, whom they both like.

That anyone can extract pleasure from simple, homey things intrigues this man, whose hope of ever finding happiness, especially in Hollywood, had been lost. For instance, the large pencil circles drawn around newspaper notices of Hedy's favorite radio shows and hung over the radio as a reminder amuse him. And there's to be no talking during the Fred Allen show or the Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Take It or Leave It and Information Please programs. These are Hedy's favorites and from them she extracts almost childlike pleasure.

An expert rider, he has revived Hedy's interest in riding.

But no longer does she affect the bright satin cowboy shirts she wore during the George Montgomery courtship. They now ride at the far end of the Riviera polo fields, unnoticed by others.

In Hedy, John has found a woman who lives gracefully and comfortably, whose simple interests and love of quiet home life have struck a deep, responsive chord in him. A woman not burning up every second of life trying to make Hollywood pay off.

In John, Hedy has found dependability, a man who firmly but charmingly says, "Now we shall leave for dinner," and sees to it that they do. A man who knows how to advise her, help her, share her quiet hours.

No wonder the glow in their eyes is almost unbelievable.

It's a glow that comes straight from two lonely hearts; hearts that are fairly sure that at last their dreams may come true.

The End.



Orson Welles spared nothing while he was wooing Hedy Lamarr; he followed the same technique when he gave the whole-truth reason why they broke up



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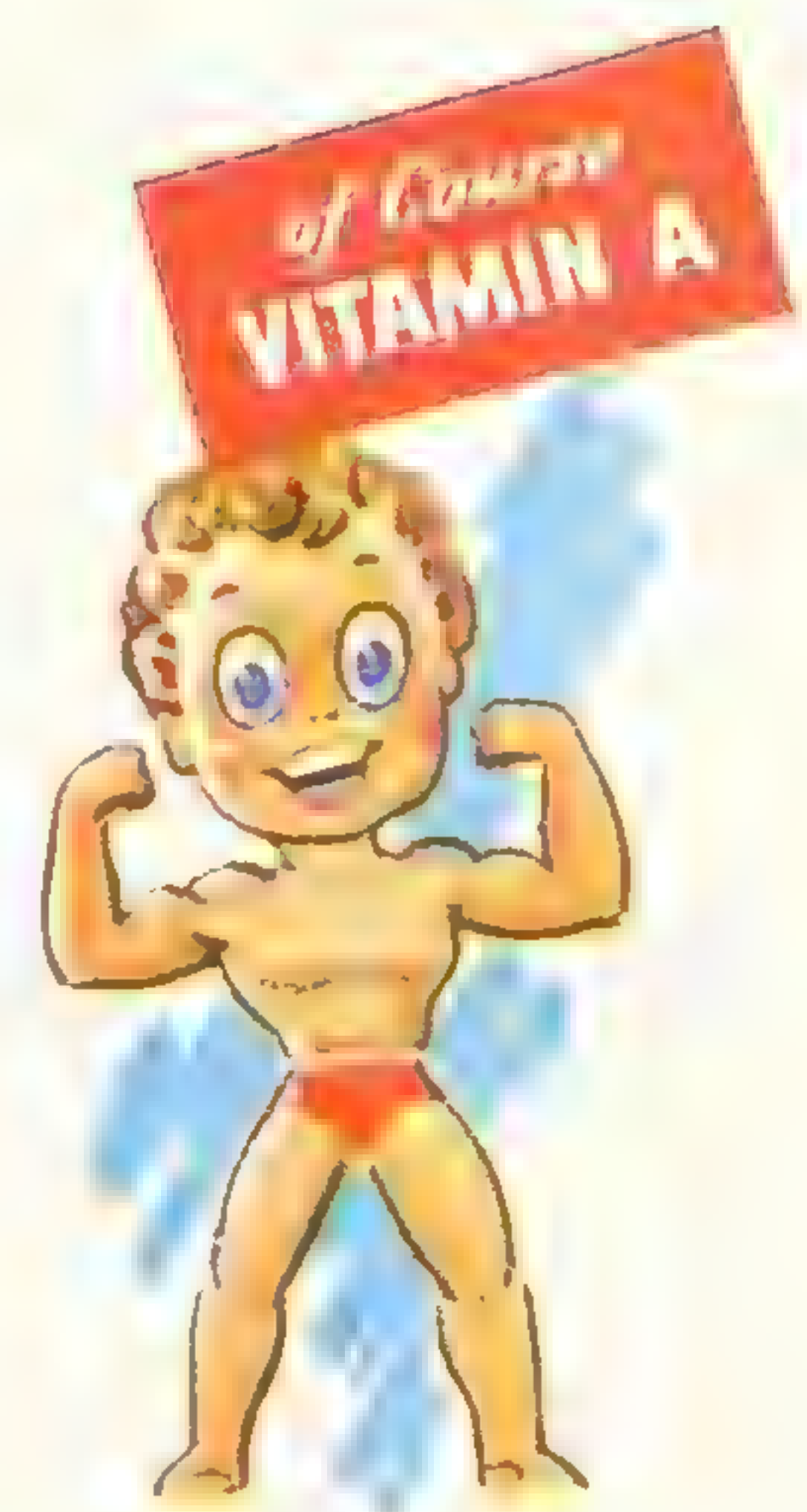
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## I've Been Lonely

(Continued from page 60) the two long months I spent at Stevens College when the girls did not want me in their sorority because I was working my way.

There have been times when I've been lonely in a group because those around me seemed to know so much more than I.

There have been moments when I've been lonely simply because I was alone and had nothing to do.

But I am not lonely any more! And this isn't because I'm now happily married. I conquered my loneliness while I still was alone. It would be exciting if I could say something dramatic occurred to take my fear of loneliness away. But it was only a trifling thing.

One evening, looking over old snapshots, I found a picture of myself at eight years of age, sitting on the steps of our house back in Oklahoma. This picture reminded me of a time when our

postman discovered me dreaming on those steps and I explained I was thinking how I would be a dancer and an actress when I grew up.

He nodded approvingly. "It's good to dream," he told me. "When you dream a thing it is half done."

He was so right!

I realized that evening, for the first time, that the hours I had spent dreaming on those old porch steps had helped me determine what I wanted from life.

"This fear of loneliness I've acquired," I warned myself, "is depriving me of the time alone I need to dream and be acquainted with myself. If I don't dream, if I'm not acquainted with myself to know what I want from life, I can't possibly progress."

Even as I was thinking this my attitude was changing and I was beginning to regard solitude as an opportunity for personal growth to be cherished. The first half of my battle against a fear of loneliness was won right there.

The second half of my battle took longer. But it became easier all the time. For the more hours I spent alone the better acquainted with myself I became. The better acquainted with myself I became the more new interests I discovered. The more new interests I discovered the warmer and fuller my life was. The fuller my life was the clearer my perspective. The clearer my perspective the more keenly I realized it isn't by having people around that you banish loneliness ever; that it's by being right with yourself.

We're right with ourselves only when we spend enough time alone to know ourselves, the manner of person we want to be, and exactly what we want from life; and when we go on from there to bring all these things to pass.

With all my heart I bless the little girl I used to be. She served me well in actuality and in memory.

THE END

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## The Remarkable Andrews

(Continued from page 45) impetus toward Hollywood. Sound had come in, and the little movie house's owner could not afford the expensive Vitaphone equipment. Dana was assigned the task of faking necessary sound effects, such as the roaring plane motors in "Wings" or the thud when something fell. Watching the same pictures over and over, he grew bored with the stories and began analyzing techniques of the players. "My gosh," he decided finally, "anybody could do that. Why, I could do it—"

He had finished grade and high school in Uvalde and was majoring in economics at Sam Houston College, Huntsville. He got his degree, worked hard for two years, saved \$1,000 and then, in a perverse mood brought on by a goodbye-for-ever battle with a current girl friend, went to New York and dramatically spent it all on a two weeks' bust. It was 1930 before he screwed up enough ambition to think of Hollywood again.

BY that time he was chief accountant for a large corporation in Austin, Texas. Then, one afternoon, he was sent for and told his work had earned him a raise.

"I appreciate that," he told his boss, "but I'm resigning."

"May I ask why?"

"I'm going to Hollywood."

"I wouldn't do that. My son tried it, and nearly starved to death."

"Thanks," Dana said. "I may not get anywhere in Hollywood, but I won't starve. Not even nearly."

This was excellent as bravado, but not as prophecy. A year later he was driving a bus in San Fernando Valley, for eight dollars a week.

He lived a couple of lifetimes, emotionally, during the next twelve years. He knew success and failure; he fell in love, married his girl, had a son. Only a little over a year later, in 1935, he sat beside his wife in a hospital and watched her die, and with her their second child—and in despair he believed that his God had forsaken him. His responsibility to David, the first-born, whose existence depended on him saw him through the dark months that followed. Then, because Dana was young and youth forgets pain easily, he lost himself in work and in time found love again.

Janet Murray, his first wife, whom he had met at the Van Nuys Amateur Little Theater, had encouraged him to take singing lessons. A businessman named Stanley Toomey financed him. Furthermore, Toomey had found an agent and arranged an audition.

"Good voice, well-trained," the agent commented. "Can you act?"

"No."

"Better learn," said the agent. "Come back when you have."

Still with Toomey's backing, Dana went to Gilmore Brown's Community playhouse in Pasadena and started there as a spear-carrier during the Shakespeare festival. After that Brown gave him a part in "Paths Of Glory," whereupon three studios—M-G-M, Paramount and Warners—called him for tests. Convinced that the big break had come at last, he called Toomey and told him to get ready to start realizing on his investment.

Toomey got his first installment three years later. Then it was Goldwyn money, not Paramount or Warners or M-G-M money, that Dana remitted. Goldwyn began paying him \$150 a week in 1939,

found nothing for him to do and let him go back to the playhouse for another twelve months. They were important months, since he spent them falling in love with Mary Todd, a gay young blonde comedienne. They were married that November, and she brought him luck—not long afterwards Goldwyn cast Dana in "The Westerner," "discovering" him (at the preview) for the first time.

Then began the succession of pictures in which, nine times, Dana was discovered. After his first test with Director Willie Wyler's wife he was showered with compliments and given a small part in "The Westerner." With its release, Goldwyn told him he was the fair-haired boy of the lot, promptly sold half of his contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. There, he was given a small role in "The Sailor's Lady."

Upon seeing the rushes of that one, Alan Dwan rushed to Darryl Zanuck with the good news that he had signed a terrific new personality. "Fine," said Zanuck. "We must use him."

They gave him a small part in "Lucky Cisco Kid." His producer and everyone else connected with the picture raved about his performance. "Your next picture will be the works," they told him.

Six months later they gave him a bit in "Tobacco Road." And—but is this routine getting a little monotonous? It was to Dana, anyway.

Seven months after that he got the usual small role in "Belle Starr," and more raves; and then the break in "Swamp Water," after which everyone assured him he was really a star, now. He went into "Ball Of Fire." The critics all gave him the same "discovery" treatment that Alan Ladd got when "This Gun For Hire" was previewed.

Seven months later . . . oh, well, he made "Berlin Correspondent," and "The Ox Bow Incident," and "Crash Dive," and people congratulated Zanuck on "the great Andrews property."

Zanuck said, "Have we got him?"

"Half of him," his lawyers told him.

Tyrone and Fonda were packing to leave. "See if you can buy the rest of his contract," Twentieth told Dana's agent.

The agent shook his head. "I've already seen Goldwyn. He wants me to buy your half for him."

THE new Andrews house in San Fernando Valley, fruit of a raise developing from the fourth discovery, was completed just under the line drawn by the Federal Housing Authority, when it froze building of nonessential private dwellings for the duration. It has therefore a breathless and slightly unfinished feeling about it, accentuated by the bareness of the living room so far as furniture is concerned. The bar-library, on the other hand, is complete—an indication of its owner's congenial nature.

The Andrews household is redolently new-married, noisily lived-in, full of young moderns and their offspring. Mary clatters in the kitchen, ripping the pages from cookbooks with one hand and snatching endangered steaks from the too-hot broiler with the other. In one corner of the library Dana shouts at an interviewing columnist above the blare of the radio, before which nine-year-old David sits in tense adoration of "The Lone Ranger." From the nursery, the new baby's indignant bellowing enlivens the general symphony and just outside on the lawn the family spaniel,

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## Evening in Paris

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barking at gophers, completes it.

On occasion, suddenly cognizant of his role as ruler of the menage, Dana seeks to restore order. He sticks his head out the window and silences the dog with a command; he strides to the kitchen, turning the radio down to a dull roar on his way, consoles Mary by throwing the steaks—or rather, the charred embers of steaks—into the garbage receptacle and unearthing a can-of-something from somewhere; he proceeds to the nursery, where he picks up the baby. . . .

Thence his voice bellows forth. To his aid Mary gallops, fearing the worst; and it is the worst. She ooped on me!" cries Dana, in amazement and fury. And while the can-of-something, left heating in a pot without water on the stove, explodes to the kitchen ceiling, Mary accepts the now-contented, cooing Kathryn while Dana pounds upstairs to change his shirt.

Outside, the spaniel has resumed his frantic war on the gophers. David, having heard out the "Lone Ranger" program with his ear to the loud-speaker grill, has turned on the "Ellery Queen" mystery hour and is comfortably curled in a chair in the next room, listening to it.

It is not always so, of course. There are periods when David is at school, Mary has the baby on a visit to the pediatrician and the spaniel is off wooing a near-by Great Dane ("In the true Andrews spirit," remarks his master proudly), and at these times, in the unwonted silence, Dana works in his garden. It is a very young garden, spotted with drooping or already dead experiments, but it is going to be all right. The badminton court, of course, turned out to be in the path of a little gale which regularly swoops across it from a declivity in the near-by hills—and a windbreak of cypress would spoil the view—but the lawns are already things of beauty, except for a strip he missed when spreading fertilizer. The silver birches, you will be glad to know—and if you aren't, you will have to listen anyhow while he reassures you—have survived the recent dry spell and show promise of having rooted nicely in their new environment.

So, it appears, has Dana Andrews in his.

THE END



Two "Remarkable Andrews"—Dana wooing infant daughter Kathryn, Kathryn turning glamour gal for Papa

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## Portrait of a Best Dressed Woman

(Continued from page 49) in the Army Air Corps.

She likes horseback riding but is always falling off. She chews gum and doesn't believe in fortunetellers. She is inordinately fond of cheeses, including Limburger, and her favorite colors are blue and yellow.

She sleeps on her right side.

She speaks bad French.

She believes environment infinitely more important than heredity. She never has dieted, and writes letters on the typewriter, using two fingers.

She likes banana splits and waited two nights at a local jitterbug emporium for a glimpse of a zoot suit. She can ride a bicycle, is an expert bridge player, and she lives in a two-story, white-brick English house in Beverly Hills. Her father is of Irish descent, her mother of Irish, English and Scotch.

She never fails to talk a traffic cop out of a ticket, once having even made one cry. She has never bitten her nails.

She smokes an average of two packs of cigarettes a day and vociferously objects to her husband's being unshaven around the house.

She is a brilliant conversationalist and is one of the most war-active women in the motion-picture colony. She will eat anything with an "i" in it.

**R**OSALIND RUSSELL expects her baby in April.

She always takes her shoes off whenever she gets a chance and she admires most the quality of sensitivity in men. She flunked in chemistry.

She derives special pleasure in watching basketball and ice hockey. She prefers fox trot to any other type of ballroom dancing. She has never worn glasses.

She considers "Trouble For Two" her worst picture, never uses a cigarette holder, and thinks the most beautiful architectural feature she has ever seen is the famous copper doors in Perugia, Italy.

She is very fond of cracked crab with hot mustard.

Her father never spanked her but her mother did. She invariably finishes anything she starts. Her childhood idol was Eddie Rickenbacker.

She always wears earrings.

She has never been in the New York Aquarium.

She plans to quit pictures "when she is a hundred and twelve years old." She eats a good breakfast, usually in bed.

**S**HE dislikes wearing slacks and opines that good taste is not the result of education. She had a bad case of claustrophobia.

She never as a little girl believed in fairy tales, her natal city is Waterbury, Connecticut, and she has never changed the color of her hair. Her mother was a schoolteacher.

She always cries at sad movies.

She was outstanding at school in Latin, English and Theology. She hates watching lacrosse games and considers the Champs Élysées in Paris the most beautiful street in the world.

She never reads the comics.

She always has flowers in her bedroom, her clothes preferences lean toward tailored suits and frocks, particularly spectator sports. She is exceptionally well-informed on world affairs.

She is determined that her baby will

"Yep, he fell for these hands on the Sweetheart Shift!"

"Smooth and pretty after using **HINDS**—that **HONEY** of a lotion!"

Me—I'm helping win the war on the production front. But, say, grease and grime were tough on my hands—till I started using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream *before and after* work. Its skin-softeners help guard against ground-in dirt. And my hands wash up soft and pretty as can be!

Sweet, you're just a bundle of love—with the softest hands I ever ached for!

**HONEY**—Beauty Advisor, says:

**EXTRA-SOFTENING!** Hinds is an extra-creamy emulsion of skin-softening ingredients.

**WORKS FAST!** Even one application of Hinds gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look...a comfy feel.

**EFFECT LASTS!** Hinds skin-softeners help protect skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

**DOES GOOD!** Not gummy, not sticky—doesn't just cover up roughness. Actually *benefits* skin.

At toilet goods counters

Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

**HINDS for HANDS**  
and wherever skin needs softening!

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## Will you do without an evening gown today —for a wedding dress tomorrow?

**T**HAT'S a gorgeous evening gown you're thinking of buying. It's so gay and glamorous—and what a flattering neckline! It's YOU.

But who's going to see you wear it—if America loses the war?

Not that soldier you kissed goodbye in a mist of tears! He won't see it until it's years out of style if America should lose the war.

Remember! Germany knocked out France in June, 1940. And today millions of Frenchmen are *still* Nazi prisoners.

That's the pattern—of defeat.

So, if you want that soldier of yours home before too many springtimes have passed—if you want that big church wedding *soon*—you won't buy that evening gown!

You'll buy U. S. War Bonds instead and make sure we win the war!

Just what are U. S. War Bonds?

They're the incendiaries that will rain on Tokyo and Berlin—the landing barges that will win back the Philippines!

They're your anchor to windward—your nest-egg for the future.

They're your white satin wedding dress, your coronet of lace, that little house you dream of.

And they're the safest, soundest investment in all the history of mankind!

### Here's what War Bonds do for You!

- 1** They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.
- 2** They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
- 3** They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . this is interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
- 4** You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days. The longer you hold them, the more they're worth.
- 5** They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially-strongest institution in the world: The United States of America!

**SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY**

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CALOX TOOTH POWDER • BEXEL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES  
ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM • YODORA DEODORANT • SORETONE

not be named after any relatives.

She has a wire-haired terrier whom she calls Crumbs because his predecessor who died was called Crackers. She is five feet, six and a half inches tall. She is always self-reliant, never drinks wine and never reads publicity about herself.

Rosalind Russell admires most, above all living public figures, Chiang Kai-shek. She attended Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. She weighs a hundred and twenty pounds and nurtures a secret desire to sing. She was married in the Santa Ynez Mission at Solvang, California.

She always has trouble spelling.

**S**HE always whistles or hums the latest tune she hears. She doesn't like chop suey and she likes to talk and be doing things and is seldom still. Her first professional appearance was with a tent show playing summer stock at Lake Placid in which she enacted the lead in "This Thing Called Love."

She was born in a heavy granite, three-story house which looked so much like a church that once a rabbi wanted to buy it. She is affected by high altitudes.

She confesses to being stubborn about admitting her mistakes.

She doesn't indulge in any gardening hobbies and thinks the courage of women their most admirable quality. She hides her self-consciousness under a bravado of uncommon intellect. She walks erect, briskly and with a long stride.

She is always taking notes of things she would like to do and she always suffers stage fright on the stage but not in the movies. Her only prescription for staying slim is eating so much of the main course that there is no room left for sweet desserts.

She awakens when working promptly at 5:30 without the aid of an alarm clock which she detests. She doesn't like walking in the rain.

She always goes out between the acts for a smoke. She is forthright and frank



A "welcome back to Hollywood" to Elissa Landi, who returned West after a long absence to play a young American doctor in "Corregidor"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



in press interviews, and spends more time in her attic than any other room in her house

Her only recollection of a blotch on the family escutcheon is "a couple of great-uncles who drank too much." She is an astute collector of early American antiques.

She designs many of her own gowns, swims with an overhand stroke, and prefers entertaining small groups. She is actually a good pianist, claims to play badly and displays a fine knack for interior decoration.

She doesn't like candy.

She and her husband call each other by their proper names. She is lucky at gambling and is never deceived by people. She is fond of corn-on-the-cob.

She plays a fair game of tennis and was declared by the voice teachers of America to have "the best voice on the screen." She would rather live in California than anywhere else in the world. She never goes to the Russian Ballet, likes hot seasoning, and opines that she most enjoyed strolling in St. James Park, London.

**S**HE has no aversion to cigar-smokers in her home, thinks "His Girl Friday" her best picture, and definitely believes in matrimonial vacations.

She is a particular admirer of the great modernist painters, Gauguin and Manet, never keeps her husband waiting and likes the smell of delicatessens and horses.

She was once lost in Brooklyn.

She plays golf in the low nineties and has an excellent library of controversial books and children's stories. She made a complete tour of Europe as a young girl during school vacation. She has had her tonsils out and is very fond of poetry.

She is the proud possessor of three marines by John Whorf, famous American painter, and usually retires about ten when she is working. She seldom plays the piano for company, prefers playing when alone and invariably pounds at "Clair de la Lune."

She doesn't like detective stories, attends symphonies and violin recitals and made an astounding record at school in Waterbury in basketball and baseball due to her efforts to keep up with her brothers. Her first Broadway appearance was with Mady Christians in "Talent" and she believes radio has unquestionably raised the average appreciation of music. She reads the headlines of a newspaper first and then turns to the second page which she digests thoroughly.

She has never eaten snails in the marketplace in Paris and her first screen role was in "Evelyn Prentice" with William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Rosalind Russell was for years the classic bachelor girl of Hollywood and whenever asked about marriage, she would say: "I have no special type of man in mind. If I tell you I'll never marry an actor, I may wind up by marrying one after all. But I know one thing—when it happens to me—I'll know and I'll grab him."

She did.

*And now, if you  
want Roz's private  
tips on how you can  
be a best dressed lady  
in a best dressed land  
Turn this page!*

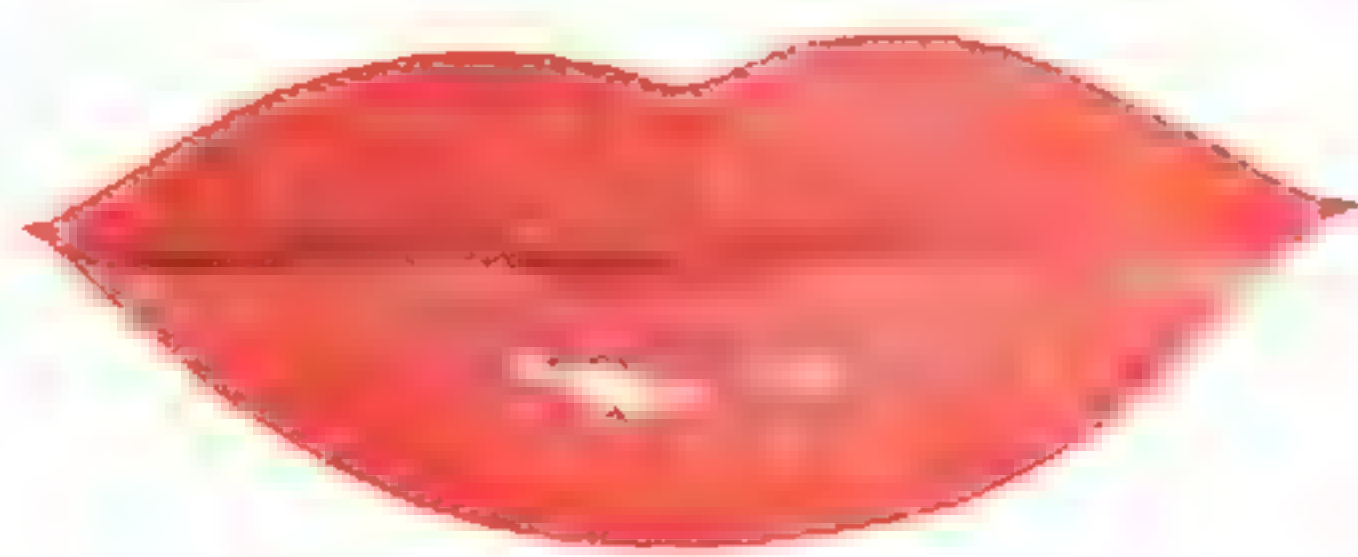
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IN RKO-RADIO'S  
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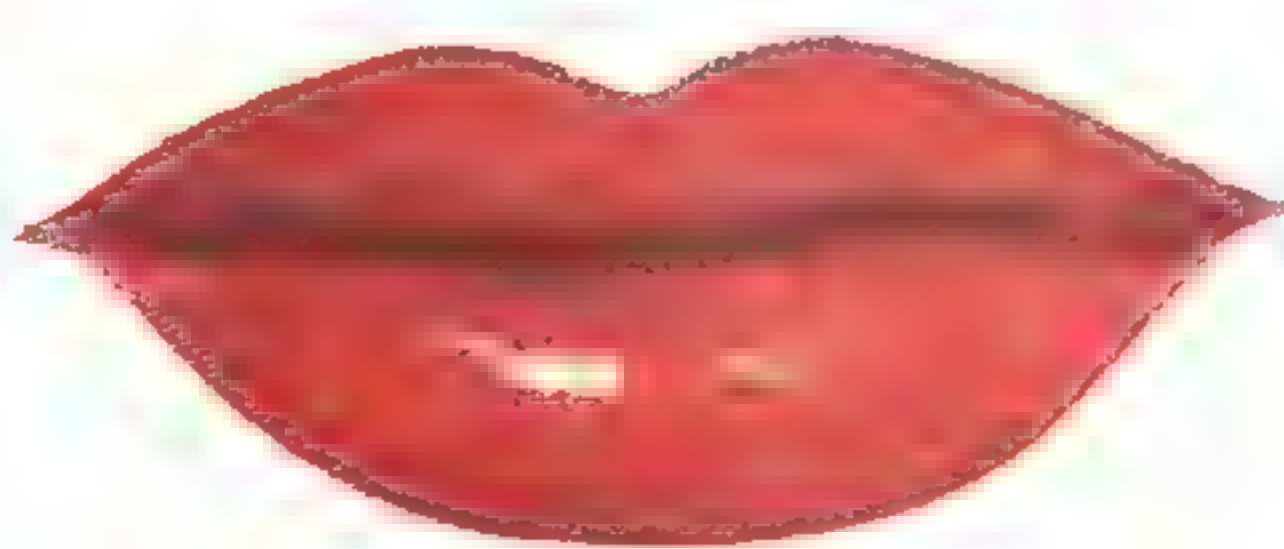


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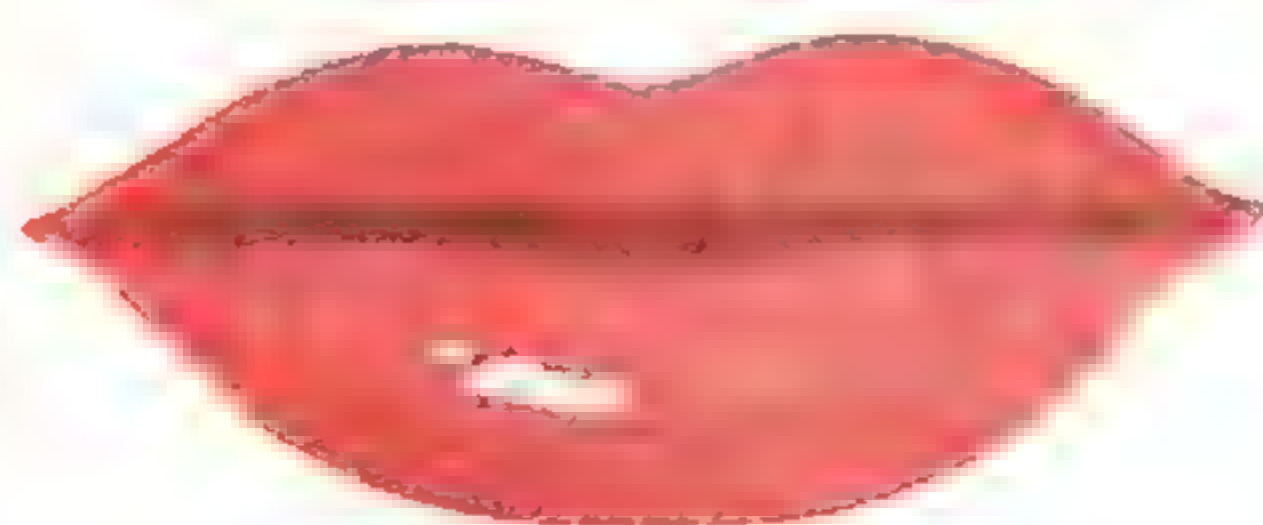
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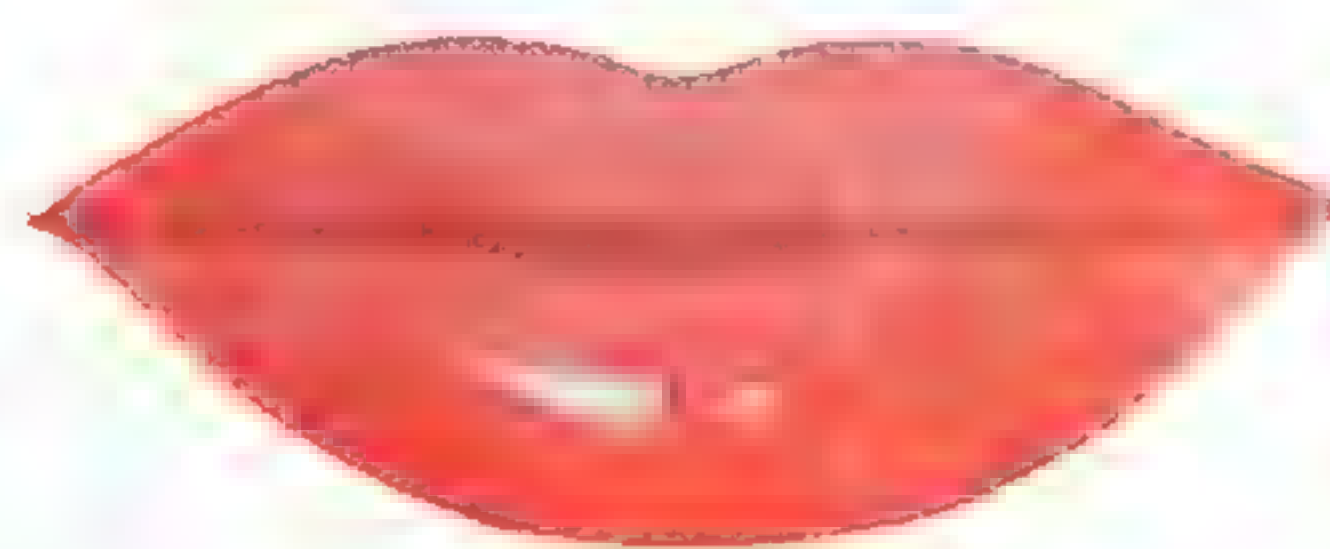
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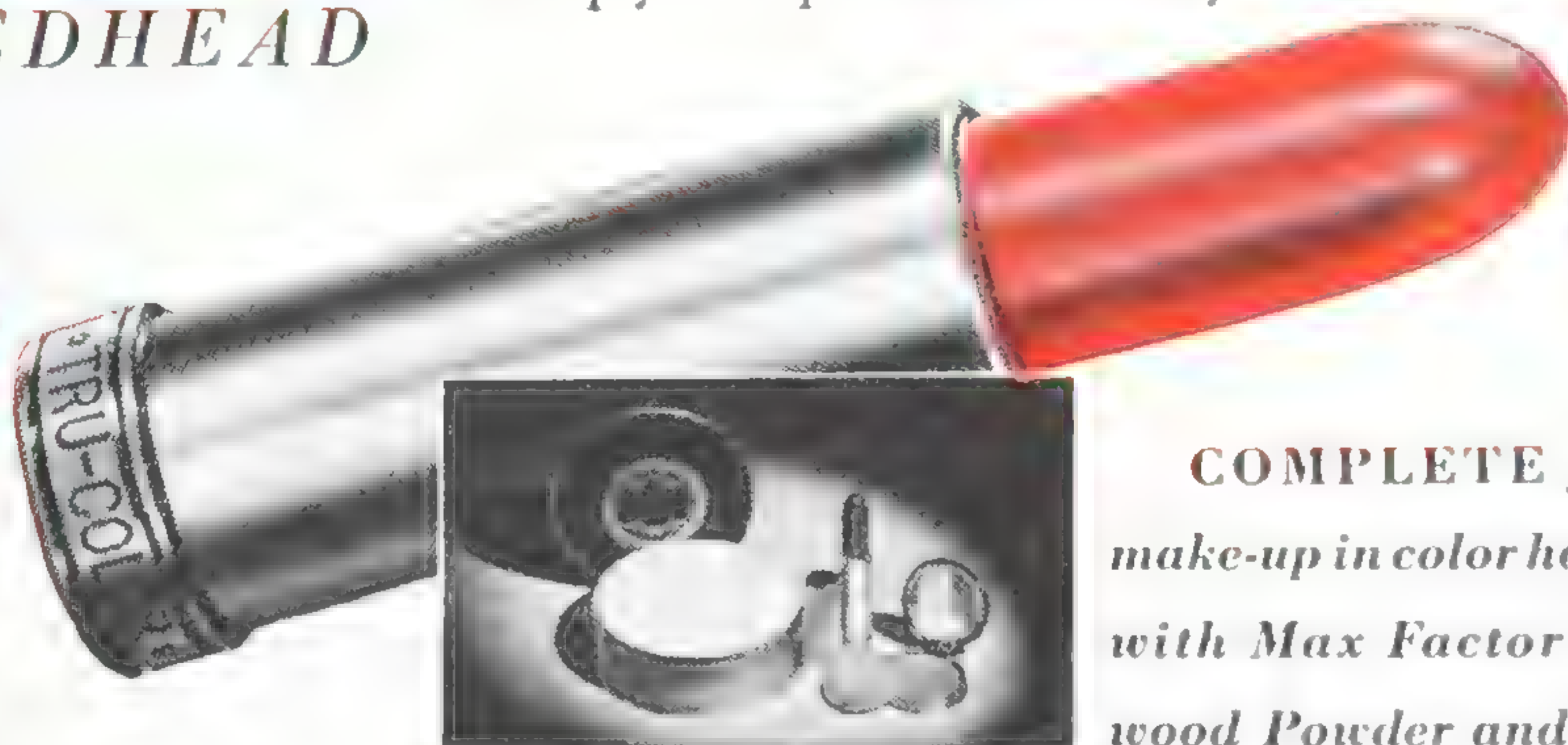


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every lipstick test

**H**ERE'S SOMETHING NEW for you in a lip make-up creation...Tru-Color Lipstick, created in lifelike shades of red based on a new patented\* color principle discovered by Max Factor Hollywood.

Yes, the color stays on through every lipstick test. Lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds, exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick...designed to accent your blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead beauty. Smooth in texture, non-drying...Tru-Color Lipstick helps keep your lips soft and lovely...\$1

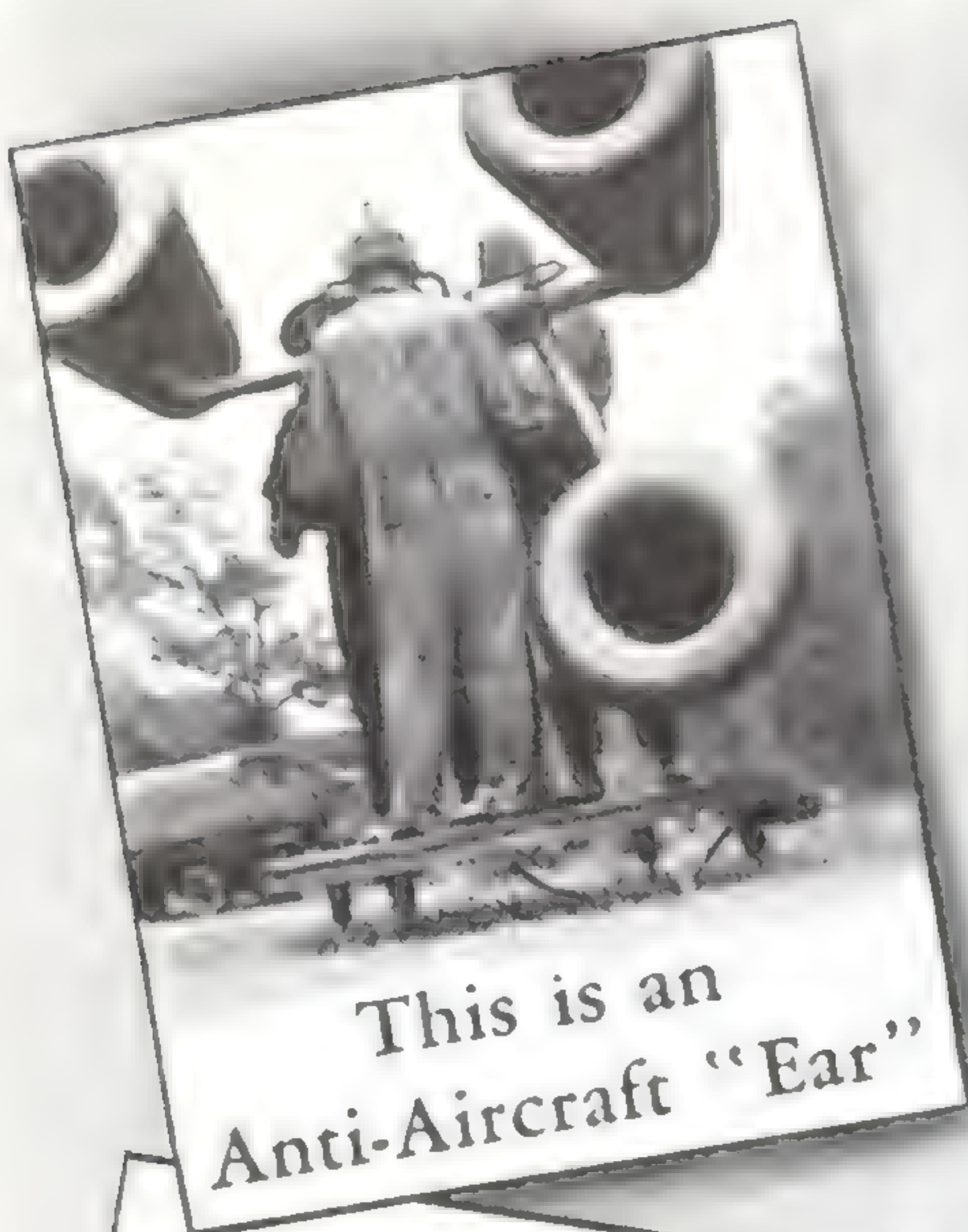


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No. 2,157,667  
2,211,465

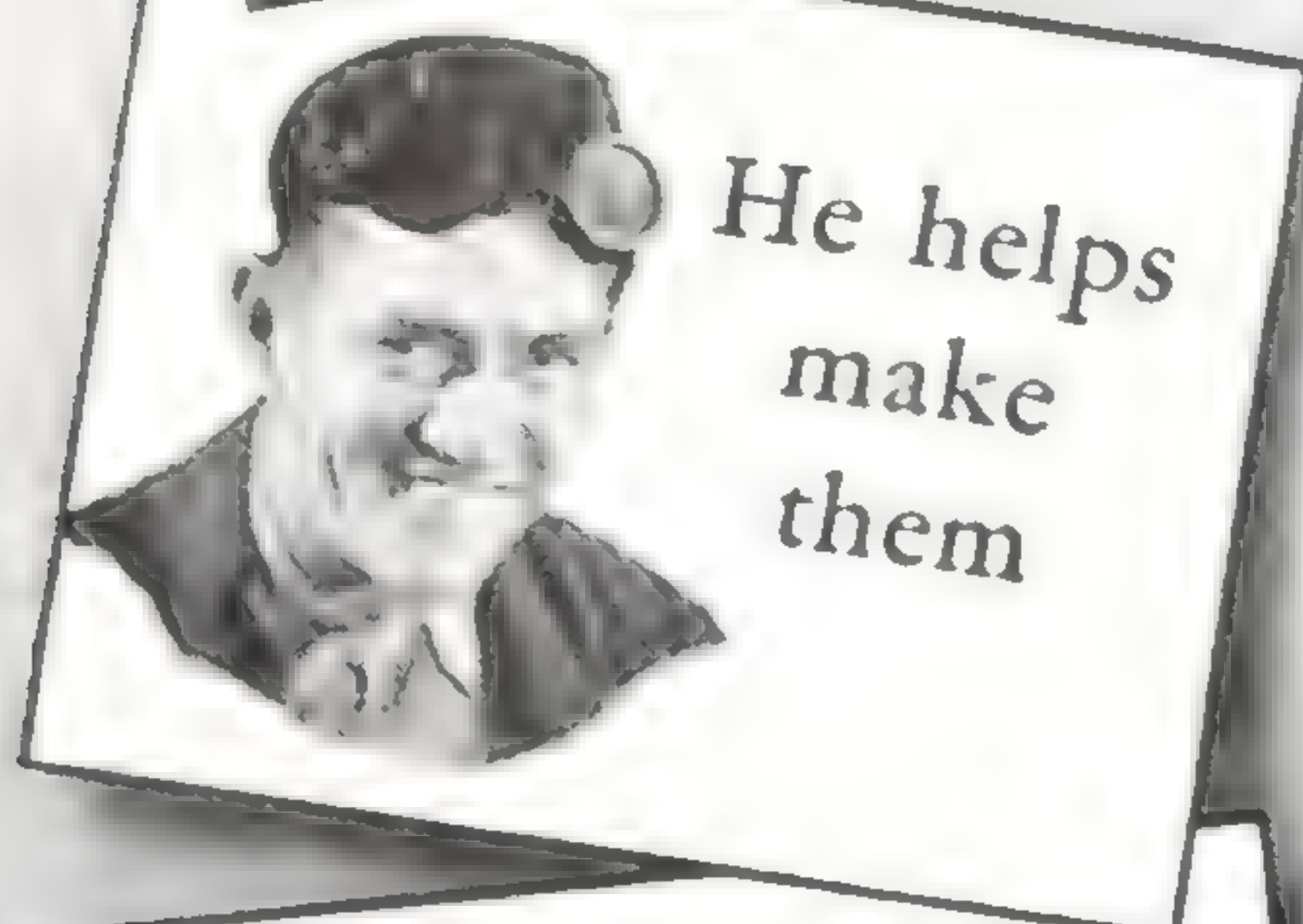
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with Max Factor Holly-  
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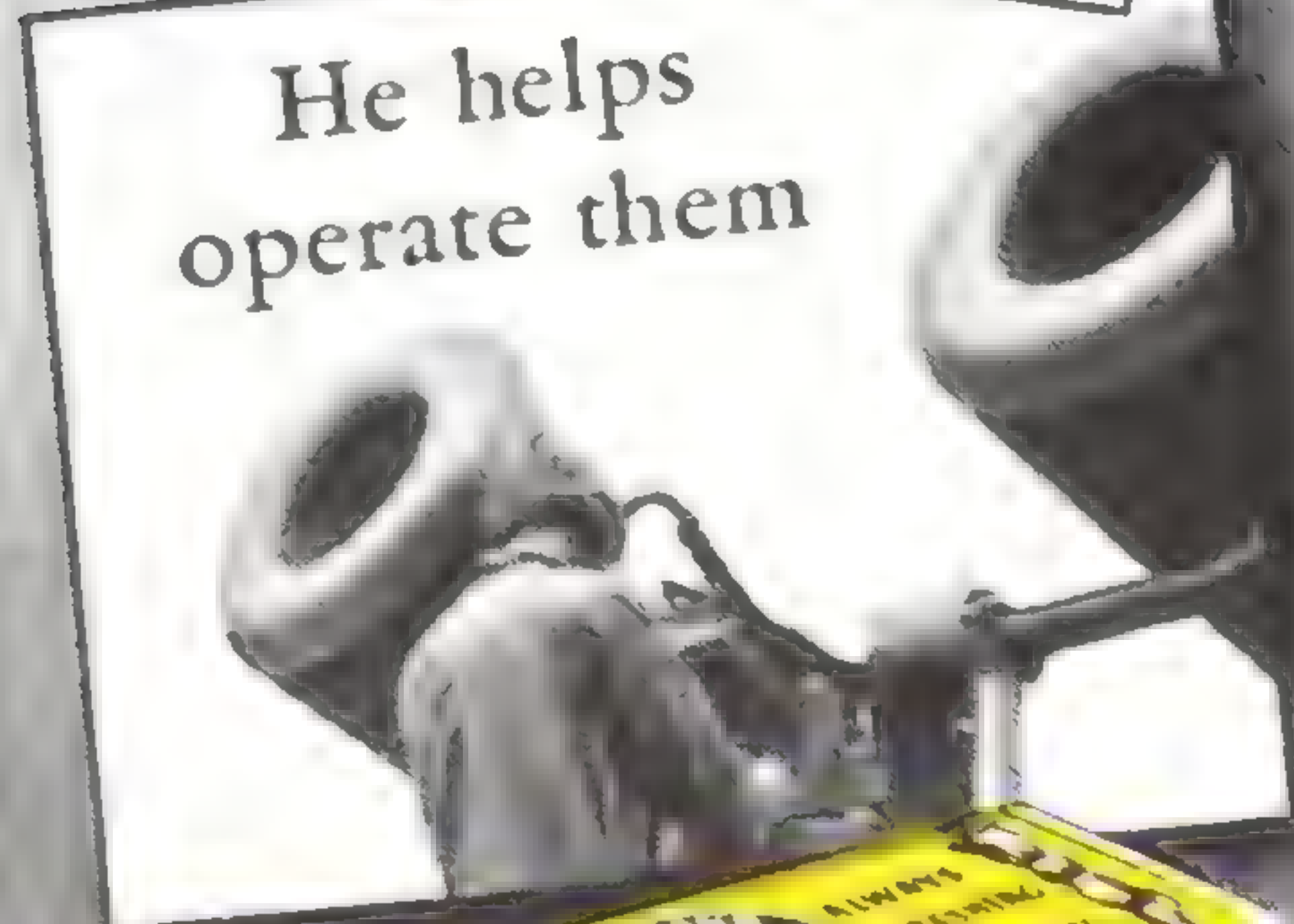




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Anti-Aircraft "Ear"



He helps  
make  
them



He helps  
operate them



## Both know work is pleasanter *with* Beech-Nut Gum

Anti-aircraft unit or submarine crew, the needs of our men in the services come first...and from time to time there may be temporary shortages in civilian supplies of Beech-Nut Gum due to many restrictions made necessary by the war. So please be patient if there are times when your dealer is unable to supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum.

Army Photos courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

# Beech-Nut Gum

*The yellow package...  
with the red oval*



## Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman

Rosalind Russell  
tells *You* how  
to be a fashion-first lady

I WAS not born the best dressed woman of Waterbury, Connecticut, much less of Hollywood. They tell me I was slightly on the pink side and slightly wrinkled. Then, for years, I rumbled my clothes and my hair. I was somewhere in my teens when I looked twice in the mirror. After a long inspection, I decided I had better get rid of the gadgets and frills and pull myself together. To my way of thinking, the basis of true chic is that "pulled together look." I loathe that hue and cry of some women who "have no time" to tuck up loose ends of their hair, straighten their stocking seams, remove that smudge of lipstick. How long can these few gestures take? Hardly a minute. Of course, all this goes for naught if one's posture is not all it should be. No matter how smart the outfit, how meticulous the details, poor posture ruins the entire effort.

I should like to interrupt myself by saying that I am indeed delighted that the designers for our industry have voted me the best dressed woman in Hollywood. But frankly, I find myself a trifle shy about issuing any pronouncement on good grooming. As I have been requested to do this, however, and I am indeed thrilled with the decision of the judges, I shall get on with it without further apologies.

"That pulled together look," that is the phrase I am going to harp on. Hollywood, as you well know, is famous for pretty girls. But frankly, not many of them possess that marvelous, positively essential "pulled together look." Many of them have features so beautiful they are out of this world, but insist upon diffusing them with ringlets, gadgets and junk. Actually I think it far wiser to look severe rather than frilled up like a birthday cake.

Being pretty is neither the point nor enough. Being well and looking distinguished is the thing. These are good days to practice doing without. As a matter of fact, it is downright bad taste to have too many changes in wardrobe and superfluous gadgets. Dressing on a budget actually gives us a better chance to look smart because we must plan carefully. It demands that we place emphasis on durability and practicability. In this way we must refrain from high-style effect, fads and luxury fabrics which tend to spend the greater portion of their lives at the cleaners. However, in buying inexpensive clothes on a well planned budget (as a bulk of our money should certainly go to buying Bonds), be care-

ful to buy clothes that are big enough. Be smart, buy a larger size and have it altered to fit you trimly and comfortably. Any article of clothing should be loose from the waist up. It should fit comfortably on the body, not be plastered there. It should never pull against the chest, the diaphragm, or the back. Never begrudge the money you spend on having clothes expertly fitted. I would rather have two costumes fitted meticulously than six which droop at the hemline, pull across the middle, or hug over the shoulders. Speaking of shoulders, I am definitely against the football type. A limited amount of padding is all right, if one's hips are on the broader side.

The length of any skirt is of the utmost importance. Do not decide with every costume you wear that a certain length is correct. For instance, with a straight pencil-line suit skirt, the length should be at least an inch longer, as the skirt cannot fail to pull up when you sit down. There is nothing uglier than this exposed "about the knee" look. Gored skirts can be shorter. They are not only more youthful in style but do not tend to pull up.

I am still, and always will be, in favor of the good basic black dress. I like the idea of wearing a fresh flower, an informal flower, preferably, such as a tulip with the leaves turned back. Again I am against the little pin, the rhinestone clip, the cluster of artificial flowers to brighten it up.

STOCKINGS in these war days are a problem, to be true, but we might as well learn to take rayon, our immediate source of hosiery, and make the best of them. They can be flattering if one is careful of the color. The dull sheer high twist even vie in appearance with the nylon, now little more than a memory. Also a high gauge rayon stocking, being more flexible because it has more stitches to the inch, will fit better.

Hats, ah hats, they are most important. A hat should, and can be, the most attractive part of our costume, rather than something that stands out like the proverbial sore thumb. Above all, a hat should be flattering, not "cute." Avoid what I call heavy hats; they snow you under. Avoid sassy hats; they are unladylike. Avoid tricky hats; they are tiresome. A simple hat with a brim is safest. If you use veiling, don't use too much of it. Have it neatly tied on, pinned up in back, not dripping down over the shoulder.

Good grooming, chic, smartness, whatever you want to call it, is based on being, looking and keeping clean. Start there, simplify your wardrobe, unload the fluff and junk, watch your posture and you will have that "pulled together look."

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



## My Own Super-duper-dilly Academy Awards

(Continued from page 29)

### Best picture of the year:

"Yankee Doodle Dandy."

### Worst picture of the year:

"Tales Of Manhattan."

### Most successful marriage in Hollywood:

The Cecil B. De Milles.

### Most desirable bachelor:

How can we tell? Uncle Sam grabs 'em first.

### Treats fans best:

Barbara Stanwyck

### Treats fans worst:

George Sanders.

### Can't take a joke:

Brian Aherne and Donald Duck.

### Can take a joke:

Monty Woolly, Kay Kyser, Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart, Sidney Greenstreet, Jack Benny, Billy Gaxton and Tommy Mitchell.

### Best sense of humor:

Leon Errol, Billy Gaxton and David Niven.

### Thinks he has:

Red Skelton.

### Has had worst break from Hollywood:

Zorina.

### Best lover:

For the third time, Charles Boyer.

### Best lover off screen:

George Raft, if you can believe what he says.

### Thinks he is:

John Carroll.

### Most delightful child of star:

Margaret Sullavan's daughter Bridget.

### Most annoying child of star:

Diana Barrymore, a chip off the old block.

### Biggest surprise personality of the year:

Lassie in technicolor, in "Lassie, Come Home."

### Worst Boner of the year:

Lana Turner's marriage.

### Biggest comeback star:

Ann Harding in "Mission To Moscow."

### Best canteen workers:

Bette Davis, Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Veronica Lake, Anita Louise, Greer Garson, Judy Garland, Mary Martin, Ann Sothern, Anne Shirley, Deanna Durbin, Irene Dunne.

### Best Bond seller:

Dottie Lamour.

### Woman the armed forces see least of:

Greta Garbo.

### Man the armed forces see most of:

Bob Hope.

### Best bred:

Dame May Whitty.

### Snootiest:

Madeleine doesn't live here any more.

### A star's finest personal possession:

A good reputation.

• • • • •

## WHO ARE HOLLYWOOD'S TEN BEST HUSBANDS?

Here's your chance to  
make your own list, then  
get the lowdown from

*Hedda Hopper*

In Our May Issue

• • • • •

APRIL, 1943



## Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you *do* get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week . . . keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1943 woman power!

### 6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers

1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream under nail tips.
5. Flow on Cutex Polish Foundation and Cutex Polish. (2 coats for that professional look). Hairline tip for longer wear. Now—Cutex Overcoat for speed drying.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

All these luxurious Cutex products come in 10¢ sizes (plus tax). Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil also in economical 35¢ size (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York



# CUTEX





## She Ought to GET AHEAD-BUT SHE USES THE WRONG DEODORANT



In your new war job—as well as in romance—you already have two strikes against you if you trust your personal freshness to anything but an *effective* perspiration-stopper.

The new Odorono Cream *is!* It contains an *effective astringent* no other leading deodorant gives you . . . stops perspiration and odor up to three days.

Get wise! Get ahead! Get Odorono Cream! 39¢ (plus tax) for a big, big jar.

The Odorono Company, Inc., New York

**NEW ODORONO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT**

### MAY PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

**EASY WAY....**

### Tints Hair

**Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde**

This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth natural appearing tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for TINTZ Cake works gradual . . . each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get today in Black, Light, Medium and Dark Brown, Auburn or Blonde. 50c, 2 for \$1.00.



**TINTZ**  
AS IT WASHES

**SEND NO MONEY** Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We pay postage if remittance comes with the order). Don't wait—get TINTZ today. TINTZ COMPANY, Dept 1-P, 207 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. ALSO ON SALE AT WALGREEN'S AND LEADING DEPARTMENT, DRUG AND TOC STORES

### TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

Quick, amazing relief! Get Dent's Tooth Gum or Tooth Drops from your druggist today. Follow easy directions on box.

### DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS

**SIMPLE EARACHE?** Swift relief from pain due to superficial ear conditions—with Dent's Ear Drops. Follow easy directions. At all druggists.

### DENT'S EAR DROPS

## What Marriage Has Taught Me

(Continued from page 41) Now I know that any happiness I had before marriage was only two-dimensional, with no depth.

When I was only fourteen, people would not believe that I was not older. I had the poise and mannerisms of an adult. Emotionally I fancied myself grown-up, too. But I wasn't, until I was married and reached real emotional maturity.

**D**EPENDENCE, which I mentioned before, is so akin to other things in marriage that it is difficult to decide where one stops and another begins. There are tolerance, understanding, patience and unselfishness. All of them must be learned and put into practice to have a happy marriage, with wife and husband mutually dependent on each other.

There are those inevitable "little things" to learn. From observation of other couples I had seen that little disappointments, small misunderstandings can be pyramided into major issues and eventually cause serious trouble or even divorce.

When I was married I told myself, "This must be a success and I must make it one! It's up to me to see that the little things are never allowed to become important, to cause misunderstandings."

What I call "little things" include adjusting one's time. Or being considerate and leaving a party early although one would like to stay, because one's husband must be at work very early. Or staying home when one wanted to go to a movie, because one's husband is too tired to go out—and doing it graciously. Or dressing to please one's husband. I'm happy I learned the last quickly, for Will has wonderful style sense and in considering his taste in clothes, I find I'm more smartly dressed now than before my marriage!

Those are very little things, but if not given adequate thought, without proper adjustments by both wife and husband, they can develop into disaster.

Will has made just as many concessions as I have. Don't imagine he hasn't.

I remember the birthday party I had for Will just after we moved into our new home.

I was working on a picture and should have gone to bed by ten o'clock. I was dreadfully tired, but I kept thinking of Will's fun, so I stayed up. The party was wonderful, but Will, thinking of me, kept watching the clock. Promptly at eleven he made a fine little speech to our guests and told them to go home because it was time for me to go to bed!

**M**ARRIAGE has taught me how really important unselfishness is. When I was going to the hospital recently for a very serious operation and even the doctor wasn't too encouraging about it, I learned exactly what it meant.

Will was starting his first job as a director, after having been a dialogue director for several years. It was his big chance, for which he should have had a mind uncluttered by any worries. Despite that, I seemed to fill his mind completely. He came to the hospital every night, when he was dog-tired, and stayed until he was told to leave.

The only unselfish thing I could do for him, in return, was to have the right attitude, to be reassuring, to be interested in his work rather than in my temperature or pain or health. You see, I was

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



thinking of Will, he was thinking of me!

In direct contrast to dependence, marriage has taught me independence, too. That is not contradictory. I mean independence in business and in dealing with people.

Before my marriage I had eight discouraging months in pictures. But Will helped me regain professional assurance which I had lost. He didn't do it by empty compliments or pats on the shoulder but by proving to me that I could do things. After "How Green Was My Valley" he made me believe I could repeat a success. I fared well in "Ten Gentlemen From West Point" and in "The Black Swan." I'm sure I would not have acted so well without Will's encouragement.

**W**E bought our own home recently and it's just as important to us as the first home-of-our-own of any young couple. And just as carefully budgeted.

The money Will had saved for a planned wedding trip to Honolulu, which we couldn't take because of the war, we used for the down payment. But until we found just the house we wanted, we lived in furnished apartments. Now we have the fun of creating our own home.

Marriage has taught me a very special kind of patience too—in not interfering in Will's problems.

The most natural instinct in the world is for a wife to rush into her husband's affairs, with advice and urgings and criticisms. If only women would realize that husbands must work out their own problems! We can help in morale, with encouragement and understanding. But we must keep our fingers out of the problem pie!

For example, Will wanted to go to war, on real combat duty, ever since Pearl Harbor. When first he talked about it, I was miserable. What wife isn't, even though she knows how vital it is that every man do his duty? But I managed not to let him know how I felt.

Will couldn't go, at first, because of family obligations. Now he has worked out his financial arrangements and since early December has been in the Marine Corps, training in "boot camp" at San Diego. Soon he will be assigned to regular combat duty.

I'm very proud of him, and I know I did not hinder him in his desire to serve our country in the way he wanted to serve. When he left for training I was adamant in saying there was to be no publicity about it. He didn't want any and I didn't want him embarrassed or handicapped in any way by having a "movie star wife."

**O**UR year or happy marriage might also be called an introduction to valor for me, because I know I can face this separation from Will, while he is in service, with head and heart high.

We have had our wonderful year together, during which we learned dependency on each other. We have shared a real home, have had time really to know each other and make all the necessary adjustments. It won't be like separation for couples who have known only a few days or weeks of hasty war marriage. While Will is away and I'm alone, we will both have something very precious to remember—and to look forward to, again.

Marriage has taught me how complete life can be, the life for which we are now fighting. Perhaps that is why, along with Will, I have complete faith in the outcome of the war, for our country and for us.

THE END

# Zero hour



**C**AN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help— . . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will*! Because they're more comfortable" . . .

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That's how you learned that Comfort and Confidence and Kotex go together!

Because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a lot different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And Kotex does things for your poise, too. For *this pad, alone*, of all leading brands, has flat, pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby. And for still more protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center—and no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now you know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads *put together*! It's the modern comfortable way to keep going—every day!

## Keep Going in Comfort — with *Kotex*\*!



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### WHAT'S OKAY? WHAT'S IXNAY?

To get the *right* answers on what to do and not to do on trying days, write for the booklet: "As One Girl To Another". Address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-4, Chicago, for a copy FREE!





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ANYTHING EXCEPT KLEENEX\* TISSUES  
DURING COLDS...IT GETS SORE!

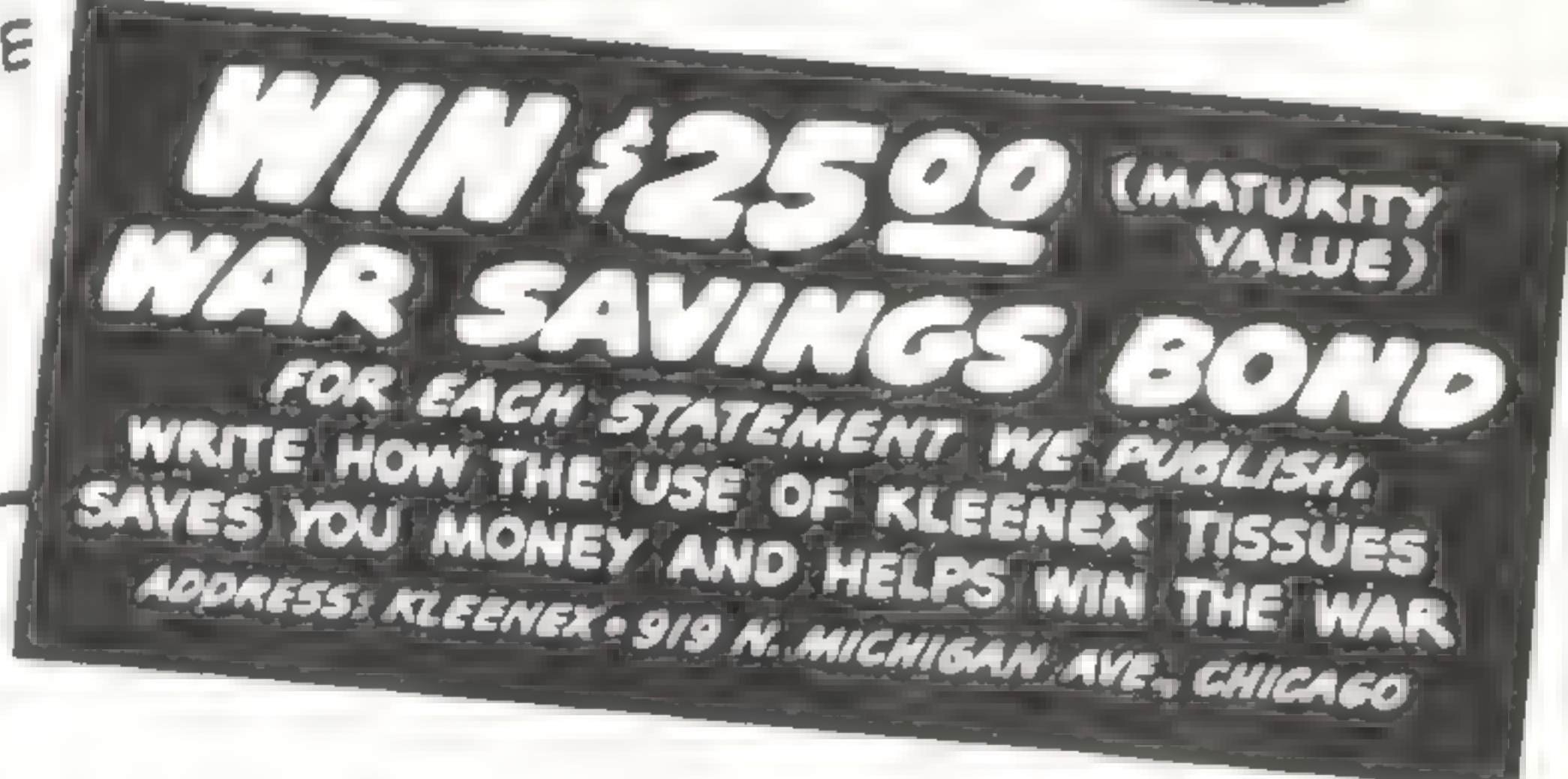
(from a letter by B. K., Seattle, Wash.)



**SAVES FOR SAMMY**

THE KLEENEX SERV-A-TISSUE BOX ENDS  
WASTE—SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE  
TISSUE AT A TIME SO YOU DON'T  
GRAB TWO WHEN ONE WILL DO!

(from a letter by M. T., Snowden, N. C.)



## WINS—by a Neck!

KLEENEX TUCKED AROUND THE COLLAR—  
SAVES YOU MANY A CLEANING DOLLAR!

(from a letter by  
J. H., Chillicothe, Ohio)



(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

**NOW I 'MEMBER—ONLY  
KLEENEX HAS THE  
SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!**



### MAY PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

*Intoxicating*

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*perfume*

Like Cupid's arrow... aimed at your heart  
and his! Stimulating, delightfully fem-  
inine... Blue Waltz is a tantalizing, unfor-  
gettable perfume, sure as a woman beloved

10c at all 5 and 10c stores

**BLUE WALTZ PERFUME**

*as a Kiss*

Now in a  
bonny  
Easter box

**ITS FRAGRANCE LASTS**

## The Grable-Raft Romance

(Continued from page 27) because its population is made up of very emotional, temperamental, imaginative people. But I felt that this was like Clark Gable and Carole Lombard; this was right.

Yet between them stood what seemed then an insurmountable barrier—George's marriage to Grace Mulrooney Raft, with whom he has not lived for fifteen years, but who is still legally his wife and who for years has refused to set him free.

As Betty Grable's mother, the popular and extremely wise Lillian, said to a friend, "I like George. I couldn't like a man better. He's been wonderful with Betty. But I naturally can't be too happy about a continued romance with a man who cannot marry her. No matter how much they love each other, in the end it will bring unhappiness to them both."

GEORGE told me that night how much he and Betty want to marry. I don't think I ever heard more real hunger in a man's voice. Because, you see, for all the hard-boiled characters he has played, for all his underworld background and his birth in N. Y.'s storied "Hell's Kitchen" and for all his wild enthusiasm for sports and night life, George Raft is distinctly a marrying man. That's one of the things people don't know about him.

Lovely Virginia Peine, of Chicago, is now married to Quentin Reynolds, Collier's war correspondent, and her five long years as George Raft's love life are no doubt things of the past. So I do not think she will mind if I quote a very close friend of hers who during those years said to me, "George loves Virginia, sure. But not any more than he might love half a dozen other girls. The thing that holds him is her little girl Joan."

If you will remember, there was a good deal of surprise when the devotion of George Raft and Norma Shearer became well known to Hollywood first and then to the public. But the really fascinating angle of this romance to me was not its principals but Norma's children. People in Hollywood who pretended to be shocked because Norma was mixed up with a man who played gangsters never knew that the greatest hold Georgie had on Norma was the fact that her children worshipped him.

Whatever broke up the Raft-Shearer romance—and in my humble opinion what broke it up was that they were never really in love—it was Norma's children who felt the worst about it.

WHEN George talked about Betty Grable, I realized that here was a love that took in the whole of love, that they were suited to each other and that George now saw in the future the home he had dreamed and the children of his own he has always wanted.

"It says," George commented, in that almost hypnotic speaking voice which I think has been responsible for much of his success, "that your prayers get answered when you pray right. Sometimes, when they don't get answered, you think maybe after all it's a—a delusion. But then you find out afterwards that Something or Somebody somewhere knows what's best for you in the long run."

I took those words of George's to mean that all these years he couldn't get his divorce were now regarded by him as maybe a good thing after all. For he might have made a mistake; he might not have waited for Betty Grable.

There have been a good many stories about quarrels between them, quarrels



caused by jealousy, the difference in their tastes and ages.

Quarrels can scar and mar and bring unhappiness, but they never separate two people who care enough to want to stay together. And what you must know is that none of these quarrels has amounted to a hill of beans.

So far as jealousy between them goes there is this fact to be considered. Betty has made dozens of tours of Army camps and every time there has been the loud echo of applause that has reached back even to Hollywood—and George Raft. George, so far, has not been able to get into service. He told me, very quietly, that try as he would he hasn't been able to pass his physicals. Certainly that might make any man feel pretty badly when his girl is often in contact with admiring uniformed men; make him want to keep her more to himself.

But as for professional jealousy—well, this is Betty's big year. She is the top woman among the ten great box-office attractions; she is the darling of the men who are fighting for us all over the world. Yet I know that George appreciates her success even more than she does, wants her to have it, wouldn't even think of asking her to retire when they can marry.

THE difference in some of their tastes?

That's true enough. George is, for instance, an inveterate card player—a really fine bridge player among other things. The game bores Betty. Betty likes to go places and see things—so does George, up to a point, then he wants to stay home quietly. "But," says Betty, "those things don't have anything to do with love. Mutual tastes and all that are fine but they're just substitutes for the real thing. If you really love anybody, everything else takes care of itself."

Still, she's a temperamental girl, in some ways. Quick to flare up, quick to anger, and likely, on occasion, to get annoyed if things don't happen the way she wants them to. George has a system about that. He gets out of range. When he thinks the right moment has come, he goes back—and Betty has forgotten all about it.

So that quarrel that Hollywood was apt to build into a mountain, is really only a molehill, vanishing as quickly as it appeared.

There is also this to think about when the subject of Raft-Grable rifts comes up. It's tough when two people love each other like that and cannot marry. It's unnatural, at best. All the problems and irritations which now encompass them would be smoothed out if it were possible for them to adjust their lives, their time, their work under one roof.

They realize that fact; and that George and Betty will be married if he is freed I can tell you is a positive fact.

WILL he ever be freed? The horizon is brightened now. It looks hopeful that at last those conditions which have kept him tied to his wife who for so long has been a wife in name only might be met.

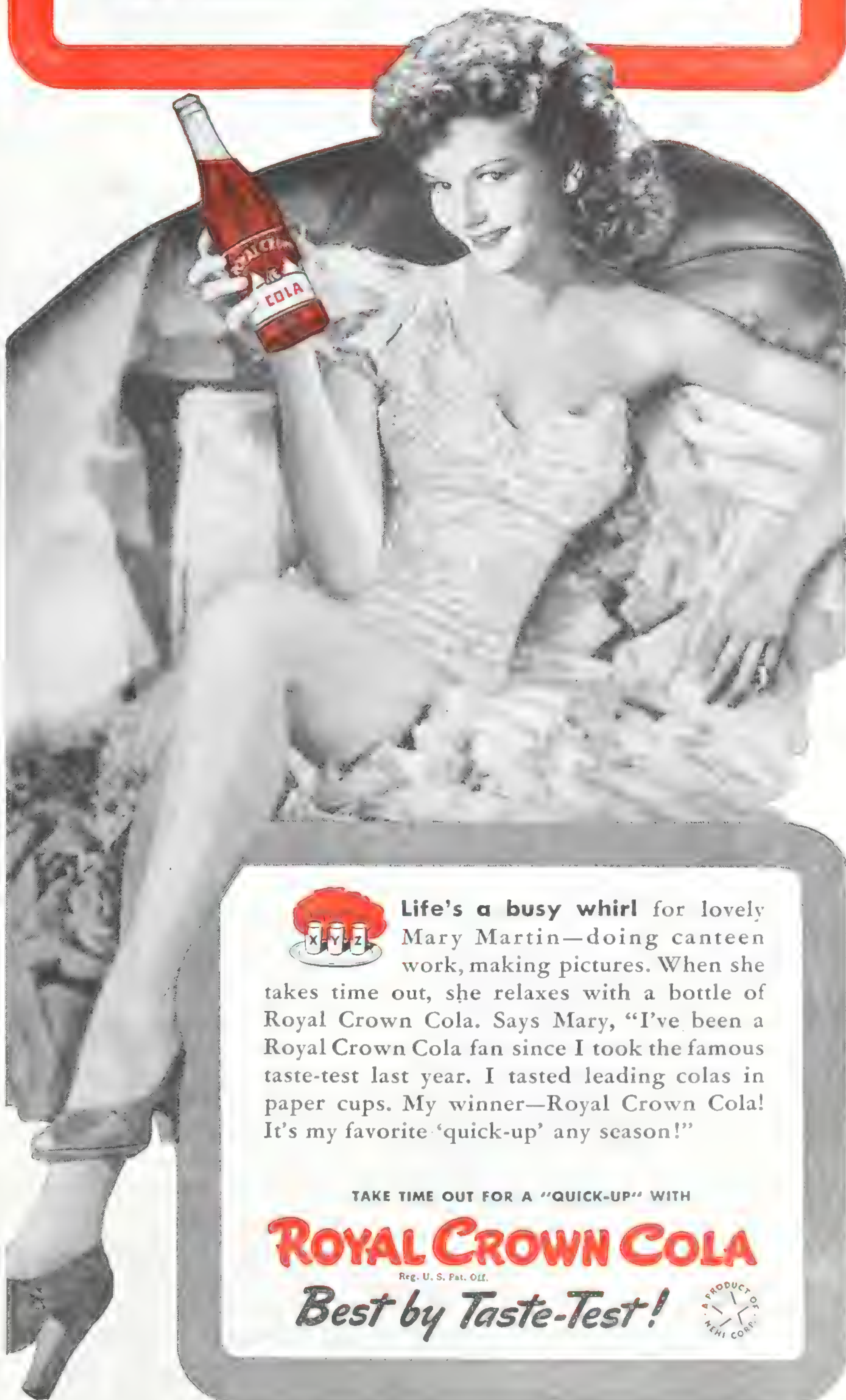
The story of George Raft's marriage to Grace Mulrooney is a difficult one to tell, and one about which for many years he has been very reticent. Almost anything he said could sound wrong—ungallant—unkind. Almost anything he did or anything he revealed would have elements of sheer disaster for him. She is his wife. She has refused him a divorce for many years.

Why? To the average mind that is the instant question.

Mrs. Raft has never explained her position. If anyone knows why she re-

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For busy folks it's sure a treat,  
Its famous flavor can't be beat!"

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Life's a busy whirl for lovely Mary Martin—doing canteen work, making pictures. When she takes time out, she relaxes with a bottle of Royal Crown Cola. Says Mary, "I've been a Royal Crown Cola fan since I took the famous taste-test last year. I tasted leading colas in paper cups. My winner—Royal Crown Cola! It's my favorite 'quick-up' any season!"

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dangerous dyes, afraid that it  
is too difficult, afraid that the  
dye will destroy your hair's  
natural lustre—afraid, most of  
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friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair  
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wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied  
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ration in the last fifty years. Results assured  
or your money back. Send for the free trial kit  
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color which this preparation will give to a lock  
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St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown  
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blocks of sterling silver inlaid  
at backs of bowls and handles  
of most used spoons and forks.

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STERLING INLAID®  
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fused to grant the man to whom she has  
not been an actual wife for fifteen years  
his legal freedom, it hasn't ever been  
made public.

There are, of course, many theories.  
Some people say and have reason to be-  
lieve that it is a matter of financial  
demands on her part that have been  
higher than George could meet.

But now, as I write this, the greatest  
thing in the world has happened to him.  
Maybe it didn't look important to this  
greatest of Hollywood living love affairs  
when the ruling was handed down by the  
courts that Reno divorces are now valid  
not only in Nevada but in every state in  
the Union. Heretofore a Reno divorce  
might backfire if one resident lived in  
New York and children by a second  
marriage or a second wife might have  
a vast amount of trouble, might suffer  
disgrace and later might have everything  
taken away from them.

That time is over. Now it is possible  
for George Raft to go to Reno and get  
a divorce and know that his remarriage  
to Betty will be legal in every sense of  
the word. And another thing has hap-  
pened. Salary ceilings have hit Holly-  
wood. Whether the \$25,000 ceiling goes  
through or not, all Hollywood stars  
will pay taxes which cut their incomes  
to the bone.

So, if the difficulty with Mrs. Raft has  
been financial, there is now a possi-  
bility that it can be straightened out,  
because there is a surety that only a cer-  
tain amount of his earnings will be left  
to George Raft and therefore he could  
not possibly fulfill any great demands.

**T**HAT he hopes to get this divorce now,  
either by an arrangement with his wife  
on the money question, or in Reno, is  
the truth. It is his first thought. And  
it is Betty's.

No use saying that if he doesn't get it,  
the Grable-Raft romance will last. It  
won't. It can't. We all know that. The  
friction of such a state must increase,  
the resentment against fate itself must  
narrow down to resentment against each  
other, the unnaturalness must find vent  
in unhappiness that will finally destroy  
any love, no matter how great.

Betty Grable is the normal American  
girl. She knows about things, she's full  
of mischief—but she's essentially as clean  
as steel. Behind her are ancestors who  
believed in marriage—in self-control,  
self-denial, self-discipline.

From the first day they met—a good  
many years ago—there was a spark be-  
tween these two. George took her home  
from their first date and said, "I'm going  
to wait until you grow up, Betty." A lot  
of things happened after that—several  
years of them. But the spark was always  
there. They met again and danced to-  
gether and laughed together—and knew  
that they had never really lost sight of  
the knowledge that somewhere, some-  
time, they'd meet again and mean every-  
thing to each other—or at least between  
them lay that possibility.

Simple, really, this story.

The thing I wanted to write that you  
don't know about George Raft and Betty  
Grable is simple, too. Hollywood has  
been pretty free in its use of the word  
love. It's built up a lot of big romances,  
it's laid stress on big love affairs. It has  
even, for the purpose of publicity, spon-  
sored love affairs that didn't exist. Some-  
times it seems as if it had cried wolf  
so often that—well, that when a real  
love story comes along we have trouble  
in recognizing it.

You're seeing a real love story now:  
George Raft and Betty Grable.

The End.



## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 21)

**LADY FROM CHUNGKING**—P.R.C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY**—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley, a has-been actor given to ineptitude, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father. Therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

✓ **LUCKY JORDAN**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.W.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the Canteen waitress, and Marie MacDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

**MADAM SPY**—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches on. (Mar.)

**MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE**—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

**MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA**—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

**MOUNTAIN RHYTHM**—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned. (Mar.)

✓ **MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays *Mrs. Wiggs*, and her brood of children are Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera Vague as *Miss Hazy* and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homey, laughable and tragic events of the *Wiggs* family. (Feb.)

**MUMMY'S TOMB, THE**—Universal: Lon Chaney's the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scarey little number. (Jan.)

✓✓ **NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE**—RKO-Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

✓ **NIGHTMARE**—Universal: Murder and espionage in England, with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. In spots it's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

**NIGHT MONSTER**—Universal: Practically every one gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler. Housekeeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm he sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

**NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A**—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course, someone has to get murdered in their apartment, and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

**NORTHWEST RANGERS**—M-G-M: Jack Holt takes over the care of two boys orphaned by an Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane wins the love of both men, excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

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Face flattery on the double-quick



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Pond's Vanishing Cream. Mask your face with the cool, pearly-white cream—throat, chin, cheeks, forehead—all but eyes. Tissue off after one minute—and look at what's happened!

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Under the 1-Minute Mask your complexion is given a "re-styling"! The "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream gently loosens those dry skin cells, dissolves specks of grime. Your skin looks and feels softer, silkier, brighter. Takes make-up with beguiling smoothness—holds it fast!



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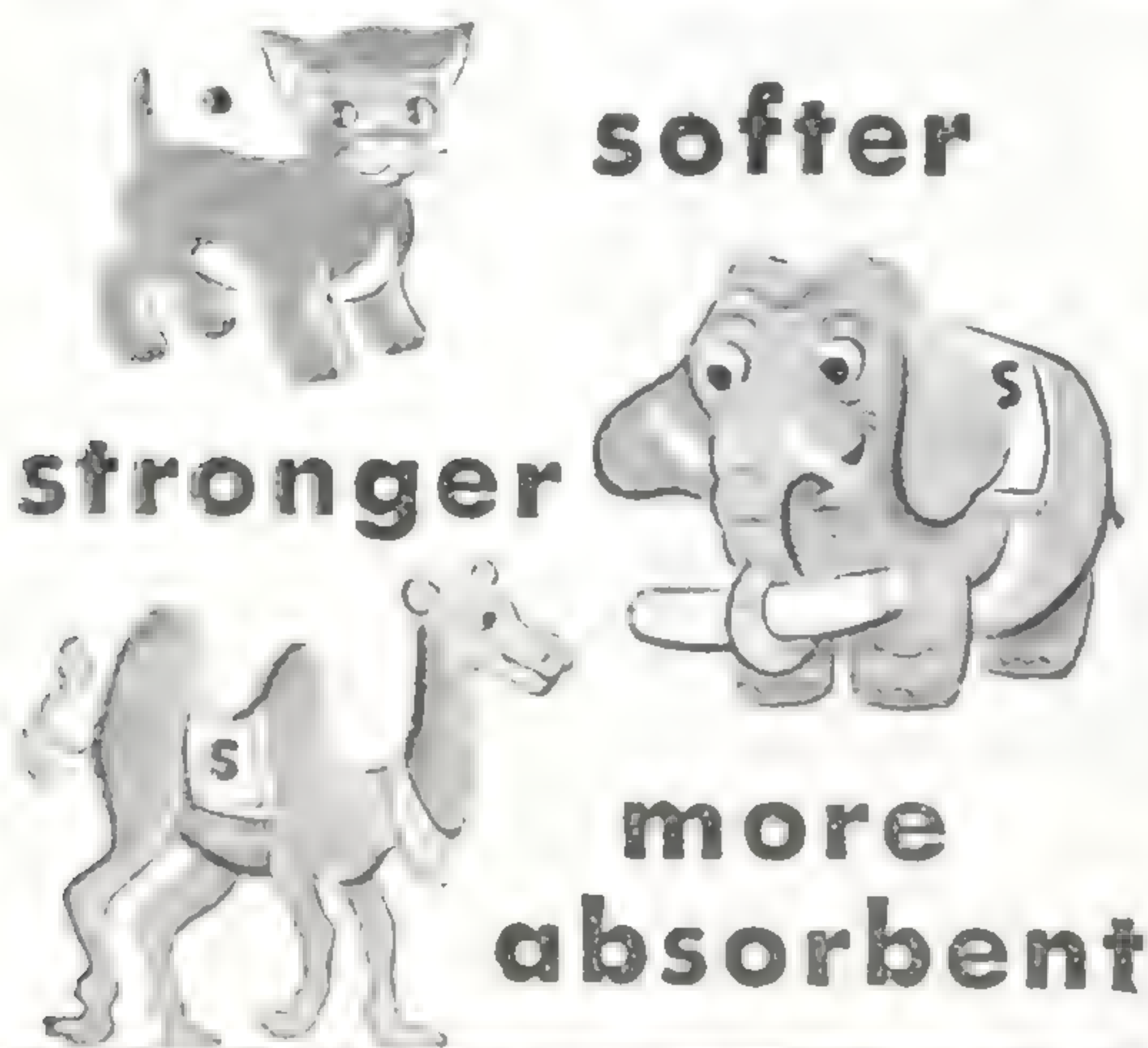
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✓✓ **ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON**—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip teaser posing as a socialite in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, Hitler's secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it drags; nevertheless you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

✓✓ **ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING**—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six R.A.F. flyers who are forced to bail out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

✓✓ **OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is this story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn and Chris Pin Martin, only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

✓✓ **PITTSBURGH**—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness, deserts Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Allbritton and finally meets his comeuppance and regeneration in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

✓✓ **POWERS GIRL, THE**—Charles Rogers-U. A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the timeworn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

✓✓ **RANDOM HARVEST**—M-G-M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman as the war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by show-girl Greer Garson has never been finer, but the latter half becomes somber. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn register strongly. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

✓✓ **REUNION IN FRANCE**—M-G-M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When she befriends R.A.F. flyer John Wayne and tries to help him escape, surprises pop all over the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

✓✓ **ROAD TO MOROCCO**—Paramount: Another Bing Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Bob to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in Dorothy Lamour's boudoir. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out about the boys, and from then on it's a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

**SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER**—RKO-Radio: John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses, and when more relatives are bumped off the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and Scattergood, played as usual by Guy Kibbee. It's not up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

✓✓ **SEVEN DAYS LEAVE**—RKO-Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music, Peter Hayes and Ginny Simms will wow you and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

**SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ**—RKO-Radio: Convicts James Craig and Frank Jenks escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When it dawns upon them that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's pretty exciting. Bonita Granville is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

**RHYTHM PARADE**—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrific hornet's nest. The famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood with its M.C., Nils T. Granlund, is reproduced on the screen. Ted Fio Rita's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

**SILENT WITNESS**—Monogram: Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Maris Wrixon, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no sooner does Frank reform than he is accused of murdering the D.A., Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear

him, a talented police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

✓✓ **SILVER QUEEN**—Sherman-U.A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Eugene Pallette). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

✓✓ **STAND BY FOR ACTION**—M-G-M: Good war stuff, off the beaten path, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship, a meeting that ends in exciting combat. The men are Charles Laughton, the Admiral; Robert Taylor, a cocky naval lieutenant; Brian Donlevy, a Commander; and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

✓✓ **STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM**—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood and the stars put on a revue for the boys. You'll enjoy it. (Mar.)

**STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a paralytic. (Feb.)

**STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE**—Universal: A college jive band moves out West to a dude ranch in this little number and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the kids hep, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

**TRAITOR WITHIN, THE**—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars on a murder charge. (Mar.)

**THAT OTHER WOMAN**—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest. When Grandma Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected. Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress. (Jan.)

✓✓ **THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century-Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school. Preston Foster, the instructor, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the affections of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

✓✓ **WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME**—Universal: Allan Jones as the soldier hero who secretly rejoins old friends to avoid Marla Shelton and gets accused of being A.W.O.L. does some of his best work in this very good little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer, Evelyn and her magic violin scores a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all but steal the show. (Mar.)

**WHISTLING IN DIXIE**—M-G-M: When Red Skelton, a radio crime detective, and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. Rags Ragland, George Bancroft and Guy Kibbee swarm over the place. (Feb.)

✓✓ **WHO DONE IT?**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents horn in to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest. The routines are bewhiskered and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

**WRECKING CREW**—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

✓✓ **YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER**—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, Adolphe Menjou is very good as Rita's father and Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. (Mar.)



## The Truth about Location Loves

(Continued from page 63) dom while he amused himself thinking how envious the boys back home would be if they only knew. But that was only in the beginning.

They became so torchy, these two, that the happiness of many people was threatened. We're glad to report, however, that Broad-shoulders, being essentially a right guy, recovered from his yen for the foreign star, who still has a yen for him.

**T**HERE'S Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman on the right side of the love ledger.

"Brother Rat" very definitely was a turning point in their lives. It brought them professional success and personal happiness. On location at the San Diego Military Academy, when day and work were done, they used to stroll along the Coronado beach. In the beginning—the first night—they did this because they had nothing better to do. Soon—by the second night—they knew in all the world there was nothing better to do. That was 1938, but neither Jane nor Ronald has had eyes for anyone else since then, except—during the last year or two—their Maureen Elizabeth.

Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll fell in love on location during the filming of "Virginia" and reached the marriage-talk stage when they trekked to Nassau for "Bahama Passage." The conversation ended in a secret Massachusetts wedding.

Not so long ago a certain Hollywood star, now happily married, who possesses a demure but potent beauty and an emotional curiosity which isn't demure at all, found herself high up in

the Sierras with a certain star with whom any girl well might dream of being snowed in somewhere.

Snow is beautiful but monotonous.

The tales that came down from the mountain where these two were encamped with their company—only they long since had forgotten there was anyone else on earth—furnished better conversation than Hollywood dinner parties had had for too long. Many parties really were given so the crowd would have an opportunity of talking this over. And if we're to do a thorough reporting job we must admit there frequently was a decidedly greenish tinge in the eyes of the gossiping diners.

This romance survived the return to civilization only for a brief time. The man was about to be divorced, but legally was not yet free. So it proved difficult, in a town where four hundred newspaper and magazine correspondents do a pretty good job of seeing all and knowing all and telling almost all, for this man who is one of the town's greatest and best loved and this girl who is one of the town's wittiest and prettiest, to meet. And any romance depends upon opportunity as well as desire.

**O**NE of the loveliest girls in Hollywood nearly cracked up because of a location love. In fact, that love well may account for her tendency to flit from one man to another, enjoying each gentleman for whatever wit, charm, good looks, dancing grace or brilliance he has to offer but refusing to take even the most ardent declaration seriously.

For the Romeo of this location love proved less constant than the girl, in her ardent innocence, expected him to be.

Anyone with any knowledge of men and women could have prophesied what was going to happen when these two set off together. He was a man of experience, with a great love of beauty with the same quick appreciation for a rich, soft voice or a gentle curving mouth that he knew for Beethoven's Seventh or the clear gold of sherry under candlelight.

She came directly from a small town. But she also stemmed from a family at home in the capitals of the world, distinguished for their achievement and their patronage of the arts. Consequently her response to the things he knew and loved and talked about—and to him—was immediate.

When these two returned to Hollywood, rumor having preceded them, the girl was too overboard to listen to the inferences with which friends tried to warn her. For while many admired this actor's charm, few believed it was in his make-up to be true to any woman. That, after all, hadn't been his history.

This romance lasted longer than the most optimistic dreamed. But when, at last, the girl realized the man would love again as he had before, she was more truly desolate than even her friends guessed. It took time, a long holiday, and the new horizons and interests this offered before she found her way to the perspective and courage that finally saw her through.

"I know now," she is able to say, "that he was not to blame. I simply misunderstood the emotion he offered. It was pretty bad for a time, but at least it taught me to make allowances for a man's tendency to overstatement when he's away from home and the daily rou-

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time and responsibilities which usually limit him... also to make allowances for my tendency to lose track of reality at such times.

"Location trips, like any trip, are dangerous. I sometimes suspect this is what Homer meant in his Odyssey when he told how sailors shipwreck themselves "listening to the songs of the sirens."

**MAUREEN O'HARA** was a beautiful, shy kid, fresh over here from Ireland, when she went out in the Valley on location for "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." The first few days the company spent out near Sherwood Forest, a country as romantic as its name, Maureen was lonely for the few friends she had made in Hollywood and more than a little homesick for her friends and family back home in Ireland.

Then the dialogue director, one Will Price, whom she had met briefly in Hollywood, arrived. He loved the way Maureen made language sound like music. She loved the warm admiration in his eyes. When work was over they went for long drives in the hills. They drove with the top of the car down, with the night sky and the moon and stars for their canopy.

When they returned to Hollywood it was the same. Maureen never went out with another man and Will never went out with another girl. And before they were married, down in Mississippi at St. Mary of the Pines Convent, they had a long, old-fashioned engagement to make sure they weren't being tricked by any romantic mirage.

Monterey where the sea pounds against a rocky coast and the wind twists the dark cedars into fantastic shapes was the backdrop for an episode in "Edge Of Darkness" starring Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn. It also was a backdrop for the love scenes Nancy Coleman and Tonio Selwert (previously Helen Hayes' leading man in the theater) thought up all by themselves. Had the romantic moments Nancy and Tonio staged in their personal lives been in the picture it's extremely likely they would have stolen the glory from the stars.

After Nancy returned from Monterey she saw Charlie Chaplin, with whom she previously had dated steadily, only a few times. And that, my dears, is all there is, there isn't any more. Search the world over and you won't find anyone more fascinating or spellbinding than Charlie; but the powerful pull of a location love was enough to break up Nancy's dating with him.

**AN** OFTEN-TOLD story insists Joel McCrea and Frances Dee first met when they worked in "The Silver Cord." They met before that, under a big green and blue sun umbrella, beside the sea. And they gazed at each other archly and ardently at the behest of a studio cameraman who was shooting publicity pictures.

In those days Joel and Frances were a couple of kids who still had their names to make.

When work was over that day Joel and Frances dived into a big green swell, foam-fringed, and came up into the sunshine again side by side, seeking each other's clear bright eyes.

Joel would have liked to date Frances but, having heard tales of another man, he held back. Frances would have liked to encourage Joel, but having heard tales of the big stars who sought him, she held back too.

However, the next time they met, at a gorgeous estate at Santa Barbara where

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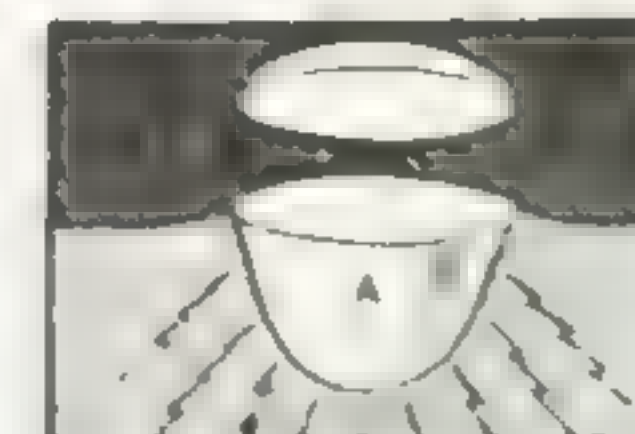
• It's just good common sense to realize that the core of a corn left in your toe may act as a focal point for renewed development. Medicated Blue-Jay, on the other hand, not only helps relieve the pain, but gets after the core—helps remove the corn. And it works while you walk in comfort! Blue-Jay costs only a few cents for each corn. Get it today at any drug or toilet goods counter.

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they were put up while a sequence for "The Silver Cord" was filmed, their reticence diminished as their propinquity increased.

"I've been to see you in pictures several times," Frances admitted to Joel. "And I've decided you're lazy. You don't take the trouble to analyze the character you play, to discover what he's really like, what he would eat, what he would do for recreation, what he would be likely to think, how he probably would talk . . . if you did I think you might go far."

She made her interest in him very evident.

"Do you study and analyze the characters you play?" Joel asked, making it just as evident that her interest pleased him. For had a girl who didn't intrigue him gotten after him like that he undoubtedly would have gone away and stayed away. Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett—none of the famous beauties Joel had squired ever had dared talk to him like that.

Joel learned soon enough that Frances was one of the most conscientious, hard-working girls in Hollywood, that she analyzed the smallest role with which she was entrusted, and studied hours with a coach. He learned, too, that he adored her. That was in 1932. The following year they were married in a little white church in Westchester. They now have the two sons they dreamed about. And, one of the three richest families in pictures, they live in simple country elegance on a Valley ranch where they entertain friends so outstanding in the social and political worlds that Hollywood would be impressed no end, if Hollywood knew. However, Joel and Frances have never tried to impress Hollywood.

**C**ONSTANCE BENNETT and Gilbert Roland met on location for "Our Beters," not long after Connie had married the elegant, aristocratic Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, generally called "Hank." However, at the very sight of sloe-eyed, velvet-voiced Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, who had trained in his native Chihuahua, Mexico, to be a matador like his father before him, Connie forgot everything else, including her fondness for her new title of Marquise.

The first Hollywood knew that these two were seeing each other was when an eagle-eyed reporter discovered Connie hiding on the floor of Gilbert's roadster. Following this exposure they went about quite openly, to Hollywood Legion fights, to previews, to tennis matches. Connie and a large entourage were once reported about to embark for Honolulu where she was supposed to be keeping a rendezvous with Gilbert. But when news of this expedition leaked out it was cancelled.

Finally, however, Connie's denials of a divorce from the Marquis, who had taken off for the South Seas to film a picture she financed, grew fewer and weaker. And after about eight years of romancing, during which Connie and the Marquis were divorced, she and Gilbert married. Unless every sign fails, no location love has ever evolved into a happier marriage.

Now that Gilbert is in service Connie, with their daughter, has deserted Hollywood to follow him to Florida and live from day to day, just another war wife.

That scamp, Dan Cupid, will get you when you go off on location if you don't watch out! Ask anyone in Hollywood.

The End



A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn  
by Maria de Kammerer

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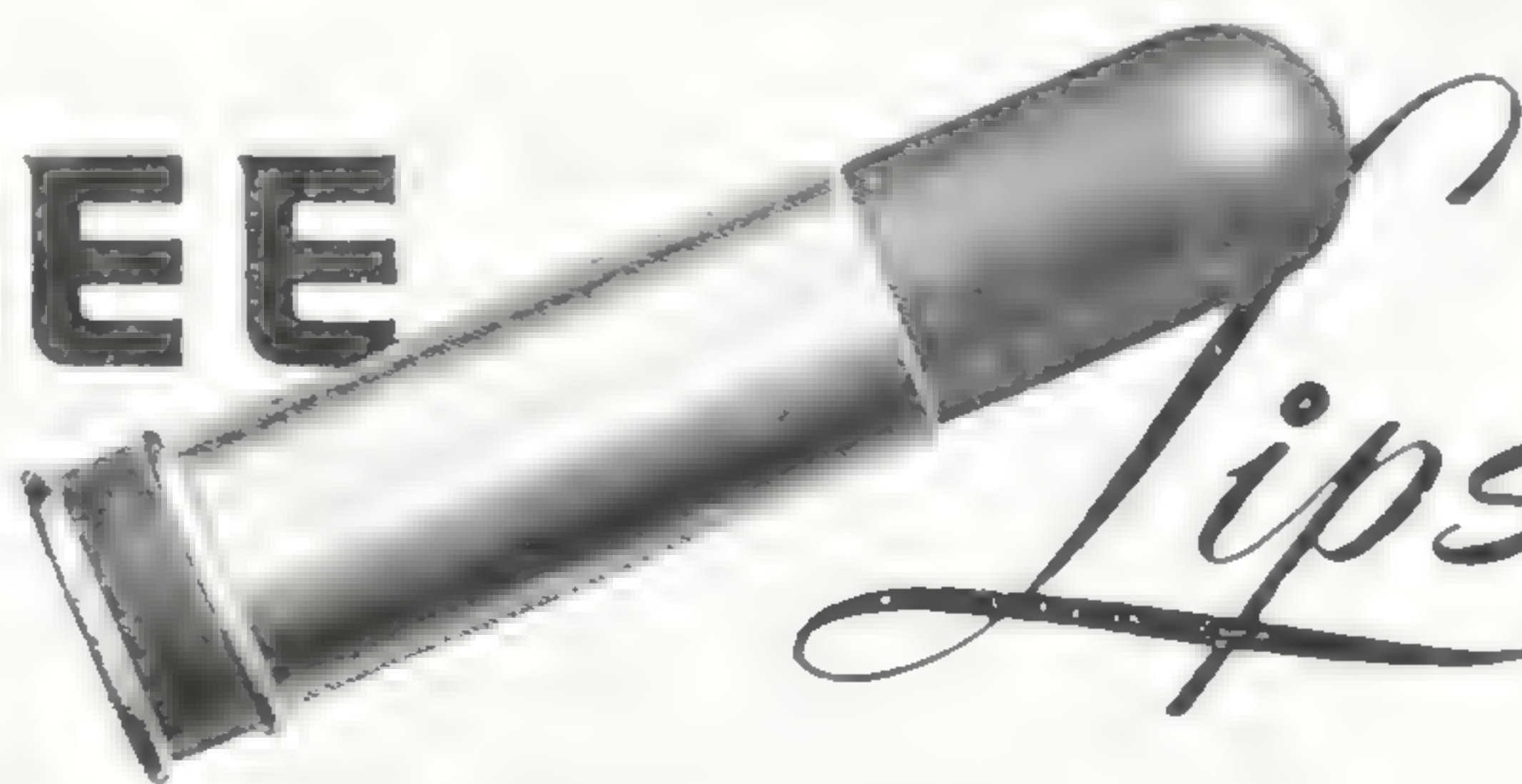
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## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 15)

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OF COURSE, you'll say "Where have you been?" when I tell you that I've just seen Alan Ladd and William Bendix for the first time and I think they are excellent. Mr. Ladd is slick, sleek and handsome. In spite of his slight build, he carries himself so erect and has such smooth movements that I foretell his stardom in the very near future.

As for William Bendix, he's a gem. A real diamond in the rough. In one scene in "The Glass Key," his bewilderment at finding that he had just choked his "boss" by sheer brute strength is reminiscent of "Of Mice And Men."

Here are two men who are not only entirely dissimilar from one another, but very different from the usual run of actor.

I thoroughly enjoyed the story, treatment and action of "The Glass Key."

Lydia Lord,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### HONORABLE MENTION

REGARDING Jean Brown's letter about the Misses Grable, Hayworth and Turner—I'm sorry to predict their gradual drop to obscurity by next year! What do they possess that the average chorus or burlesque girl doesn't have?

We soldiers see too much of "chorus cuties" . . . that's why our choice is the older, talented and appealing actresses like Ida Lupino, Greer Garson, Rosalind Russell, Anne Shirley, etc.

Pvt. Jack Barr,  
Fort Jackson, S. C.

I'VE just seen Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal." Frankly, I'm wondering if I received my money's worth; when I think of Judy's splendid singing, it's "Yes!" When I think of Judy's acting, it's an emphatic "No!"

Could it have been the director's fault? Or wasn't the part really meant for her? Or is it true that Judy can't really act?

Whatever it was, I hope someone takes Judy under his wing and sets her on the right road.

Mrs. Julia C. Ames,  
Berlin, N. H.

IN OUR opinion some mention should be made of Turhan Bey. The handsome captain in "Arabian Nights," the mysterious waiter in "Unseen Enemy" and the daring high priest in "The Mummy's Hand" were only a few of the parts that have convinced us he is deserving of better ones.

Considering the fact that we have lost so many of our male stars, let's give this young Turkish refugee a chance!

Jean Langworth,  
Gloria Grover,  
Detroit, Mich.

ONCE again filmdom has brought to the screen another truly great picture. The finesse that always characterizes Walter Huston's acting; the charm and simplicity of Joan Leslie; the voice and grace of Irene Manning; the masterful, all-round performance of Jimmy Cagney, all tend to make "Yankee Doodle Dandy" a mighty tribute to a great American—one who will live on in the hearts of the American people.

Pvt. R. A. Lawrence,  
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## KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 19)

murder. Oh yes, he dies, goody, goody. Preminger is right out of this world in his role.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughter, hatred, horror.

### ✓✓ The Spirit Of '43 (Disney)

It's About: Donald Duck and the Income Tax.

DONALD DUCK works in a defense factory and does he chuckle over his greenbacks. Even as he chuckles, however, Scotch Duck comes along and, taking Don's arm, implores him to save. Don, impressed, puts away his money. But it begins to burn his pocket. Whereupon Zoot Suit Duck appears and urges Don to spend his money, to have a good time and worry about income taxes later. "Spend for the Axis or Save for Taxes," says the narrator. For this Walt Disney-Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department.

"It's your taxes, my taxes, our taxes that run the factories," the narrator announces while the most fascinating submarines, tanks, flying fortresses, pursuit ships and battleships you've ever seen—all of them executed in the most imaginative Disney manner—parade across the screen.

In the end Donald Duck gives Zoot Suit Duck a swift kick that sends him right through the swinging doors of a saloon. And these doors, incidentally, ingeniously form a swastika.

Your Reviewer Says: It's fun paying off for Uncle Sam.

### ✓✓ The Immortal Sergeant (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The quiet heroism of a group of soldiers in the Libyan wasteland.

COULD it be that our emotions swayed our judgment in this heart-piercing story of a small band of straggling British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert? We think not, for, looking back, we find ourselves unable to forget the performance of Henry Fonda, a bewildered, shy, young Canadian corporal who, upon the death of his sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory.

Hard-bitten and harder boiled is Mitchell as the sergeant whose voice after death (which renders him immortal) urges Fonda on. Fonda's role is tailor-made, one he can be proud of as his last contribution before enlistment.

Maureen O'Hara, the girl Fonda loves (the courtship is related in flashbacks) and almost loses to Reginald Gardiner, has little to do but looks so beautiful.

Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner, Melville Cooper, Bramwell Fletcher and Morton Lowry play the soldiers. The sandstorm effect is particularly interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: A man's movie women will love.

### ✓ Johnny Doughboy (Republic)

It's About: Movie kids who put on a Victory show.

HERE'S Jane Withers's first picture since her exodus from Twentieth

# PERMANENT WAVE



## JUNE LANG

Glamorous Movie Star praises CHARM-KURL. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

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There is nothing else to buy. SHAMPOO and WAVE SET are included in each CHARM-KURL Kit. With CHARM-KURL it is easy to give yourself a thrilling machineless PERMANENT WAVE in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. YOU DO NOT HAVE TO HAVE ANY EXPERIENCE in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

**FREE UP TO \$1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET**

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 ounces of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to \$1.00... enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

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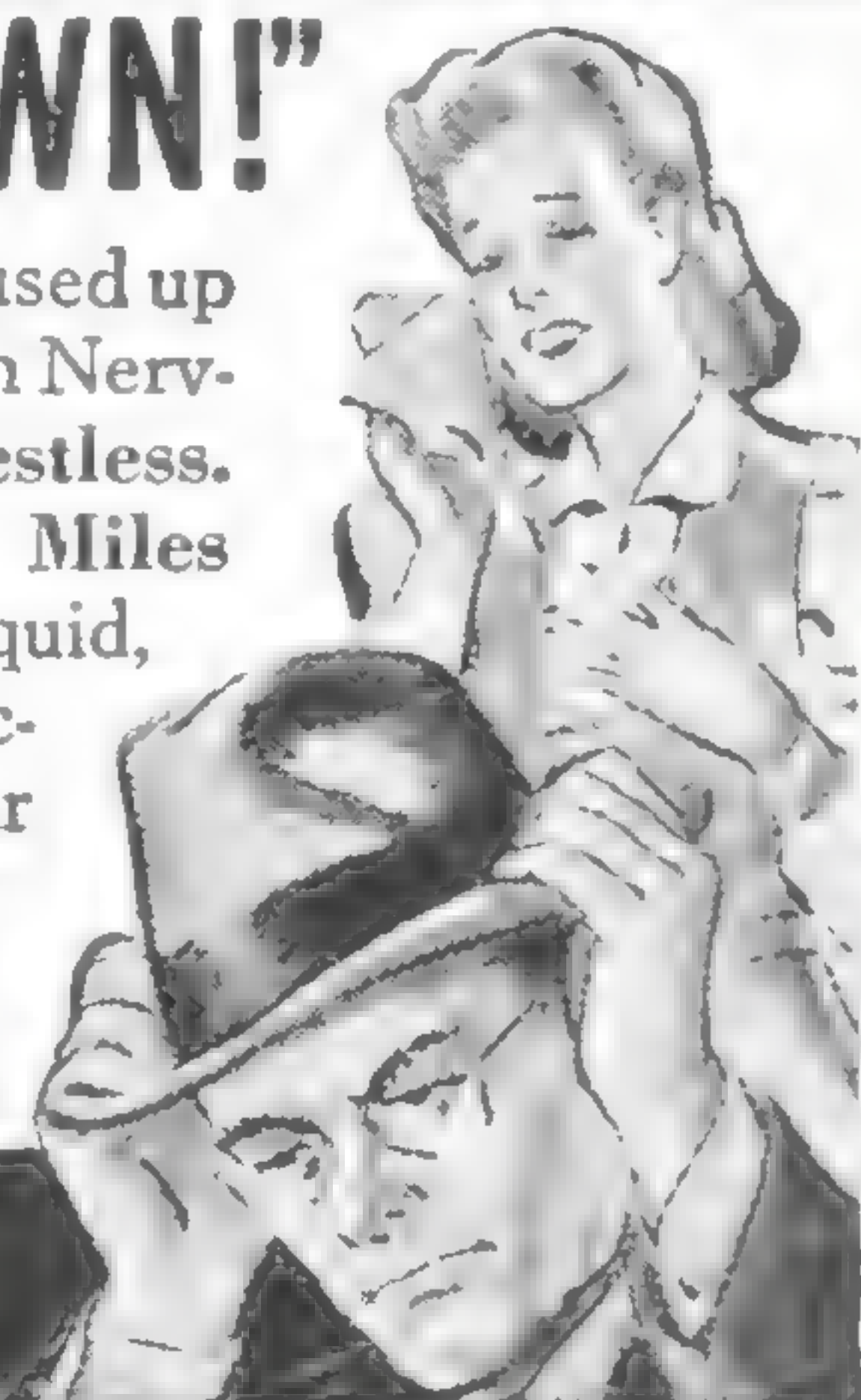
## "I've Got Troubles of My OWN!"

DIDN'T SLEEP last night—a hard day ahead and "she" had used up all the Dr. Miles Nervine. Dr. Miles Nervine helps him when Nervous Tension makes him Wakeful, Irritable, Excitable and Restless.

Perhaps it would help you. Why don't you try it? Get Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent tablets) at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and \$1.00, Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions and use only as directed. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

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TO HAVE **YOUR OWN NAME**  
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Please send, all expenses paid, special gift box of nine full size soft Personality Puffs with my own name in gold on the ribbon of each puff for which I enclose \$1.

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This little maiden all forlorn  
Rues the day that she was born,  
Never learned the simple truth—  
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GRIP-TUTH, the modern Hairtainer—its spring teeth hold every type of hair-do in place.

Hairtainers give you that secure feeling. Especially good for defense workers whose loose strands of hair must be held in place. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores and chains. Card of two small, or card of one large retainer: 25c.

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Nu-Hesive Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated company, are one of our contributions to National Defense

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**Now Mother's Hair is Lovely Blonde, Too!**



**New 11 - Minute Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely**

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes everywhere use BLONDEX, the new 11-minute home shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out glorious golden highlights. Safe even for children's hair. Costs little to use. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

Century-Fox and, we are happy to say, cheers are in order. Jane, at least, has a picture part worthy of her talents and goes to town in a big way in a dual role, it you please.

Jane plays both the role of the movie star, tired of being cast as a child on the screen, and a youngster from Nebraska, who has won a contest as Jane's closest double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, "Spanky" McFarland, Robert Coogan (Jackie's brother), "Alfalfa" Switzer and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan show for the servicemen, they appeal to movie star Jane to help. But the star is in hiding from her studio in a pout. That's when her fan double takes over and persuades Jane to help.

Jane's own discovery, Patrick Brook, is a juvenile worth watching. He's talented, good-looking and strictly hep. The music has a "cute" flavor and everything about the show is all to the good.

Your Reviewer Says: Johnny Dough at the box office.

### ✓ Silver Skates (Monogram)

It's About: Romance on blades.

MONOGRAM's first A production is a really fine movie, one of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice a riot. Nothing has been spared in sets or performances to make this a fine bit of entertainment. Tenor Kenny Baker, formerly of the Fred Allen air show, who pretends love for Belita to keep her with the show, sings engagingly. Patricia Morison as Baker's real heart and owner of the show is so good.

Belita's skating partner, Eugene Turner, along with tiny Irene Dare and Danny Shaw are marvels on ice.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth the money and worth your time.

### Laugh Your Blues Away (Columbia)

It's About: A scheming social-minded matron whose plans go blooey.

O H, DEAR, what is this about, anyway? The beautiful Jinx Falkenburg kept getting in the way of the fragile plot to such an extent we had little or no idea of what was going on. That's how strongly the young lady registered.

Isobel Elsom plays one of those silly matrons who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a visiting millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx as phony Russians, to impress her victims. Nobody was impressed, especially not the audience. Douglass Drake does some good work.

Your Reviewer Says: See this and get the blues.

### ✓ The Crystal Ball (Cinema Guild-U. A.)

It's About: Two women and one man.

DEARIE me, how gay, how lively we are this evening. Sprightly dialogue flies around like pin wheels, sending off sparks in all directions.

Paulette Goddard, fresh in New York, is befriended by soothsayer Gladys George who helps her join up with Cecil

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Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So pep up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

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### MAY PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR ON SALE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

**PAIN CAN MAKE YOU LOOK OLDER!**

WHEN you are suffering from Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains or Functional Monthly Pains, you not only feel uncomfortable—you look uncomfortable. Why don't you try **Dr. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for prompt relief? Regular package 25c. Economy package \$1.00. Read directions. Use only as directed.



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Introductory offer. With every order for smart new, yellow gold plate, solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge a exquisite matching deeply embossed yellow gold plate WEDDING RING in sentimental orange blossom design (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order, just name address and ring size. We ship 2 rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of \$1.50 each, total only \$3.00. We trust you. No red tape as you make 1st payment to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee. Act now.

**10 Days Trial SEND NO MONEY.** War conditions make supply limited. Write today.

**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 18-T, Jefferson, Iowa**



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Kellaway in a shooting gallery. And then Paulette gets those wide blue eyes on Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, and determines to take him away from Fieldsey. Boy, oh boy, does she! William Bendix as Milland's chauffeur is terrific. In fact, the entire picture abounds with good performances—especially that of Miss Field.

Your Reviewer Says: We foresee a good laugh coming to you.

## Cinderella Swings It (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A homey philosopher who puts over a stage-struck singer.

MY, MY, how Scattergood Baines wanders out of his territory. For instance, what's he doing putting on a U.S.O. show in order to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show and even guiding her from classical to jive music? It's not like Scattergood to be so ubiquitous. It mixes us all up. Guy Kibbee, as usual, is Scattergood. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher.

Your Reviewer Says: We didn't think too much of it.

## Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour (Paramount)

It's About: The boy eternal goes to Hollywood and returns home a glamour lad.

HENRY, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he has lunch with movie star Frances Gifford. Henry is also photographed kissing the star and returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. When Miss Gifford makes an appearance near Henry's home town he escorts her to the high-school dance and whewie!

Henry's father keeps trying to run for the candidacy of the Welfare Commission all through the thing, but what chance has poor old dad, played very well by John Litel, against Henry? Charles Smith is Dizzy and Gail Russell is the town belle.

Your Reviewer Says: Dizzy is right!

## Quiet Please, Murder (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Murder in a library.

GEORGE SANDERS is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and, with the entrance of German agents, complications set in and so do more murders. Rigor mortis set in with us, despite the fine acting of Sanders. Yoi, what a mixup!

Your Reviewer Says: Put back that book, buddy.

## ✓ Three Hearts For Julia (M-G-M)

It's About: A woman musician and her loving husband.

ANN SOTHERN is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the sudden and prolonged absences of her foreign correspondent husband Melvyn



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They're engaged!... and it's  
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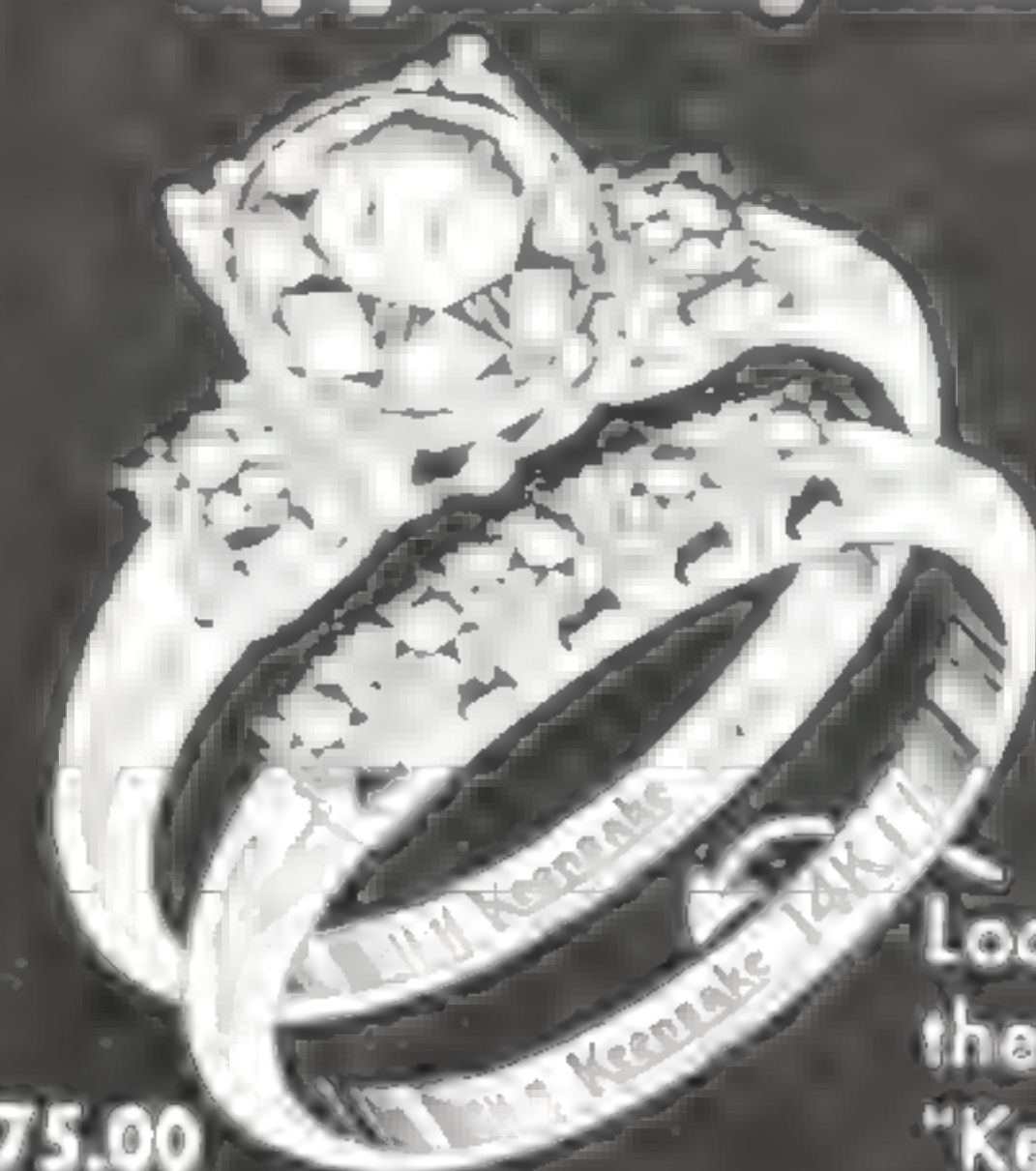
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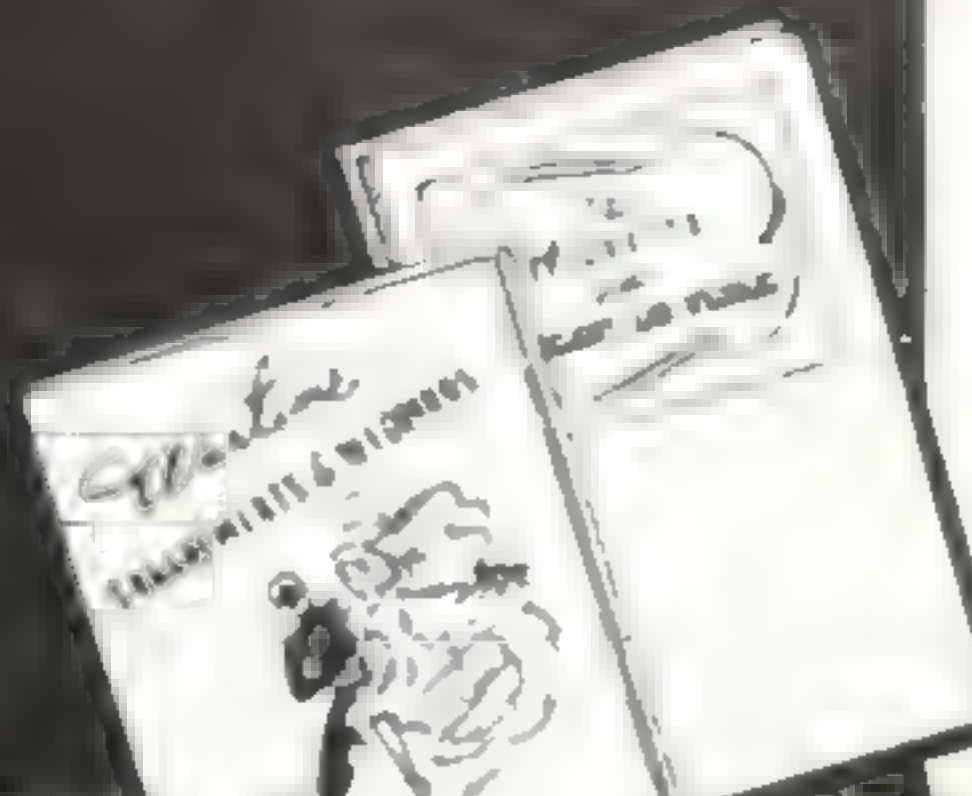
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**UNGUENTINE  
RECTAL CONES**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. **Norwich**

By the Makers of "Unguentine"

Douglas. That Mr. Douglas is merely pursuing his duties fails to daunt Ann. But Lee Bowman and Richard Ainley, both smitten with Annie and her violin, sway her into deciding against continuing her marriage to Mr. Douglas, who has ideas of his own on the subject and brings the entire silly proceedings to a pretty little finish.

Marta Linden, fellow violinist, is so very good. Felix Bressart, the guest conductor, who nearly swoons when he discovers his musicians are all women, is priceless. The music, incidentally, makes good listening.

Your Reviewer Says: Monkeydoodles set to music.

## Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon (Universal)

It's About: The famous detective who again foils Axis spies.

DEAR me, how *Sherlock Holmes* does get around. In this episode we have the famous sleuth, played as usual by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend, Doctor Watson (Nigel Bruce), blocking Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up the whole of a secret bombsight belonging to the British.

The deciphering of an involved cryptic code, revealing the whereabouts of the secret weapon, is an interesting highlight.

Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy.

Your Reviewer Says: Give it the needle, Watson.

## Eyes Of the Underworld (Universal)

It's About: A police officer with a past.

WENDY BARRIE, a secretary, is in love with her boss, police chief Richard Dix, a widower with a little son, Billy Lee. When Dix gets after "hot car and tire" racketeers they threaten to expose the fact the officer himself has a prison record. Miss Barrie and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges.

Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. He really makes that bit add up to a hundred.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing new has been added.

## Kid Dynamite (Monogram)

It's About: The Dead End kids who go at it again.

AS USUAL, Leo Gorcey is a bully and a poor loser to Bobby (long hair) Jordan who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him to a pulp, saving us the trouble. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the picture. Pamela Blake and Bennie Bartlett are mixed up in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Roll over and play dead, kids.

## The Meanest Man In The World (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A nice guy who pretends to turn mean.

JACK BENNY and his ever-faithful Rochester are always good for a laugh and, true to form, in this noticeably short movie they reap, if not hearty guffaws, several healthy chuckles. It could have been bigger, better and funnier, but it isn't, so what?

Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. At the instigation of Priscilla's father, Matt Briggs, Benny goes to New York to reap success. He's a flop until Rochester hits on the idea of Benny's getting himself publicized as the meanest man in the world and immediately success hits him on the head.

Edmund Gwenn is wasted in a bit role. Anne Revere and Margaret Seddon are fine actresses. Rochester, as usual, is very funny.

Your Reviewer Says: A funny demitasse

## Truck Busters (Warners)


It's About: Battle between independent and organized trucksters.

THE independent truck drivers, led by Richard Travis, resist the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run them out of business. Instead, they run the audience right out of the theater. Travis nearly gets killed, someone stepped on our new hat and a woman behind us ate peanuts all through the fight scenes.


Your Reviewer Says: If we didn't get paid for this—

**HOLLYWOOD SERVICE FLAG**

Late Additions



George Montgomery



Jack Holt

A tribute to Hollywood men in uniform is found on pages 46 and 47 of this issue. Just before Photoplay-Movie Mirror presses began to run, these men, too, became members of the armed forces.

The first Hollywood star to give his life for his country was Phillips Holmes, pictured on page 46.





Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

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Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. The Army and Navy need hundreds trained in massage. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.

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## Good News For Asthma Sufferers

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## Casts of Current Pictures

**AIR FORCE**—Warners: Pilot (Capt. Michael A. Quincannon), John Ridgely; Co-Pilot (Lieut. William Xavier Williams), Gig Young; Bombardier (Lieut. T. C. McMartin), Arthur Kennedy; Navigator (Lieut. M. W. Hauser), Charles Drake; Crew Chief (Sgt. R. L. White), Harry Carey; Asst. Crew Chief (Corp. B. B. Weinberg), George Tobias; Radiator Operator (Corp. Gustave Peterson), Ward Wood; Asst. Radio Operator (Pvt. Henry W. Chester), Ray Montgomery; Aerial Gunner (Sgt. J. B. Winocki), John Garhelt; Pursuit Pilot (Passenger) (Lieut. T. A. Rader), James Brown; Major Mallory, Stanley Ridges; Colonel, Willard Robertson; Commanding Officer, Moroni Olson; Sgt. J. J. Callahan, Edward S. Brophy; Major W. G. Roberts, Richard Lane; Lieut. P. T. Moran, Bill Crago; Susan McMartin, Faye Emerson; Major Daniels, Addison Richards; Major A. M. Bagley, James Flavin; Mary Quincannon, Ann Doran; Mrs. Chester, Dorothy Peterson.

**AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE**—Universal: Ruth Kirke, Deanna Durbin; Tom Holliday, Edmond O'Brien; Timothy, Barry Fitzgerald; Henderson, Arthur Treacher; Lucy, Esther Dale; Commodore Holliday, Harry Davenport; Karen, Frieda Inescort; Louise, Elisabeth Risdon; Edgar, Grant Mitchell; Dr. Kirke, J. Frank Hamilton; Rodney, Christopher Severn; Elizabeth, Yvonne Seavern; Anna, Mila Rich; Vido, Vido Rich; Mari, Diane Dubois; Pepe, Billy Ward; Teddy, Teddy Infuhr; Winifred, Linda Bieber; Chinese baby, Michael Chann; Jeff Adams, Gus Schilling; Ferguson, Jonathan Hale; Maid, Marie Osborne.

**CHETNIKS!**—20th Century-Fox: General Draja Mihailovitch, Philip Dorn; Lubitca Mihailovitch, Anna Sten; Alexis, John Shepperd; Natalia, Virginia Gilmore; Colonel Brockner, Martin Kosleck; General von Bauer, Felix Basch; Major Danilov, Frank Lackteen; Nada, Patricia Prest; Mirko, Merrill Rodin; Captain Savo, Leroy Mason.

**CHINA GIRL**—20th Century-Fox: Miss Young, Gene Tierney; Johnny Williams, George Montgomery; Major Weed, Victor McLaglen; Captain Fife, Lynn Bari; Flyer Jones, Alan Baxter; Jarubi, Sig Ruman; Shorty, Myron McCormick; Entertainer, Ann Pennington; Chinese Boy, Bobby Blake; Flyer Haynes, Tom Neal; Dr. Young, Philip Ahn; Japanese Officer, Chester Gan; Major Hirati, Allen Jung; Japanese Colonel, Paul Fung; Japanese Officer, Kam Tong; Desk Clerk, Lal Chand Mehra; Sergeant, Beal Wong; Mrs. Foo, Oie Chan.

**CINDERELLA SWINGS IT**—RKO-Radio: Scattergood Baines, Guy Kibbee; Betty Palmer, Gloria Warren; Sally Burton, Helen Parrish; Tommy Stewart, Dick Hogan; Vladimir Smithkin, Leonid Kinskey; Butch and Buddy, Billy Lenhart and Kenneth Brown; Pliny Pickett, Dink Trout; Hipp, Willy Best; Brock Harris, Pierre Watkin; Ed Potts, Lee "Lasses" White; Clara Potts, Fern Emmett; Lem, Ed Waller; Madame Dolores, Kay Linaker; Secretary, Christine McIntyre; Tap Dancer, Grace Costello.

**CRYSTAL BALL, THE**—Cinema Guild-U.A.: Toni Gerard, Paulette Goddard; Brad Cavanaugh, Ray Milland; Jo Ainsley, Virginia Field; Madame Zenobia, Gladys George; Biff Carter, William Bendix; Pop Tibbets, Cecil Kellaway; Foster, Mary Field; Dusty, Frank Conlan; Mr. Martin, Ernest Truex; Mrs. Martin, Iris Adrian; "Lady With A Pekinese," Mabel Paige; Mrs. Harlan Smythe, Regina Wallace; Leonard, Peter Jamieson; Brad Cavanaugh's Secretary, Faye Helm; Government Investigator, Don Douglas; Stukov, Nestor Paiva; A Waiter at Stukov's, Sig Arno.

**EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Universal: Bryan, Richard Dix; Betty, Wendy Barrie; Benny, Lon Chaney; Jason, Don Porter; Mickey, Billy Lee; Finch, Marc Lawrence; Merlin, Ed Pawley; Clancy, Wade Boteler; Gelsey, Gaylord Pendleton; Thomas, Lloyd Corrigan; Principal, Emmett Vogan; Kirby, Joe Crehan; Donald, Sunny Bupp.

**FOREVER AND A DAY**—RKO-Radio: Gates T. Pomfret, Kent Smith; Asst. Hotel Manager, Reginald Gardiner; Spavin, Victor McLaglen; Cabby, Billy Bevan; Second Watcher, Arthur Treacher; Lesley Trimble, Ruth Warrick; Curate, Herbert Marshall; Admiral Trimble, C. Aubrey Smith; Stubbs, Edmund Gwenn; Bill, Ray Milland; Mrs. Trimble, Dame May Whitty; Cobblewick, Gene Lockhart; Miriam, Anna Neagle; Pomfret, Claude Rains; Mildred Trimble, Jessie Matthews; Simpson, Reginald Owen; Dexter, Ian Hunter; Bellamy, Charles Laughton; Dabb, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Bride, Anna Lee; Son, Patric Knowles; Sir Anthony, Edward Everett Horton; Lady Trimble-Pomfret, Isabel Elsom; Julia, June Duprez; Augustus, Wendell Hulet; Jenny, Ida Lupino; Jim, Brian Aherne; Marjorie, Merle Oberon; Mrs. Ismay, Una O'Connor; Major Garrow, Nigel Bruce; Mamie, Elsa Lanchester; Blind Officer, Robert Coote; V. A. D. Girl, June; Barringer, Roland Young; Mrs. Barringer, Gladys Cooper; Ned Trimble, Robert Cummings; Captain Martin, Donald Crisp.

**HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR**—Paramount: Henry Aldrich, Jimmy Lydon; Dizzy Stevens, Charles Smith; Mr. Aldrich, John Litel; Mrs. Aldrich, Olive Blakeney; Phyllis Michael, Diana Lynn; Hilary Dane, Frances Gifford; Virginia Lowry, Gail Russell; Mr. Bradley, Vaughn Glasser.



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**IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Corporal Colin Spence, Henry Fonda; Valentine, Maureen O'Hara; Sergeant Kelly, Thomas Mitchell; Cassidy, Allyn Joslyn; Benedict, Reginald Gardiner; Pilcher, Melville Cooper; Symes, Bramwell Fletcher; Cottrell, Morton Lowry; Specialty Dancers, Bob Mascagno; Italia De Nubila; Nurse, Jean Prescott.

**JOHNNY DOUGHBOY**—Republic: Ann Winters, Penelope Ryan, Jane Withers; Oliver Lawrence, Henry Wilcoxon; Johnny Kelly, Patrick Brook; Harry Fabian, William Demarest; "Biggy" Bigsworth, Ruth Donnelly; Mammy, Etta McDaniel; Jennifer, Joline Westbrook; and Members of the 20 Minus Club.

**KEEPER OF THE FLAME**—M-G-M: Steven O'Malley, Spencer Tracy; Christine Forrest, Katharine Hepburn; Clive Kerndon, Richard Whorf; Mrs. Forrest, Margaret Wycherly; Geoffrey Midford, Forrest Tucker; Dr. Fielding, Frank Craven; Freddie Ridges, Horace McNally; Orion Peabody, Percy Kilbride; Jane Harding, Audrey Christie; Jeb Rickards, Darryl Hickman; Mr. Arbuthnot, Donald Meek; Jason Rickards, Howard da Silva; Piggot, William Newell.

**KID DYNAMITE**—Monogram: Mugs, Leo Gorcey; Glimpy, Huntz Hall; Danny, Bobby Jordan; Wycoff, Gabriel Dell; Ivy, Pamela Blake; Scruno, Sammy Morrison; Beanie, Bennie Bartlett; Skinny, Dave Durand; Stoney, Bobby Stone; Mrs. McGinnis, Daphne Pollard; Klinkhammer, Vince Barnett; Glendick, Henry Hall.

**LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY**—Columbia: Pam Crawford, Jinx Falkenburg; Boris Rascalkoff, Bert Gordon; Jimmy Westerly, Douglass Drake; Mrs. Westerly, Isobel Elsom; Mr. Westerly, George Lessey; Mrs. Conklin, Vivien Oakland; Mr. Conklin, Dick Elliott; Priscilla Conklin, Phyllis Kennedy; Wilfred, Robert Greig.

**MARGIN FOR ERROR**—20th Century-Fox: Sophie Baumer, Joan Bennett; Moe Finkelstein, Milton Berle; Karl Baumer, Otto Preminger; Baron Max Von Alvensor, Carl Esmond; Otto Horst, Howard Freeman; Frieda, Poldy Dur; Dr. Jennings, Clyde Fillmore; Solomon, Joe Kirk; Fritz, Hans Von Twardowski; Saboteurs, Ted North; Elmer Jack Semple; J. Norton Dunn; Kurk Moeller, Hans Schumm; Captain Mulrooney, Ed. McNamara; Coroner, Selmer Jackson.

**MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Richard Clark, Jack Benny; Janie, Priscilla Lane; Shufro, Rochester; Frederick P. Leggett, Edmund Gwenn; Mr. Brown, Matt Briggs; Kitty Crockett, Anne Revere; Mrs. Leggett, Margaret Seddon; Wife, Helene Reynolds; Husband, Don Douglas; Mr. Chambers, Harry Hayden; Mr. Billings, Arthur Loft; Judge, Andrew Tombes; Farmer, Paul Burns.

**NO TIME FOR LOVE**—Paramount: Katherine, Claudette Colbert; Jim Ryan, Fred MacMurray; Henry Fulton, Paul McGrath; Hoppy, Ilka Chase; Darlene, June Havoc; Roger, Richard Haydn; Sophie, Marjorie Gateson; Kent, Robert Herrick; Dunbar, Morton Lowry.

**QUIET PLEASE, MURDER**—20th Century-Fox: Fleg, George Sanders; Myra Blandy, Gail Patrick; McByrne, Richard Denning; Kay, Lynne

Roberts; Martin Cleaver, Sidney Blackmer; Palsen, Kurt Katch; Miss Oval, Margaret Brayton; Hollis, Charles Tannen; Mr. Walpole, Byron Foulger; Vance, Arthur Space; Benson, George Wolcott; Webley, Chick Collins; Stock Boy, Bud McCallister; Gannett, Bud Geart; Stover, Harold R. Goodwin; Detective, James Farley; Policeman, Jack Cheatham; Housewife, Minerva Urecal; Husband, Bert Roach; Rebecu, Paul Porcasi; Lucas, Theodore von Eltz.

**SHADOW OF A DOUBT**—Hitchcock-Skirball: Young Charlie, Teresa Wright; Uncle Charlie, Joseph Cotten; Jack Graham, MacDonald Carey; Joseph Newton, Henry Travers; Emma Newton, Patricia Collinge; Herbie Hawkins, Hume Cronyn; Fred Saunders, Wallace Ford; Ann Newton, Edna May Wonacott; Roger Newton, Charles Bates; Station Master, Irving Bacon; Pullman Porter, Clarence Muse; Louise, Janet Shaw; Catherine, Estelle Jewell.

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON**—Universal: Sherlock Holmes, Basil Rathbone; Watson, Nigel Bruce; Charlotte, Kaaren Verne; Moriarity, Lionel Atwill; Lestrade, Dennis Hoey; Peg Leg, Harold DeBecker; Dr. Tobel, William Post, Jr.; Mrs. Hudson, Mary Gordon; Mueller, Paul Fix; Braun, Robt. O. Davis; Sir Reginald, Holmes Herbert; Brady, Harry Cording; Kurt, Phillip Van Zandt.

**SILVER SKATES**—Monogram: Danny, Kenny Baker; Claire, Patricia Morison; Eddie, Frank Feylen; Lucille, Joyce Compton; Hayes, Paul McVey; Doorman, Donald Kerr; Mrs. Martin, Ruth Lee; Maid, Ruby Dandridge; Belita, Belita; Katrina, Irene Dare; Billie, Danny Shaw; Ice Specialties, Eugene Turner, George Stewart, Jo Ann Dean; Tom, Henry Wadsworth; Clerk, Jack Rice; Frick and Frack by Themselves; Ted Fio Rito and His Orchestra and Candy Candido.

**THEY GOT ME COVERED**—Goldwyn-RKO: Robert Kittredge, Bob Hope; Christina Hill, Dorothy Lamour; Mrs. Vanescu, Lenore Aubert; Fausheim, Otto Preminger; Baldanacco, Edward Ciannelli; Gloria, Marion Martin; Little Old Man, Donald Meek; Sally, Phyllis Ruth; Nichimuro, Philip Ahn; Mason, Donald MacBride; Helen, Mary Treen; Mildred, Bettye Avery; Lucille, Margaret Hayes; Laura, Mary Byrne; Holtz, William Yetter; Faber, Henry Guttman; Gypsy Woman, Florence Bates; Hotel Manager, Walter Catlett; Vanescu, John Abbott; Red, Frank Sully; Mussolini, Joe Devlin.

**THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA**—M-G-M: Julia Seabrook, Ann Sothorn; Jeff Seabrook, Melvyn Douglas; David Torrance, Lee Bowman; Philip Barrows, Richard Ainley; Anton Ottaway, Felix Bressart; May Elton, Marta Linden; John Girard, Reginald Owen; Mattie, Marietta Canty.

**TRUCK BUSTERS**—Warners: Casey Dorgan, Richard Travis; Eadie Watkins, Virginia Christine; Jimmy Dorgan, Charles Lang; Pearl, Ruth Ford; Limey, Richard Fraser; Dave Todd, Michael Ames; Police Captain Gear, Frank Wilcox; Bonetti, Don Costello; Al Wilson, Rex Williams; Joe Moore, Bill Crago; Scrappy O'Brien, Monte Blue; Tim Shaughnessy, Bill Kennedy; Stephen S. Gray, William B. Davidson; Andy Panopolos, George Humbert; Babe, Peggy Diggins; Maxie, John Harmon; District Attorney Danton, John Maxwell; Mack, Glenn Cavender.



Donald Duck—and his money—in a tight pinch, caught between the roars of spendthrift Zootie and Scotch Scotty in "The Spirit Of '43"





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